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CATHARINE AND CRAUFURD TAIT

Catharine Tait.

Ætat. 50.

Engraved by C. H. Jeens from a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

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Catharine and Craufurd Tait

WIFE AND SON OF ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

A Memoir

EDITED AT THE REQUEST OF THE ARCHBISHOP

BY

THE REV. WM. BENHAM, B.D.

VICAR OF MARGATE, AND ONE OF THE SIX PREACHERS OF
CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

WITH TWO PORTRAITS ENGRAVED BY JEENS

AMERICAN EDITION

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PREFACE TO AMERICAN EDITION.

A DESIRE must have been felt by not a few American readers of this Memoir in the English edition, that it should be made known to their friends, and brought within the reach of our people generally. In the great multitude of modern books, even those which are in some sense religious, we have not many like this; not many that touch with equal tenderness and power the springs of holy life in the soul; not many that furnish the richest consolation to sorrow, through forms of personal experience and testimony, without strained sentiments or false doctrine; not many that represent, in all its living beauty and wonderful completeness, a type of Christian character, blending in almost faultless proportions the active and contemplative elements, or a surprising energy and wisdom in practical charities with intense and

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profound spirituality; and not many where, with an entire absence of concern for literary effect, we are kept so constantly in an intellectual air at once elevated and warm, refined and healthy. One cannot help thinking in how many troubled and bereaved households these pages will be read, slowly, thankfully, and read more than once, by those who will be made through that reading 'as one whom his mother comforteth.'

Some perverse but prevalent impressions, on the part of our countrymen, respecting the kind of life lived daily in the 'palaces' of prelates of the English Church, and by its clergy, will be likely to vanish before these inadvertent disclosures of Episcopal and clerical toil, sacrifice, and simplicity.

If in an actual wedlock, and in one of the happiest of English homes, two persons of opposite ecclesiastical schools of thought, each of them of strong convictions, could enter into a union of singular sweetness, and abide in it to the end with growing peace, each being largely the better for the other, may not the Church everywhere see in that high example a sign of a possible reconciliation of her

differing parties, and of their mutual confirmation in the Catholic and Apostolic Faith, within the true body and Bride of Christ?

This republication is made with the express approval of His Grace the Archbishop, whose kindness the American Editor would very gratefully and respectfully acknowledge.

F. D. H.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.,
EPIPHANY 1880.

PREFACE.

PRIVATE feeling has suggested many doubts as to the publication of these memories of a mother and her son. The request for it came from many personal friends and devout members of the Church. The final decision rested mainly with two persons. The one was Miss Tait, and her judgment was simple and to the point: 'If it be thought that the history of my mother's life is likely to do good by helping and encouraging anybody in good living, then let the thing be done, but any other motive ought not to be heard of.' The other was the Archbishop himself. Much as he shrank from it, he yet, on mature consideration, judged that the lessons which these Memorials are likely, under God's blessing, to call forth, were too important for the Church of God to allow them to lie buried within the sanctity of home. They comprise a record of deep piety; of an unstinted wealth of effectual sympathy; of untiring labour,

along with an exulting love of home, and husband, and children.

The publication having been decided on, I was intrusted with the work of editing it, and ventured to suggest to the Archbishop that he should himself contribute his own recollections.

His Grace was also kind enough to lend me a vast mass of letters and journals, and from these the volume is compiled. It is put forth in the trustful hope that in the tender piety and brave Christian endurance here exhibited the mother and son though dead, will yet speak.

The simple lesson of these two lives is one—a bright lesson shining through the darkness of our present sorrow. It shows how the early Christian training which the mother received from her parents was carried on by her with unwearied patience in the training of her only son—and with a like result, namely, the power of continuance in prayer to sustain and cheer when the character is chastened by that discipline of suffering which a loving Father sends to us all, and which is good for us all, if we will but recognise it as coming from His hand.

There was this great difference, indeed, in the application of the truth to the two lives, a difference to be often meditated upon by those who are left. In the one case an extended life of usefulness was granted on the earth; in the other, there was that early and sudden departure to which so many each year are called. But to the faithful such an ending is not less full of hope. They are sure that it is the entrance upon new duties, in a land which is indeed unknown, but which is 'a goodly land and a large,' and lightened by the presence of Christ.

The lesson of these lives has indeed been, and is daily being, repeated in the lives and deaths of hundreds of Christian mothers and earnest-minded young clergymen. Only few of all these have had such a field or such rare advantages for showing forth their light. Let this volume go forth, then, as an example of the life of many a one, and may God bless it to His glory and the comfort of many.

W. B.

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Part I.

'STONEHOUSE, ST. PETER'S,
THANET, *Jan.* 1879.

'MY DEAR BENHAM,—You wish me to send you a letter with some recollections of my wife and son, for the Memoirs which you have kindly undertaken to edit. It soothes my sorrow to comply with your request.—Yours sincerely,

'A. C. C.'

CATHARINE TAIT.

IT is impossible to judge rightly of the character of my dear wife without considering the influences which surrounded her early days. The beautiful Parsonage of Elmdon, in the midst of the green fields and the stately elms from which it took its name, was the place of her birth, and in its deep retirement she lived till her marriage. The garden, the few scattered cottages which composed the parish, the Hall and its inmates, the relations, and the leading evangelical clergy who came to visit the truly venerable Archdeacon Spooner, her father—these formed the world in which she grew up from childhood.

She had never seen the sea until a year or two before her marriage; she had only visited her near relations and their friends in Worcestershire and Warwickshire. The connexion with the world without was kept up only by the cousins at the Hall, and the brothers returning from College, sometimes bringing their friends with them, and by the accounts of those more distant visits which the father and mother

and elder daughters occasionally made. A great event for all the family was the single visit which the elders paid to Ireland, to the ancestral home of her mother, Dromoland, in the county of Clare. This visit was paid before the death of the last Marquis of Thomond, by which event Sir Lucius O'Brien, son of Mrs. Spooner's brother Sir Edward, succeeded to the barony of Inchiquin and the headship of the O'Brien clan. By this visit was cemented the great intimacy, which has lasted to this day, with the cousins who formed the Dromoland family. Many of them, from time to time, visited the sweet Parsonage, and an eager interest was ever taken in all Irish affairs. At first it was the M'Ghee and O'Sullivan efforts to enlighten the poor benighted Papists; afterwards, when things had somewhat changed, the College of St. Columba, and William Sewell's attempts, with the Monsells, and Adares, and Aubrey de Vere, and kindred spirits, to indoctrinate young Ireland with the principles of the Oxford movement. From this connexion with Dromoland came life-long friendships and enduring interests. Sir Edward O'Brien had strenuously laboured on behalf of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, the Cabinet Minister who contested the county of Clare against O'Connell at the memorable election which virtually secured Roman Catholic Emancipation, and for a time all the O'Briens and their kin were staunch Protestants of the purest type. When I first met my dear wife, as she was on a visit to my sister, then living in Worcestershire, she—a girl of under seven-

teen—was full of zeal for the Irish clergy, oppressed and half-starved, as she supposed, by their Popish parishioners.

Old Lady O'Brien, the mother of Sir Edward, had left the Dromoland home long before with her beautiful daughters, three of whom married Englishmen. Gerard Noel, the husband of one of these, was naturally, from the many attractive qualities of his Christian character, the most loved and honoured uncle of the family at Elmdon Parsonage. Major Henry O'Brien, his brother-in law, who finally joined the Plymouth Brethren, had much to do with the first distinct wakenings of the spiritual life in Catharine's mind. It was not till some years later that the marriage of her immediate elder sister to Edward Fortescue, then a youth brimful of old non-juring notions, handed down to him by his father, and fanned into zeal by the teachings of Newman at Oxford, brought a totally strange element into the family. Catharine, with all the enthusiasm of her girlhood, became greatly affected by the ascetic, enthusiastic, and truly devout character of this new brother-in-law. She was often heard to say that there was a time when no life would have appeared to her more happy than that of becoming village schoolmistress in the district which this enthusiastic young priest had carved for himself out of a neglected parish in the neighbourhood of his father's home near Stratford-upon-Avon. This castle in the air took the place of that earlier dream which she used to say

made her ardently wish at sixteen that she might have joined the Achill or some other mission to the benighted Papists in the west of Ireland. As life wore on, she saw, and deeply deplored, the many points of divergence between her convictions and those of her brother-in-law, long before his changed views led to his final secession to the Church of Rome; but all through her life that marked love for the ceremonial of the English Church, with which he had at first indoctrinated her, continued as the outward form in which her deep inward piety embodied itself.

For a time, then, in her enthusiastic girlhood, she began to think that there was nothing like the teaching of what was called the Oxford School, and could scarcely bear that it should be opposed and spoken against. She has often told me how when she heard that one of the four protesting tutors, who helped to bring to a sudden close the series of the Oxford Tracts, was a candidate for the head-mastership of Rugby, she earnestly hoped that he would not be successful, and gave all her wishes in favour of Charles Wordsworth, now Bishop of St. Andrews, who, as it was reported, had been requested by his friends to become a candidate. It was a strange turn of fate which made her open her heart next year to the very candidate whose success she had deprecated, and become the happy partner of his life at Rugby, Carlisle, Fulham, Lambeth, sharing in all his deepest and truest interests, helping forward for thirty-five years every good work which he was called to

promote, united to him in the truest fellowship of soul, while still tempering, by the associations of her early Oxford bias, whatever might otherwise have been harsh in his judgments of the good men from whom on principle he differed.

But to return to the home at Elmdon Parsonage:—Though its inmates lived in deep retirement, they knew and took an interest in all that was going on without. I have mentioned Elmdon Hall, which had been the Archdeacon's birthplace. It was distant from the Parsonage only a few hundred yards. The Archdeacon's mother had lived there as a widow: she was the sister of the first Lord Calthorpe. Herself a good Christian, but a stift precisian, she was brought in her old age, I believe, to a fuller knowledge of the true spirit of the Gospel by her son at the Parsonage, with his brother-in-law Gerard Noel, and by the great and good man who had married her daughter, William Wilberforce. The memories of this old lady still lingered about Elmdon; and when the eldest brother, the father of many bright sons, succeeded to the Hall, the same religious life which had got possession of the parish continued in its great house. These sons, the cousins at the Hall, brought first their College friends and tutors, then, as years went on, their wives and families, into the little community, and the marriage of the eldest to Miss Innes of Lochalsh created a new interest for the Highlands of Scotland, to add to the already existing interest for Ireland.

QUIET years rolled on. The bachelor cousin, the second Lord Calthorpe, paid his annual visits to the Parsonage, bringing with him the last news from London, and Uncle Dick Spooner, afterwards Member for the county of Warwick, full of extreme Tory politics and puzzling questions of finance; and Dr. Marsh came, and old Dr. Bridges, and Bishop Ryder of Lichfield, and on one marked occasion Dr. Chalmers, and later on Prince Lee, afterwards Bishop of Manchester,—these, with the occasional interruption of a visit from Henry Wilberforce, or some other friend of the younger members of the family, kept the quiet life from stagnating. I must not forget, too, the ever welcome periodical visits of Aunt Lucia O'Brien—a hearty evangelical in religion,—the most sympathising and large-hearted of Irish maiden ladies, called by her nephew, Charles Harris (Bishop of Gibraltar), 'the world's great-aunt,' who with no home of her own, migrated from house to house of her almost innumerable relations, and kept the whole clan together by the affection which she called forth and everywhere received.

A fresh connexion, too, with Ireland arose. On a fine summer's day, in a moment, by the fall of a tree, the possessor of the Hall, the Archdeacon's eldest brother, was struck with death,—an eccentric man, but a true Christian; the terror and yet the friend of all the beggars who used to come from Birmingham to infest his pleasure-grounds, whom, after relieving

far beyond their deserts, he would, at the head of his gamekeepers and stable-servants, with many shouts, chase through the Parsonage field into the public road. He died, and his death scattered the happy party at the Hall; for his eldest son had chosen to make his home on his wife's property in the Highlands, and the place was let to the old Countess of Rosse, who came there from Ireland in her widowhood. She came in fear and trembling, having heard of the Puritanical Archdeacon and his five religious daughters; but experience soon melted her heart. She took all of them, and especially Catharine, the youngest, into close affection, and at last even left her a legacy in her will. The old Countess soon gathered round her a troop of her Irish kin—Lord Lorton, and the charming Mrs. Lefroy his daughter, King-Harmans, and many others. The families of the Hall and the Parsonage again lived on the most friendly terms. Lady Rosse's Irish relations were glad to find Mrs. Spooner and her daughters enthusiastic about Ireland, proud of their descent from Brian Boru, and, provided any scheme was genuinely Irish, not very particular as to whether it was consistent with the old Tory politics of their family, or was being gradually moulded into the form which a mistaken love of Ireland assumed years after in the person of the rebel cousin, William Smith O'Brien. Thus, from a new quarter, the Irish connexion and friendships were enlarged. No wonder that they lasted through life.

Lady Rosse died, and the Hall after a time was sold by the eldest cousin. There was always friendship between the Parsonage and the new owner, but the romantic spell of the early days was broken.

Thus, under changing influences, Catharine grew on to womanhood in the old Parsonage. A visit to Cheltenham, where the family were intimate with the Closes; another to Hastings, during which on a fine summer's day, reading the Bible in the old churchyard, as she used to tell, she was warned by a Scripture-reader, as the best advice he could give her, not to marry a drunkard or a Sabbath-breaker; and another visit, which deeply affected her imagination, to the hitherto unknown beauties of the mountains about the English Lakes—these were the only changes from the quiet Parsonage-life till she was three-and-twenty. Two sisters and a brother had been married, and with them and their rising families came fresh interests. But the daily routine was to read some interesting book of history, philosophy, or theology all the morning, to teach in the Sunday-school, to visit the cottagers and help them in their difficulties, and almost every evening towards dusk, after his post hour, to take a long walk through the parish with the much-loved father, to tend the somewhat failing health of the dear mother of the family, who was a perfect model of a Christian lady, directing all around her by the gentlest influence.

Into this quiet life I was introduced through my friends the Sandfords of Dunchurch, and by the

intimacy of my sister with a very dear aunt of the family, in the winter of 1842, and not many weeks passed before Catharine had consented to share with me my anxious life at Rugby.

When, in the previous November, Mrs. Sandford brought her over from Dunchurch, where she was staying on a visit, to Rugby, to see the school, and introduce her to the new head-master, our acquaintance did not begin for the first time, though for years we had been strangers. I have mentioned above that we had met in Worcestershire; this was some six or seven years before. Her uncle, Mr. Gerard Noel, had then jokingly said to her at Hallow Park, where she was staying, 'I suppose you are making these slippers for Mr. Tait:' a curious anticipation, as neither she nor Mr. Tait had any thoughts of each other: they had only met casually, and did not meet again for so many years. When the good uncle was sent for in the summer of 1843 to marry us at Elmdon, he quietly remarked, 'So, Kitty, you were, after all, making those slippers for Mr. Tait.' Very heartily did he give his sanction to the fulfilment of his prophecy, and never did the rectory and parish look more joyous than on that bright midsummer day, when, amid approving representatives of both families, he united us for life in the little church in which she had been baptized.

IT would be difficult to conceive a more complete change than that which now awaited her. She had, of course, to be introduced to all her new relations, Scotch and English, whose ways of looking upon men and things were very different from those she had been accustomed to in her early home. And when the pleasant marriage tour, first in Derbyshire, and then through Lowland Scotland up to the Highlands, was finished, and we had been welcomed once again on a bright autumn evening for a few days' rest in the old Parsonage, we plunged at once into our busy life. She used to say that my face assumed a business-like look the moment we came to our home at Rugby. The life of the school-house was always busy, and had naturally many anxieties; but it was a very happy and a very bright life. Besides several hundred boys around us outside, there were seventy in the school-house. The servants, whose business it was to attend to these, formed a large household to be ruled by the young mistress. There were all the families of the masters as near neighbours and intimate friends; there were visitors continually coming from Oxford and elsewhere; and those who know what Rugby was when Arnold left it, will understand that every interesting question of politics, and all the latest speculations on theology and philosophy, were flying in the somewhat excited society of the masters from mouth to mouth.

Catharine had to hold her own in this totally new society, and she did it quietly; her sweet looks and warm intelligence recommended her to all. She braced herself for each day by the prayers of the Parish Church, from which she returned to family prayer. From the first she began the practice, which she continued for the five-and-thirty years of her married life, of teaching all the younger maid-servants of her household, and praying with them on Sundays, and more frequently when she was preparing them for Confirmation, thus ruling well her household. She greatly enjoyed the bright stirring Sunday services in the school chapel. There, and wherever she appeared, the boys loved to look upon her face; she had the young ones to tea with her, and made conversation to entertain them, and was ready to discuss any subject that turned up at the dinner-parties in which she received the tall youths of the sixth form. The boys in the sick-room were her especial care. She was invited everywhere by her neighbours in the town and the adjoining country. But she was never more happy than when helping me to get up my history lessons, or when galloping by my side in the green lanes and over the meadows. In the town she was soon known by all the poor, and she established a little school of girls, in which it was her pleasure to teach almost every day. You could scarcely dream of a brighter, happier, busier life, and she threw herself into it with full enjoyment. Two years passed before there was any hope of

children, and we had pleasant tours together in the holidays—in Germany and in Italy. Nothing could exceed her enjoyment, notwithstanding all its fatigue, of the journey which she made with me and my two brothers and a nephew to Naples and beyond in the summer holidays of 1845. She mounted to the top of Vesuvius, then in eruption, explored Herculaneum and Pompeii, and revelled with me in tracing, with all the enthusiasm of a school-boy, the spots rendered famous by Virgil and Cicero. In Rome itself, Dr. Braun of No. 1 in the Tarpeian Rock, had no more earnest listener as he kindly called our attention to the most notable statues, and led us through the most famous localities of the ancient city. She studied Dr. Schmitz's volumes of Niebuhr's Lectures with as much zest as if she and not I were going to teach the sixth form the fruits of our tour. And she was deeply interested in what glimpses we could obtain of the working of Romanism through the great festival which fell on the day of our visit to Albano, and afterwards in the strange exhibition of surviving medieval fanaticism which we encountered unexpectedly at Perugia, when pilgrims came from all quarters of Italy to have their beads blessed by touching the ring of the Virgin. A far better impression was left by the memories of Carlo Borromeo, which she eagerly traced at Milan. It must be remembered that this tour was accomplished in the seven weeks of the midsummer vacation, under the blaze of an Italian sun; that there were

no railways in those days, and we posted the whole journey in a carriage which we hired at Paris, except when we and our vehicle were transported on board a Mediterranean steamer from Genoa to Naples. The journey was conducted under such unfavourable circumstances, because, as things then were, it could not be accomplished at any other time of the busy year. The result, of course, was that, though we saw what we could of Italy, we found it in its summer attitude of slumbering repose. There was enough in this hurried journey to tire us all; but her spirit was indomitable, and she returned full of new thoughts and energy to her ordinary home-life at the opening of the autumn half-year. The school-house, meanwhile, had become a centre both for relations and for many other friends, and there can be no doubt that its chief attraction was its young mistress. She was twenty-six when her first child was born.

The routine of her life at Rugby was as follows :— I was in school, winter and summer, before the first stroke of the clock at seven, and soon after, she would leave her room. Each morning at eight, often conducted by one of the school-house servants through the streets, which at Fair-time were crowded with cattle, she found her way to the old Parish Church, which she loved, and where her friend John Moultrie almost every morning read prayers. After some quiet time again by herself in her own room she came down to our family prayers. Full of interest in all that was going on, she shared with friends who

might be staying in the house in the news of the morning, but by a quarter-past ten at latest she had gone to her household work. On certain marked days she received at home the poor people who wished to speak with her, and noted all their wants. If there was time, she would join in reading aloud with the friends who might be staying with her, or, on certain fixed days, have a lesson in German.[1] Her afternoons on half-holidays were always at my disposal. No time was lost; the intervals were filled with visits to the poor, or other useful occupations. Boys of the school-house were seen both by her and me for some time in the evenings, that she, as well as I, might become acquainted with them all. And all spare time was spent in reading before and after family prayers. So that for her each busy day ended always about midnight, to be succeeded next morning by another as busy and happy and useful as the last.

In the third year of our wedded life came the blessing of our eldest girl's birth, and all the happy cares of a young mother were added to the home life. Soon came another girl. Vacation tours were now of course curtailed; but still old friends in Scotland, in Derbyshire, and in Northamptonshire, as well as the family circle at Elmdon, welcomed the mother and her children. She was ever hailed as a

[1] It may be noted that her Rugby German master, dying thirty years afterwards, bequeathed to his pupil of long past days his gold watch and diamond ring.

guest at Renishaw, at Pitsford, and afterwards at Courteen Hall. In these days London was almost an unknown region to us, though, with her keen interest in all that was going on, she greatly rejoiced when we could snatch a week to spend there. I remember no happier time than when, with the two little girls, living in a cottage above Ambleside, in the bright days of a summer vacation, we wandered together among the mountains, and watched the glorious sunsets from Harrison's Terrace. She was indeed a sweet companion for such wanderings: she knew almost every Psalm by heart; her mind was stored with the old hymns she had learned in childhood, and passages of Cowper which had been her father's delight; she knew every part of 'The Christian Year,' and loved to repeat it, and choice passages from Wordsworth, Trench, and Tennyson, she always had ready, to give us food for thought. In the holidays we had much time for reading together, and though she always complained that she had not a good memory, I never knew any one who took a more intelligent pleasure in reading and being read to, especially on every subject of history and biography, or on anything which could assist in the understanding of the Bible.

Suddenly, in February 1848, came one of those quickly-gathering dark clouds which at intervals God has sent to overshadow my bright life. We had a dinner-party in the school-house, and I felt rather unwell, but went to bed as usual, hoping to rise for

school work; but next morning I was no better; still there was no anxiety, and my wife went without me to dine with some friends in the country. The following day I was found to have rheumatic fever, and by the evening I can just remember that I sent for the solicitor to the Trustees, to dictate to him my Will. I scarcely rose from my bed again till Easter Week. On Ash-Wednesday I was expected to die every half-hour. There were long days and nights of watching during that spring of 1848, when kingdoms all over Europe went down with a crash, and England itself was by many supposed to be on the brink of a Revolution. Of all these outward events I knew nothing for many days. But my young wife kept watch beside my bed. All through the worst days, and still more when I was recovering, she was ready to pray with me and to repeat helpful texts and hymns; and her own spirit, as she often said afterwards, was stayed upon the text, Isaiah l. 10: 'Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.' Never shall I forget the thankfulness with which at last, on Easter Day—though my health was much shattered for life, and I rose a very different man in bodily strength from what I had been when I lay down,—she and I together returned thanks, and received the Holy Communion amid the bright band of youthful worshippers in the dear Rugby Chapel. I was

restored to comparative health; but there were still to be anxious months of weakness. Wherever I went, seeking for change, she was by my side, concealing her anxiety, and beaming with cheerful thankfulness, and wiling away all times of languor. You would have said, Surely this ceaseless care for another, and neglect of self, must have told in the long-run on her own health; yet she seemed by God's blessing the strongest and most active of her kind, and most able for thirty years afterwards still to make every necessary exertion and enter into every enjoyment.

As a proof that in her Rugby life, while she cared for the poor and engaged in many good Christian works without, our family duties were by her rigidly attended to, I should mention that from her first return home after our marriage tour, she relieved me entirely of the care of my accounts. These were complicated enough, even when confined to my own household expenses and those of the school-house, which she regulated with the utmost accuracy. But far more complicated were the general school-accounts, in the supervision of which she acted for me. The accurate division of the accounts of the different masters and myself was no light matter. One master in particular, who had the reputation of great financial ability, besides all his other brilliant qualities, was the chief director of the complicated scheme on which we proceeded, and great were his astonishment and her feeling of triumph, when one

day the young wife of twenty-four convicted him of a serious mistake in his calculations, and brought him to rectify the account accordingly. These business habits were of the greatest use to her all through her life.

On one occasion my brother-in-law, Sir Charles Wake, scrutinising her accounts with the preconceived feeling that a lady's habits of business were not much to be trusted, was obliged to confess that nothing could be better managed. It was the same all through our Carlisle days, and in London, and when I became Archbishop. If my affairs have been well managed, it was her doing. Rigid punctuality in payment, clear balancing of the accounts on certain stated days, and methodical arrangement—these were the main features of her system. One day, when one of her brothers was at Coutts's Bank, the manager complimented him on the way in which Mrs. Tait conducted the Archbishop's affairs; and when she came to add the St. Peter's Orphanage accounts to all our other statements of receipt and expenditure, she carried the same exactness of system into the books of this public trust. When the trustees met shortly after her death to see how the accounts of the Orphanage stood, they found everything discharged, and every item noted in her own hand, up to the day when she left Lambeth for Scotland on her last journey. She carried her Christian principle into all she had to do, and did it heartily and regularly, as to the Lord.

There scarcely ever was any one who so thoroughly enjoyed life. My sister, Lady Wake, reminded me the other day of Catharine saying lately at Addington that she did not care for pleasure, and the saying was received with a shout of laughter; yet the saying was true in this sense, that her highest pleasures were found in duty; yet her heart was open to every innocent enjoyment. She used to say that the Rugby time was the happiest of her life. I am not sure that this was so, but it was a very happy, bright time, even making full allowance for the cloud which my illness brought over it. But, indeed, to her all life was happy. God gave her wonderfully good health, and a buoyant, cheerful nature. She used to tell us that, when she was a young girl, she could not be prevented from laughing to herself through mere joyousness of spirit. This went with her through life. At Rugby, a beautiful house of her own, with a pleasant garden, the green grass of the Close, and the old elms overshadowing it, congenial society, ample means, abundant occupation—all these outward circumstances were added to the charm of the freshness of her early married independence. Here, as in the scenes of her after life, it was one of her chief characteristics to find enjoyment in every duty which she had to perform. There was in her no trace of the fine lady who thinks her husband's common work a thing in which she need not take much interest. Her heart was in all we had to do together, and in all my separate work. While she found time

for her own labours among the poor, and her own reading, her deepest interests were ever mine. It was the same at Carlisle, in London, and at Lambeth. The Chapter meetings of our Cathedral at Carlisle would have been very dull indeed had it not been for her readiness to make the members of the Chapter welcome in the Deanery. When we first went to London, she went to every opening of a church, and as often as possible to Confirmations. She tried to be ever with me when I was called to preach. The routine of such duties, and the parochial gatherings which generally accompanied their discharge, were sources of real enjoyment to her; she loved to make the acquaintance of the clergy, and to take an interest in the separate work of each. So at Lambeth, the gatherings of Bishops, with the interest of all that was going on in their several dioceses, the meetings of Convocation, for all the members of which she threw open our house—these things gave her the truest pleasure. Yet she fully enjoyed all extraneous pleasures also. I never knew any one who felt more happy at a well-arranged London dinner-party, when sitting next some Cabinet Minister, or man of letters, or Bishop, or bright young lawyer or clergyman interested in the work of his profession. Our periodical visits to Windsor in later days were thoroughly enjoyed by her; and she seemed always ready for a simple, happy holiday when the pressure of business and the necessary claims of society allowed her leisure.

PERHAPS the brightness of the Rugby life was not unnaturally most fondly remembered, because it was there she first learned the great joy of being a mother among happy children. Her first two girls, long since in heaven, were an inexpressible delight granted before my illness. Soon after I began to recover God gave us that dear only son who was our solace in many trials, and our joy and pride till he had nearly completed his nine-and-twentieth year. Nothing could exceed in tenderness the affectionate friendship which bound the mother and the son. A lovely baby at Rugby during our last year's stay there, he was the favourite of the school-house boys, who placed on his head a school-house football cap. He was with us in the carriage when the boys took out the horses and dragged us down to the station to bid us farewell at the close of our bright Rugby life. I remember when the first of his little sisters born at Carlisle came into the world, he was found watching, stretched on the mat at his mother's door. As he grew to boyhood his attachment to her became almost romantic, like that of a lover; he consulted her in all his early troubles: he read with her in his holidays, as, for example, Grote's Greece and Clarendon. I think by thus guiding his tastes she contributed no small share to his distinction in the History schools at Oxford. And when he took Holy Orders he found a great help for his ministry in the

efforts she had made to imbue him from the first with a knowledge of Holy Scripture. Who that witnessed them can forget her tender welcomes of him when he returned home from his first school, from Eton or from Christ Church, from his eight months' travels in Egypt and in Syria, and from his last journey across the Atlantic? How tenderly she nursed him in every early illness, and in those last sad months when his failing strength spoke with too sure foreboding to her loving heart that he must leave her soon!

While he was still at Christ Church she had visited him there, and taken the deepest interest in the progress he was making in his work. When she went down to his curacy at Saltwood, with what joy she heard from his friend and Rector, Erskine Knollys, and his dear wife, to whom he was as one of her own family, as well as from the good woman in whose house he lodged, how he was loved in his labours amongst the poor. It was a touching sight to see her in church, listening to his sermons when he preached at Addington or Lambeth. I remember the beaming look with which she heard me read the letter of the venerable Bishop of New York, congratulating me on the impression my son had made on all who were thrown in his way in his American tour, and especially on his winning all hearts to him, when with modest grace he spoke a few words as my representative in the Convention, and presented my letter of invitation to join the Lambeth Conference. And the thought

is almost too sad to dwell on, of the intense interest with which, on that dark night of February 1878, she joined with me and his sisters, and the congregation of St. John's, Notting Hill, in watching his pale face lighted with a heavenly interest, as, with the shadow of death upon him, he passed through the ceremony of his induction to his long-wished-for cure, and we heard the Archdeacon explain to the congregation the bright hopes they might entertain of the self-denying labours of their young pastor. He was indeed, all through his life, her true and tender friend. No wonder that his death, and the circumstances which had preceded it, were too much for her and she joined him in the Paradise of God at the end of six months. But if this loss, and, two-and-twenty years before, that of her five sweet little daughters, was a trial such as flesh and blood could not bear without the special grace of God the Comforter, the very intenseness of the sorrow shows how great must have been the happiness which the loss brought to a close. Our greatest griefs ever spring from our holiest and best joys, and no one who knew my dear wife will doubt that, besides all other sources of enjoyment, God gave her the highest of all earthly good things in her family affections. How often have I heard her say at Fulham, when she was recovering from the devastating shock which attended our leaving Carlisle, 'God has been very good to fill our nursery again;' and no one who ever saw her, especially on a Sunday evening, with the three daughters who grew up

around her, can doubt that she had the fullest enjoyment in their society and that of her son. I will not say how full of blessings to us both was her constant companionship as a wife and friend. How both her family joy and her family sorrow were leavened by that deep devotion which was her main characteristic was shown in the tone and look of unspeakable thankfulness with which she ever acknowledged the privilege, that of all the six children taken from her, every one, from the youngest to the eldest, had so passed from life as to leave not a shadow of doubt that they all went direct to the presence of their Saviour.

BUT to return:—Her work amongst the poor at Rugby had not been very different in kind from that to which she had been accustomed in her early home. After all, Rugby is not more than a large village, and it was in her native county. To the Warwickshire labourers and their families, most of whom, both in her father's parish and in Rugby, were members of the Church of England—to their habits, their houses, their modes of thought and speech,—she had been accustomed from her childhood. But when we moved to Carlisle all was new. An old fortified town, enclosed until lately within walls—clustering at the base of its castle,—cramped into narrow lanes (as the only mode of extending

population within the walls had been to cover every available yard of ground with buildings); these narrow lanes the abode of the very squalid poverty of a mass of people drawn in not very unequal proportions from England, from Scotland, and from Ireland. On every side were evident signs of the vice and misery which a garrison is apt to spread around its neighbourhood. Without the limit of the ancient walls, dingy modern streets stretched out towards the country, the worst of them inhabited by the decaying race of poverty-stricken hand-loom weavers, the better by the tolerably well-to-do mill-hands who worked in the smoky manufactories which modern industry had raised round the old fortress city;—this was the place and this the population amongst the poor of which she set herself to work. The Deanery and Cathedral were in the middle of the town, and she soon made her home a centre to which the poor looked for sympathy and help. I remember that this innovation on old prescribed ideas of Cathedral etiquette was at first not regarded with any great favour by some of the inhabitants of the 'Abbey,' as the Cathedral precincts were in Carlisle called. Yet certainly my dear wife sacrificed none of the other duties of the Deanery House to her works amongst the poor. Her poor neighbours were encouraged to come at stated times and under proper restrictions to make their wants known at the Deanery, and she went out at regular hours to visit such of them as seemed to require her presence in

their homes. There was not much pastoral visiting in Carlisle at this time, nor any very well-regulated system of district subdivision in the four overgrown parishes which included the whole town, so that it was difficult not to be overwhelmed by the multiplicity of claims; but she was systematic in her work, and contented rather to do a little well than spread her exertions over a sphere too wide to be of any use. The central school also, which she regularly visited, and in which she taught, gave her an acquaintance with a manageable number of poor families. Many of the homes which she was called to visit were as unlike the tidy Warwickshire cottages of her youth as can well be conceived. Irish courts, with all the exaggerated characteristics which Irish families develop in a worse form in England than even in their own land, presented perhaps the most urgent appeals, such as could not be resisted. The religious peculiarities of the inhabitants of these and other courts were no bar to the charitable efforts of the Dean's wife in their behalf. She used to tell how one of the Irish women, by way of currying favour with the wife of a Protestant dignitary, said to her one day, when asked what place of worship she frequented, 'Well, ma'am, I'll not tell you no lies: I am a Catholic, but then I'm a very bad 'un;' and another applicant when similarly questioned said, 'I thank God I'm no bigot; I can worship as comfortably in the church as in the chapel or tabernacle, and as comfortably in the tabernacle as in the church.'

Indeed, the religious condition of some of these people was peculiar. I remember an old woman between eighty and ninety, whom we had visited for years, and whom our Scripture-reader also regularly attended, who had had a strange history through the murder of her son, and who always professed her allegiance to the Church of England. Suddenly, when death, long delayed, was certainly coming at last, she sent for the priest, and declared herself a Roman Catholic. However, there were amongst the poor whom my wife tended some truly consistent Christians. I remember one man, John Horsley by name (who believed himself to be some relation of the famous Bishop); he was a regular worshipper in the Cathedral, at least when the Dean was to preach, and though very poor, a man of a good deal of intelligence, and apparently a simple-minded Christian. One day as my wife was coming out of the Cathedral she saw him standing by the Deanery door, and, as she was busy, she was passing on after having addressed to him a few words. 'I wanted to speak to you to-day, Mrs. Tait,' he said, intimating that he was not well; 'I am come to bid you good-bye, for I am going to die to-day.' She stopped and said she would send the Scripture-reader to see him, and, if he liked, to pray with him at his house. 'Better not send him to the house to-day, ma'am, for it's washing-day, and my landlady will be very busy; but I came here just to tell you that I'm going to die to-day.' She did what she could to

cheer him, and after a little time he went away; and to be sure, when the Scripture-reader arrived, he found that old John was dead. I remember also an old woman (very much in outward appearance and in language what I had imagined Mause Headrigg should be); she had a husband as old, or older than herself, who was not so quick of speech as she, who seemed also to be a real Christian. She used to lead the old man with her wherever she went to prayer and sermon, and as far as one could judge by outward signs, the old couple were living not for this world, but with their hearts above. Whensoever I preached, or had a lecture in my night-school room, the old couple were to be seen there. The old woman sent for my wife upon her deathbed, that she might tell how she felt when passing through what she called 'the swelling of Jordan,' and left her blessing to him whom she designated as young Samuel, that is our dear Craufurd, then only some five or six years old. I remember one simple-minded creature who was often visited. She lived in one of the least pleasant lanes, and we thought it a great thing for her when some relation offered to take her to stay in the pleasant village of Rockcliff, overhanging a lovely view of the Eden, and in the fine fresh air. But she soon came back to Carlisle, for she couldn't bear the change to village life, and longed, I believe, amongst other things, to be back within reach of the Cathedral, and to join the congregation there. Many friendships were thus made with the simple-minded poor,

and the memory of the dear lady from the Deanery can scarcely have passed away, though twenty-two years have now gone since Carlisle ceased to be our home. She visited regularly in the workhouse, for which there was at that time in Carlisle no Union chaplain, and many were the hours which she spent reading with the afflicted inmates.

Perhaps more might have been done, both by her and me, in the way of organisation, which might have continued after our own day; but the parochial arrangements of the town at that time were such as to make this very difficult, and she contented herself rather with the endeavour to encourage every good work which might be undertaken, and with the regular supervision of such poor families as she could personally visit. After we left, the arrangements effected with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners enabled the parishes of the town to be all subdivided, and the present Dean, aided by the three Bishops who have filled the See since our time, has had the blessing of seeing several new churches erected and placed under the charge of clergy, energetic in their work, and not overwhelmed by the vastness of the population of their districts. But I had my hands full with the attempt to reorganise the Cathedral Grammar School, and with the restoration of the Cathedral building. In these, and in all other good objects, my dear wife was my constant helper, while her efforts amongst the poor were as far as possible helped forward, both by the lectures I gave in my night-school, and by my

undertaking to preach regularly as to a settled congregation in the Cathedral, of which, of course, the seats were free to all comers.

Meanwhile my wife neglected no other duty. There was no lack of hospitality in the Deanery. She greatly enjoyed gathering our neighbours around her there. All the members of the Chapter and their families were attached to her, as well as all the other clergy and officers of the Cathedral body; and the change from the more genial life of Rugby was gradually compensated by an enlarging circle of society in the neighbourhood. No one ever more heartily entered into the enjoyment of visiting in the country-houses which were opened to receive us.

The chief happiness of her domestic life was in the children who one after another were born to give brightness to the dingy old Deanery. Each day while we were in residence she would sally forth in our open car with the whole body of them when an interval came from the work of the day. In spring-time and in summer we would encamp some four or five miles beyond the smoke of the city, and wander with them, seeking wild-flowers in the woods or loitering pleasantly by the river-side. And then as the elder of them grew up, what pleasant hours she spent in reading with them, and how wonderfully she was able to interest their growing intelligence in all the good works which she herself did for Christ's sake. The Cathedral services, too, were both to her and to them a never-ceasing source of interest. There

might be much to improve in the Cathedral—it had certainly a somewhat forlorn air when we first became acquainted with it,—but to her it was ever God's House; she sought and received daily blessings from it.

I cannot say that she loved our eight months' annual residence in Carlisle. She was always glad when our vacation-time arrived, and we were able in the winter-time or spring to return to visit the old home at Elmdon, or some of our relations in Derbyshire and Northamptonshire, making a rush occasionally for a week or two to London; or when in summer, with all our children about us, we migrated to some lovely spot on the Lakes or in Scotland. We generally settled ourselves in some pleasant house, which we hired for two months; and as she was as great a favourite in my family as in her own, we had no lack of visitors when we desired their companionship.

One summer we lived, keeping house together, with my three brothers at Alva, near the home of my boyhood, and my wife here, as elsewhere, cemented the union of the different elements which composed this joint family. By my two brothers who had spent most of their lives in Scotland, and my soldier brother, who had seen twenty years of a hard military life in India, and by the motherless children of my eldest brother, she was alike beloved. Such was her nature that she always won all hearts. Another summer we had a lovely house at Keswick,

and old friends gathered around us. Another we spent at St. Andrews, and greatly she enjoyed, not only the quiet of the place and its many associations with old Scottish ecclesiastical history, but also the society and unfailingly interesting conversation of Sir David Brewster, who at that time made the little northern University famous.

Some six weeks of our summer vacation in 1855 were spent by us in a tour in Ireland, accompanied by her sister Elizabeth and our dear little son. The land of her mother's birth and affections stirred in her the romantic feelings of her early days. I well remember her pleasure in the visit to Dromoland, and the happy quiet time in the genuine Irish home at Cullane. It was a pleasant journey which we made with her cousin Mrs. Studdert on an open jaunting-car through Clare, gazing from the cliffs of Moher on the expanse of the Atlantic; and driving in the bright summer weather through the wild country by Lisdoonvarna, Kilfenora, and the old O'Brien Castle of Lemmonaye. These days, as well as those others which we spent with the Bence Joneses near Clonakilty, and afterwards amid the arbutus-covered hills of Killarney, sent us back refreshed, rejoicing to meet the happy group of our children, and spend a month with them by the well-known sea. There, when I was called up to London on the business of the University Commission, as well as at other times, especially in the late autumn when we could be spared from Carlisle before our

holiday was exhausted, she had dearly loved the little lodging at the quiet village of Allonby, where, book in hand, reading with me or with the children, she could wander undisturbed for miles along the pleasant sands, and watch the glorious sunset which lighted up Criffel, and the other Scottish hills beyond the Solway. Sometimes in these vacations I was engaged in writing some article or lecture in which she would take intense interest, and for which she was ever at hand to help me in my reading. And thus passed from six to seven quiet years.

Then on a day in the early spring of 1856 the clouds darkened and a change came upon us with the suddenness and overpowering force of a thunderstorm. She must herself describe this change in her own words. Suffice it here to say that in six weeks we laid five loved daughters in the churchyard at Stanwix within sight of our old Cathedral, and near the quiet waters of the Eden. Many a prayer had been offered up in Carlisle and elsewhere for our afflicted family, but God saw it to be for our good to take our children to Himself. Early in April, the day of the funeral of the last who died, we fled with our new-born baby, and were followed by our dear little son, to take refuge for a few days among the hills at Moffat, almost afraid that we should not be received in any lodging, from the alarm which the fever that visited the Deanery had caused. After a little time we moved to the country she loved so well on the banks of Windermere; there we rested a fortnight, and

presented our baby to be received into the Church at Bowness. The summer found us, by the kindness of our friends the William Marshalls, slowly recovering from the shock which had uprooted us from the Deanery, in the pleasant house they lent to us on Ullswater; soothed between the months of May and September by wandering with our dear Craufurd amid the most lovely scenery, in perfect retirement, watching the ever-changing colours on the hills around us, as week followed week in the advance from spring to autumn. She returned with me to Carlisle for a few days for the opening of the restored Cathedral in June, when we stayed with our friends the George Dixons. We never slept in the Deanery again. The shock had been overpowering. But as in the quiet country home which had been lent to us we cherished our dear little son and baby girl, and read together and prayed together, and bathed our spirits in the beauties that surrounded us, by God's mercy there came over us a holy calm.

God was preparing both my wife and me for a great change of life, a far more extended field of work than we had before known, and fresh great blessings, which for twenty years she enjoyed with the keenest sense of gratitude, tempered by the solemn thoughts which this great trial had fixed deep within her heart.

ON the 17th of September 1856 I received a letter at Halstead from Lord Palmerston, with the announcement that the Queen had been pleased to approve of my appointment to the See of London. When I placed the letter in her hands, she asked me to take quiet time for prayer, and then to answer it. We had been forming together plans as to how we should be best able to bear the return to our duties in Carlisle, and this great change came to solve the problem. She felt all the solemnity of the occasion, and for herself and me desired that we should enter on our new work in the spirit of prayer. The months which followed were necessarily full of much occupation, from this sudden change of life. By the 23d of November 1856, the day of my consecration in Whitehall Chapel, we were established in a hired house in London. It was not until the spring that we took possession of London House; and as Bishop Blomfield lived till the end of next summer, we were not settled at Fulham until the late autumn of 1857. But by the Christmas (1856) after my consecration we were in the full swing of work in the greatest diocese of the world. My dear wife devoted herself resolutely at once to do her part. The candidates ordained by me (now a long catalogue of some 700 clergy), most of them retain some remembrance of her kindliness. She did all she could to make the acquaintance of the London clergy, but these were about 1000 in

number, and she had set herself a task which could not be perfectly fulfilled. It must be remembered that at this time her heart was still bowed down by recent grievous mourning. I shall never forget, when we went for a few days to see my sister, Lady Sitwell, near Maidenhead, the feelings with which we together watched, from the railway embankment near the station, the setting of the last sun of 1856, with all its solemn thoughts of past joys and sorrows and coming responsibilities. Nor was the feeling very different when, a year after, standing on the Bishop's Walk at Fulham, we saw the last sun of 1857 light up the Thames and glisten among the old trees, and still recall the same sacred memories. As soon as she well could, she threw her drawing-rooms at London House open, and invited as many of the clergy to a friendly gathering as the house could hold. Good Bishop Blomfield was still living, and in full possession of all his mental faculties. I recall her admiration of his noble form, as she walked by the wheel-chair on which he was carried prostrate round the garden at Fulham; and from him and Mrs. Blomfield, and their son Frederick, who became one of my chaplains, she anxiously endeavoured to gain advice and information for the better discharge of her and my duties. Bishop Blomfield had begun these clerical gatherings at London House. She gladly caught at the idea of continuing them, and afterwards developed them on a larger scale in the gardens and spacious rooms of Fulham Palace. In

no year during the whole of our time in London di she fail to receive the whole body of the London clergy as her guests. This, scarcely possible in any other diocese, could be done in that of London, where all the clergy reside within a few miles of the Episcopal House.

From the first also, as I have said before, she set herself to make personal acquaintance with as many as possible of the parishes which I was called to visit. St. James's and Fulham, of course, soon became the chief centres of her interest amongst the poor. In the former she confined herself to visiting in the workhouse, where she was to be found every Sunday of our residence in St. James's Square during the twelve years of my London episcopate. At Fulham she found poor cottages to visit, which reminded her of her old days at Rugby and Elmdon; and in the widows' Almshouses and Union Workhouse she was continually to be seen. Soon, as her knowledge of London increased, she became well acquainted with many of the hospitals, and especially gave herself to such branches of work as were best suited for a woman. The Brompton Consumptive Hospital lay half way between Fulham and London House, and many poor patients have carried to their dying day a grateful remembrance of the regular Scripture lesson which week after week she gave there. Meanwhile penitentiaries, conducted by sisterhoods, were growing. She took an interest in them all, especially in St. James's Home, which she was chiefly instrumental

in having erected on a portion of the episcopal estate at Fulham. The ladies at the head of these institutions became her friends; and so many were the centres of such work in which, as time went on, she became interested, that I remember we used to have a joke that one day when she said to the footman at the carriage door, 'Home,' he answered, 'Which Home, ma'am?' Obviously this multiplicity of occupations called for systematic arrangement, and she was very careful not to undertake what she could not effectually fulfil.

Meanwhile a great deal devolved upon her in the direct furtherance of my episcopal work as Bishop of London. London House and Fulham quite as much as Lambeth have long been centres for the whole episcopate of the English Church. She and I took the earliest opportunity of visiting our episcopal brethren at their own homes. Cuddesdon, then occupied by her first cousin, Samuel Wilberforce, was soon a centre of attraction to us. Her intimacy with this relation was very close. She had a true admiration of his many marvellous gifts, and especially of that fund of true religious feeling which he had inherited from his father, and which formed after all the deepest and strongest element in his most versatile character. But no long time passed before we had visited in almost every episcopal house in England, and thus come to know more intimately both my brother Bishops and their families. All the Bishops of the English bench

became, more or less, her friends, from the old Henry of Exeter—who, having received kindly sympathy from her in the last illness of his suffering daughter, poured forth upon her, when approaching his ninetieth year, compliments, which, in addressing her, came from the genuine gratitude of his heart,[1]—to Montagu Villiers of Durham, for whose unexpected death she sincerely grieved, esteeming him a genuine man of God. With Mrs. Villiers she kept up her intimacy till death called the widow to join her husband. I well remember our visit to the great scholar of St. David's at Abergwilli, how she entered into all his peculiarities and won on his regard. There were afterwards few more pleasant days than when Bishop Thirlwall joined her guests at Fulham or at London House. She was ever a welcome guest at the house of the venerable Archbishop Sumner, enjoyed his playful humour and reverenced his deep piety; and she learned to love and esteem his successor from our visit to him at Auckland after Mrs. Longley's death. Indeed, one might go through the whole list of my contemporaries in the episcopate, and I believe it would be true to say that there was

[1] The circumstances of our last visit to him were these:—The old man received us at luncheon in his beautiful villa near Torquay. Though very feeble, he sat with us at table and next my wife, and exerted himself to the utmost. In telling some anecdote he forgot a name, and touching his forehead he said, 'My poor head! I forget all names now;' then turning to her he added,—'Except yours,' and taking, I think, her hand he said again,—'I shall never forget your name,' implying that this was for her kindness to the daughter he had lost.

not one of them who was not always glad to see her, and whom she did not gladly welcome with a feeling of almost sisterly regard. The two Deans of St. Paul's and Westminster in 1857 were Milman and Trench. It is not too much to say that both of them were truly attached to her, and with their wives she formed a life-long friendship.

All this will show how many and widely different were the directions in which her sympathy went forth. Besides those whom I have mentioned she kept up close intimacy with all my College friends, a group sufficiently diversified in opinion and in character. When some one would blame any of them for eccentricities of opinion—as, for example, Dean Stanley, almost my oldest friend and the godfather of her eldest living daughter,—she always answered that though thoroughly orthodox herself, she had no faculty for detecting heresy, and could read with the deepest interest the books and enjoy the conversation of men from whom she differed, and admire their great qualities and help them in good works without in any way pledging herself to follow their guidance.

This wide acquaintance, however, with my coadjutors and friends by no means filled up the whole of the ever-widening circle of the social claims upon her time. She never laid herself out in any way for what is commonly called London society, but her position necessarily brought her into connexion with many of its brightest ornaments. I know nothing in

her life more truly Christian than the way in which she moved as befitted a Bishop's wife in such society. When she first came to London she was still young, and had it not been for the deep lessons of her previous life, she might have been tempted to plunge into the society that opened before her. I remember the impression which her face and appearance made on Lady Palmerston at their first meeting; how the elder lady professed to think that it was impossible the younger could be the Bishop of London's wife, but must be some young relation whom I had under my care. She certainly was a favourite wherever she went, from some quiet indescribable charm. She neither sought society nor avoided it; she enjoyed it when it came in her way quietly and calmly, and consistently with all the claims of important duty which were ever present to her mind.

I feel disposed to leave to some other hand the description of the garden parties at Fulham, in which, for several Saturdays every summer, she received her friends. Suffice it to say, that they reflected her own mind and taste. The habitual frequenters of such gatherings elsewhere used to note that she made them something very different from an ordinary London party. Persons who never met elsewhere met on the Fulham lawn as common ground. There was always a large infusion of the clerical element, and men and women, tired with the routine of London gaieties, were not sorry to spend a quiet afternoon in that peaceful garden, under the old

trees on the river-side, in a place full of old associations, and there to meet clergy, statesmen, literary men, and most of the labourers in the various works of charity in which my wife delighted. One element was never wanting,—a large concourse of joyous children, who came with their parents to revel on the lawn, and ride the two or three old ponies which she always caused to be trotted out for their amusement. The place is singularly suited for such gatherings, which, once begun, are continued there to this day. There is something almost marvellous in the sudden transition from the dust and noise and hurry of the roads of suburban London, into that calm, peaceful shade, the moment you turn up the old elm avenue leading to the court-yard which Bishop Fitz-James erected in the time of Henry VII. These parties were, of course, not gathered together without an immense amount of labour on her part. At times, both at Fulham and at Lambeth, I have heard her say that the necessary trouble of preparation was almost too much; but I can testify that she never allowed it to interfere with the due performance of any one other duty.

It is difficult to select the works of charity in which she was most interested during our early days in London. Like myself, in my work which came before the complete organisation of the Diocesan Home Mission and the Bishop of London's Fund, she seemed to be feeling her way amongst the various efforts she was called to encourage. Gradually, however, her

energies became concentrated on one or two more definite fields of action. I remember distinctly her awakening me one night in our room in London House, and unfolding the scheme of the Ladies' Diocesan Association, which had become impressed upon her mind; and she quickly set herself to work to have the scheme matured. I must leave to others to describe the labour for which the maturing of her conception called. Her idea was, that the great number of ladies who, in London, are anxious to do distinct work for Christ beyond the limits of their own families—in workhouse visitation, and in hospitals, and in ministering to the wants of the poor in their own houses—might have their efforts better systematised if they met together in one centre under their Diocesan. Many, of course, might prefer to work apart, each in their own parishes, and under their own pastors; but any wide acquaintance with the state of London shows that there are many districts in which ladies, capable of so working, are not to be found. Almost the worst growing evil of the Metropolis is the local separation between the abodes of the rich and the poor. She thought that the superabundant energy of one district might, by such a union as she proposed, be better made available to assist the overburdened clergy in districts where they had to work almost single-handed. She knew also that such a union, under the Bishop, might more effectually gain entrance for Christian visitation and kindly sympathetic influences into some of the work-

houses and hospitals, in which a shrinking from such assistance had hitherto been manifested by the authorities. This union, therefore, was organised by her efforts. A chaplain was appointed to collect offers of work, and point out spheres for working. Periodical meetings were held at London House for mutual counsel and for prayer, and once a year the associates gathered to receive the Holy Communion, and to be addressed by the Bishop. A blessing, I think, has descended on this effort, and my successor in the See of London, and his family, have shown their appreciation of it by continuing it to this day.

THE year 1866 is memorable in the history of her efforts. In the spring I had a serious illness, after ten years' work in London. I passed Easter Week in bed, and when I was able to get about, we were sent for the remainder of April and for all the month of May to the neighbourhood of Hastings. They were weeks of quiet and great enjoyment, which she and I and our children spent in the house we hired at Fairlight, enjoying the coming on of summer with thankfulness for my returning strength. By the beginning of June we settled to our work as usual at Fulham, and all things looked bright. Very soon rumours reached us of an expected visitation of the cholera, and as the summer advanced it became too apparent that London was to be severely tried.

Our annual gathering of the clergy took place in the garden at Fulham, and the general subject of conversation was the expected pestilence. At the close of our garden-party all assembled around the great cedar-tree to the north of the Porteus Library, and there took counsel as to the steps necessary, in case our fears were realised. Soon afterwards the state of things in the east of London became very bad indeed; the whole district which had any connexion with the river Lea was infected. I summoned a meeting of the clergy of Bethnal Green, Stepney, and Spitalfields, and we endeavoured to make arrangements which might aid the sanitary authorities. From that time my dear wife accompanied me regularly in the visits which I made to the infected districts. She felt that others might naturally hang back if she in her prominent position were afraid. She knew that her voluntary presence in the hospitals would give courage and endurance to those who could not escape from the responsibility of ministering to the sick, and that personal knowledge of the danger and its details would enable both her and me better to appeal for help, and assist in the organisation of efficient remedies. I can see her now standing in one of the large wards of the hospital for Wapping and St. George's-in-the-East, quietly soothing the sufferers, while one poor little girl seemed to be seized with the last agonies, and the Rev. C. F. Lowder, who attended us, stepped quietly to the bed of the poor patient, and gave her such help as, by God's

blessing, resulted in her final recovery. I can see her in the well-ordered hospital extemporised by Miss Sellon, near Shoreditch, encouraging the sisters who had ventured their lives from the pure air of Ascot into that infected district; and in the Middlesex Hospital, where other well-known ladies had undertaken to assist the permanent staff. I remember the real danger to which I thought she was exposed near Ratcliff Highway, when, unexpectedly, she was summoned to try and guide the somewhat irregular efforts of the clergymen of the parish to distribute relief amongst a miscellaneous crowd of those whose families were suffering from the plague. I remember also how, when the evil began to abate, she helped Miss Twining, by her support and advice, in the temporary building secured for convalescents on a spot south of the Thames.

This visitation of the cholera led to the crowning labour of her life. Mrs. Gladstone, Miss Marsh, and herself—the 'three Catharines,' as some newspaper called them,—had each of them her spirit stirred to undertake the charge of some of those many orphans whom the cholera left destitute; and institutions, still vigorously at work, were the result. Mrs. Gladstone, I believe, undertook to provide for the boys. My wife hired a house at Fulham for the girls, and, by the aid of Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster and the sisters of their 'Home,' soon established St. Peter's Orphanage, which has continued growing ever since. It cannot be doubted that the ever-present thought of her own

children whom she had lost was an incentive to her care for these destitute little girls. The following sketch, anticipating the future growth of her work, will best explain what have been the results of this laborious effort :—

The Fulham Orphanage contained thirty girls. It was distant from the Palace about five minutes' walk. When we were at home there was constant communication between her and the inmates. She visited them almost every day. On Sundays the children would come and have a Scripture lesson; and she would read to them the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' or some such book in the great hall or on the lawn. From time to time they attended the services of the Palace Chapel, and no sound could be more pleasant than that of the hymns and carols with which, standing in the frosty garden, they would waken us on Christmas morning. The Orphanage remained at Fulham for about five years. But as soon as we ourselves were called away by my translation, she resolved that it should be moved and made available for my new as well as my old diocese. At first she had been making arrangements to have a permanent building erected on the Fulham Episcopal estate, but feeling how much depended for its growth and welfare in its early years on her personal superintendence, she determined as soon as possible to move the Orphanage near one or other of our new residences. Lambeth and Addington were both thought of. But it so happened that about this time

I was enabled by the bequest of a relation to purchase a private and more permanent home for my family in the Isle of Thanet. Here she arranged with me in 1869 to secure in perpetuity two acres of ground on one of the most healthy sites in England; and in course of time she caused a handsome building to be erected, capable of receiving eighty children. By great exertions, and the kind assistance of many friends, she was able to defray the whole expenses of the erection and complete furnishing of this building; and soon afterwards went on to add a Convalescent Home for the reception of women and children in need of sea air. The whole expense of the building for this institution also was paid through her exertions before the second house was opened. During all the weeks which each year she spent in our house on the Isle of Thanet, the Orphan and Convalescent Homes were her constant care. Aided for many years by the sisters of St. Peter's, Kilburn, and at last, on their retiring, by an experienced lady of her own selection, from the diocese of Winchester, she superintended personally, or by writing, all the most important arrangements connected with the Homes, and when she was living in Thanet she visited them daily. The children were taught by a thoroughly competent certificated schoolmistress, and the lady superintendent was aided by other ladies resident in the Home. The clergy of St. Peter's and the two medical men of Broadstairs gave her their kind assistance in the work of both Homes. The distance from our

house is but a few minutes' walk, and the same sort of communication was kept up here as at Fulham. Besides the ordinary school instruction, she took care that the girls as they grew older should be trained in the duties of domestic service; one of the original Fulham girls has become a nurse in St. Thomas's Hospital, and two are preparing to be school-mistresses. Her great endeavour was, when they left the Home, to see that they began life in suitable situations, and that they should be watched over afterwards, and the numbers were such as to render this easy of accomplishment. She herself and her daughters, as well as the ladies resident in the Home, kept up an intimacy by correspondence and otherwise with the girls who were sent forth each year. She knew, indeed, that her own motherly care could not continue always, and took steps to give permanence to the 'Homes,' after her own day. Thus she secured the concurrence of a body of trustees: she placed the Orphan School under Government inspection; and her own words will well explain the scheme by which she sought to secure for each orphan child some permanent friend to take in some measure the place of a parent. As there never was absent from her own mind the sense of the motherly duty which devolved upon her towards the children, she endeavoured to stamp the same on the Institution in what it is hoped will be enduring characters. The following are the words in which, in her report for 1877, she explains her plan:—'In respect to

orphans Mrs. Tait is desirous to continue the system which has been successfully adopted since the commencement of the Institution, under which ladies or children of the higher classes undertake to watch over and care for individual orphans, and during the child's residence at the Home to provide, or raise, a sum of £12 to £15 a year for her maintenance. Such assistants to be termed Children's Associates; an associate to undertake, by personal interview or by correspondence, to become acquainted with the orphan, to be interested in her during her residence at the Home, and endeavour to watch over and befriend her, if occasion require it, in after life; so that each child may feel that she has a friend and adviser interested in her future prospects, and taking, in some degree, the place of the parent she has lost. Mrs. Tait will be very thankful to any ladies, or their children, who will come forward and help in this way, and who will apply for orphans to be assigned to them.'

In the Convalescent Home every endeavour was made to minister effectually both to the souls and bodies of the patients, and she desired the two institutions to be united, so that the permanence of the Orphanage might secure the permanence of the Convalescent Home also. Funds were never wanting while she lived, and there seems every hope from the acknowledged usefulness of both institutions that they will not fail after her day.

And here it seems natural to ask, What was the

secret spring by which this ever active life was sustained and directed? God had indeed conferred on her the charm of beauty, by which a woman, when she views it as a gift from above, goes forth with a great advantage to win her way in His service. He had also given her a gracious manner, certainly in her case a gift from Him, for it was only the outward expression of the kindly graces He had planted in her soul. Moreover, she was by God's Providence placed in outward circumstances which called forth all her powers, and gave full room for their development. She had also a good understanding, began early to cultivate her mind, and never ceased through all her life to continue her education, strengthening her mind by reading. She learned also in her varied experience to accommodate herself to circumstances, and if she could not do all she wished, to work hard in doing what she could. She gained, as life went on, a great acquaintance with men and women of all ranks, and made allowance for their peculiarities, using a fine tact in all her intercourse without ever sacrificing principle. To all this was added the perseverance of a settled purpose and indomitable will. But these gifts, great as they are, could not make her what she was. The real key to her character is to be found in the depth of her Christian life. She was, above all things, given to prayer. From her earliest years she prayed habitually and constantly for guidance; secretly and in public she was ever seeking strength through prayer. Hence the charm to her of

the daily services of the Church, which never became to her a formality, because they were but the outward and appropriate expression of thoughts which were planted in her soul by the Spirit of God. I think one chief attraction to her of the High Church movement was the great variety of books helpful to devotion which the writers of this school have put forth. She used such books freely, having, through God's help, a right discrimination in her own heart and judgment whereby she was able to pass over or put aside what she disapproved of, and to assimilate as it were the wholesome nutriment for the soul, while she rejected what she could not approve. I have reason to believe that in using even Bishop Andrewes's 'Devotions,' which was indeed her companion and help every morning, there were passages which she studiously omitted as not embodying her own view of Scripture truth. She especially prized the suggestions for a wide extension of intercessory prayer through the whole range of the trials of the Christian life, which she found in some of these manuals. Yet the use of them was no substitute for personal unpremeditated prayer, poured forth as the expression of her own and her family's and friends' peculiar wants.

Moreover, she had a deep spiritual acquaintance with Holy Scripture, which she had been taught from her childhood could make her wise unto salvation. She could repeat much of it, was seldom at a loss to find any passage, and especially she knew the Psalms of David with a remarkable familiarity, with

the distinctive characteristics of each. Her knowledge of Scripture helped her prayers, and her prayers her knowledge of Scripture.

Thus braced and trained for God's service herself, she had a remarkable appreciation of all traits of real goodness in others, and though it must be confessed, that when she visited Scotland, she showed no appreciation for the worship, or other outward developments, of the Presbyterian Church, and even in Switzerland and Germany, always felt a sort of shudder at the bareness of the ecclesiastical arrangements, yet she never talked with a spiritually-minded Christian, of any denomination, without feeling her heart warm towards him and his work. I remember on our first visit to Edinburgh after our marriage, she was present in St. Stephen's Church, and somewhat astonished the worshippers amongst whom she was placed, by kneeling down at the prayer, and standing during the Psalmody. She would quote, in her justification, some saying respecting Roundhead modes of worship, current in the family, as uttered by her uncle, Mr. Wilberforce, when he was coming out of Mr. Jay's chapel at Bath. Yet I remember that on the first Sunday after our great sorrow at Carlisle, when we had taken refuge in a village beyond the Border where there was no Episcopal place of worship, she sought and found consolation in the services of the parish church.

BUT we must return to the time when the Orphanage scheme was first organised at Fulham. This was, as I have said, in the late summer, or beginning of the autumn, of 1866. Before I was first taken ill that year, another work on which her heart was much set had been begun. The old chapel of the Palace of Fulham had, soon after Bishop Porteus's death, been turned into the 'Porteus Library;' Bishop Porteus having left a large collection of books to the See, and a sum of money to provide a suitable apartment for their reception. The old hall had at that time been manufactured into a chapel of a very debased ecclesiastical character. My dear wife felt as I did, that the ministrations for worship, both family and diocesan, necessarily attaching to the chapel of the principal See House of so great a diocese, required some more suitable arrangement. After much deliberation, we determined to erect a new chapel according to designs furnished by Mr. Butterfield, restoring the Hall to its original purpose. I remember the cold snowy day on which we all turned out on the lawn in front of my library windows, and my dear son laid the foundation-stone. The work went on during my first illness and the great visitation of the cholera. We left Fulham at the very end of September, having stayed till London was resuming its usual state of health. I had scarcely arrived in Scotland, when a second and more serious attack of the same illness

prostrated me at North Berwick. My dear wife was as ever my sedulous and patient nurse. Though we moved to England in November, and I was able to compose my quadrennial Charge, it was not thought safe for me personally to deliver it. I held the visitation by my chancellor, and forwarded the Charge to the clergy from Brighton, where my doctors advised me to stay till January of 1867. Then again came a happy time of returning strength; and my dear wife had the satisfaction, on the first of May 1867, of being present at the opening of our new chapel, which now assumed, in her eyes and mine, the character of a thank-offering for restored health and renewed hopes of usefulness. It was adorned with many gifts from private friends, from the lay officers of the diocese, from Sion College and the Rural Deans, as well as from individual clergy; all seeming glad to testify their sympathy with me and my wife on the completion of this work. I preached the morning sermon, Bishop Wilberforce the sermon in the afternoon. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Longley) was present, and a large gathering of the Bishops. It was with a very thankful heart that she received them, and many of our other friends, on one of the warmest and most beautiful May-days which the Fulham gardens had ever seen.

It was a special pleasure to her, and greatly added to the interest of this opening, that I was able to carry into effect her long-cherished plan for the erection and consecration of this chapel before London

received the visits of the many Bishops from all parts of the world, who gathered to the first Lambeth Conference at the call of Archbishop Longley. I have already mentioned on what intimate terms she lived with all my Episcopal brethren at home. From time to time Bishops from distant colonies had been her guests at Fulham and London House. But now she was to assist me in entertaining the representatives of the whole Anglican Episcopate. She threw herself with her accustomed energy into the duty of the time. Many Bishops from the United States as well as others stayed with us in our home, and for five consecutive days she received a gathering of some forty at dinner in the newly restored hall, taking a deep pleasure in worshipping with them in the chapel, which seemed to have been prepared for the especial purpose of helping the Archbishop at Lambeth on this first general meeting of Bishops from all branches of our Church.

The chapel has ever since afforded a suitable place of worship on many interesting occasions. For example, my wife gathered her poor neighbours at Fulham to worship there on the annual occasion of the widows' 'treat.' The candidates for ordination here worshipped and were addressed during the Ember weeks. Here were held the annual Communions of the Ladies' Association; and that farewell service at which, on the vacancy of the See of Rochester by Bishop Wigram's death, I bade farewell to those Essex and Kent clergy, who had been up to

this time included in the diocese of London, and handed them over, as the Act of Parliament directed, to the spiritual care of the new Bishop of Rochester.

We had spent a few weeks of the summer in the lovely country by Windsor Forest, but returned to Fulham in time for the Lambeth gathering of Bishops. I remember as we were journeying back, somewhat in patriarchal fashion, with carriage and cart and riding-horses, and a little pony-carriage, in which I was driving my wife, we were amused at being stopped on the road by the late Queen of Holland, who had been our guest at Fulham two years before, and who on all her visits to England seemed to take a pleasure in keeping up her acquaintance with my dear wife and with me.

The first Lambeth Conference naturally called forth, from the circumstances of the Church at the time, some discussions of a somewhat stormy kind. There was much difference of opinion in those days between myself and the then Bishop of Cape Town, and her gentle influence presiding when we met at Fulham at the close of each busy day helped much now, as on all previous occasions, to calm the differences, which might otherwise have assumed undue proportions. I mention these things to show that in our social and official life she was a real power.

She went with me for a short visit to the Wolverhampton Church Congress, at which the old Bishop of Lichfield, Lonsdale, presided within a few days of his death. And soon, feeling still anxious for my

health, she persuaded me to go for six weeks' rest and fine air to the Isle of Thanet. We had visited this neighbourhood twenty years before when I was recovering from my great illness at Rugby; she remembered the beneficial effect of the Thanet air, and was anxious that after the fatigue of the Lambeth Conference, and before the commencement of my winter work in London, I should again be subjected to its strengthening influences. Thus began our intimate connexion with the spot which was to be so much identified with her labours. We returned to Fulham for Christmas, but before Easter 1868, I had, as above explained, become the possessor of the small estate on which a site for the Orphanage was to be found. This home in Thanet was intended as a refuge from the almost overwhelming work and anxieties of the diocese of London. It had been an established and necessary rule that the Bishop of London should escape from his labours and out of his diocese for a considerable vacation every year; without this alleviation, no human constitution could stand the pressure of the constant work. Hitherto we had wandered in our vacations from one spot to another. It seemed better now, as an opportunity presented itself, to secure a fixed vacation-home to which our children and ourselves might always together turn, and where we might all together carry on our home pursuits without the interruption of seeking a new residence each season. We had no thought then in entering on 1868 that it was to be the last

year of our connexion with the See of London, and that the place in which we settled our private home was in the new diocese to which I was so soon to be called. Archbishop Longley was then in his vigour, presiding over the Ritual Commission, of which I was a member, and taking an active part in all public affairs. Whilst journeying through his diocese he came to see us when we were first settling at Stonehouse that Easter. We little thought that by the beginning of November he was to be called away, and I was to be summoned to his place.

It was a very busy session of Parliament; the first brewing of the storm which swept away the connexion of the Church of Ireland with the State was darkening the horizon; there was much excitement, political and ecclesiastical; much public business to be done, both within and without the House of Lords. And the diocese of London never for a day during nine months of the year intermits its overwhelming call upon the strength and energy of its Bishop. No wonder that my dear wife, warned by the experience of the past, was anxious that I should have a complete change, and when the session ended persuaded me to go to Homburg and the Engadine.

WE had not long returned when Archbishop Longley died, and I was called to be his successor. My wife had in 1862 advised me to

decline the Archbishopric of York when offered to me under Lord Palmerston's Administration. This was before the organisation of the Bishop of London's Fund; and at that time I was in more vigorous health, and much work in London to which my strength was equal seemed to lie before me. The offer of the Archbishopric of Canterbury presented none of the difficulties which must have attended a migration from London to York. To leave Fulham, indeed, with all its interests, was a trial. My little daughters were dissolved in tears when they first heard of the change. The new Chapel, the old familiar visits to the Almshouses, and the many kind friends of their childhood—it seemed as if they were to lose them all. But we could not but be thankful that I was to be placed in a position where, though the responsibilities were to be even greater, there was reason to hope that the incessant pressure of personal overwhelming work would be less felt. She accepted the change calmly, and, as usual, in the spirit of prayer, quietly wound up her concerns at Fulham before Christmas, and prepared herself for the duties of her new sphere. Soon followed her first visit to stay with the Queen when I was called to do homage at Osborne. On former occasions she had, indeed, dined at Buckingham Palace, but whenever I was called to Windsor I had been invited alone. Then followed the great ceremonial of my enthronisation at Canterbury, and soon she was plunged in all the social and other duties of Lambeth, the first Arch-

bishop's wife inhabiting the Palace for twenty years. How well she bore herself in her new sphere all will testify who were brought within her influence. She strove to continue as much as possible at Lambeth, amongst rich and poor, the same sort of occupations to which she had given herself at Fulham and at London House, though now on an extended scale. The country life at Addington was new to her; we had never had a fixed residence in the country since she left the quiet Parsonage at Elmdon. To have a home in that beautiful neighbourhood was a great refreshment as the summer came round. But there was much to be done in Lambeth before then.

This was the year in which the Irish Church was disestablished. There were comings and goings of persons of all degrees and sentiments. Much had to be arranged. Late and present Ministers of State had to be gathered in social intercourse with the Bishops on whom the anticipated blow was about to descend. It was seen that the only hope of mitigating the evil, in the then state of the public mind, was by bringing the antagonistic elements as much as possible to understand each other, in the hope that the inevitable mischief might be lessened. It was at one of her parties that the Primate of Ireland, invited to meet the then Prime Minister, stumbled, entangling his foot in my wife's train as we were going into chapel before dinner, and recovered himself, exclaiming, 'that the best thing he could do was to hang on by the skirts of Canterbury.'

All through this anxious session she was striving to fulfil her part in our new post. On stated days the gardens at Lambeth were filled with visitors, as had been those at Fulham. Even on Sundays she had not much rest, for we tried that year the plan of throwing the Palace Chapel open, and securing each week some eminent preacher. The result was more than we had anticipated. Canons Liddon and Miller, Dean M'Neile, and such like preachers, filled the chapel to overflowing, and both we and our servants found that we had more work than we desired on Sunday. Then Convocation had of course to meet, and she was ever studious to make acquaintance, as far as possible, with all its members. Few but herself could have sanctified this busy and exciting life. Yet for her it was sanctified, and for her, at least, it needed not the stern lesson of the following autumn to impress upon her mind that the calm life of faith is the true life, whatever be the work or excitements to which, in the path of duty, we are called. Lambeth Palace stands in the midst of a dense poor population, in whose welfare she soon became deeply interested. The 'Dole,' which has been given at the Porter's Lodge from time immemorial, supplied a nucleus of our poor neighbours with whom to become acquainted, and she soon made time for visiting the sick and aged. It was ever her desire and practice, at the end of the London season, to have a gathering of our poor Lambeth neighbours for a garden-party of their own, and many of them

remember the stories which she would tell them, and how she was ever foremost in leading the hymns which they sang before they went away.

We left London for Addington soon after the passing of the Irish Church Bill, somewhat exhausted by the six months' campaign. But the summer was by no means a time of rest. We stayed for a short time in comparative retirement at Addington. Before the session ended, there was still, indeed, the connexion with London. The Speaker Denison and the Lord Chancellor Hatherley, with their wives, and Lord Stanley and the Master of Harrow, spent, I remember, a quiet Sunday with us, and other friends came and went. Soon diocesan work put in its claims; we received our Rural Deans, and a gathering of the clergy of the neighbouring Rural Deanery, and I began to hold meetings in various places for the clergy of Kent. In September we had the house full of candidates for ordination; our first Canterbury ordination in Lent had been at Lambeth, our second was at Addington, where there was room enough to gather all the candidates as inmates of our own house. It was not till very late in September that my dear wife felt herself entitled to our month's holiday, and we left for Scotland. I remember the great enjoyment of some quiet days passed alone near Dunkeld. But our friends were naturally anxious that the first Scotch Archbishop of Canterbury should visit them. We went to Keir to meet the Prince and Princess Christian, and passed from one house to another till

I was again called to take up my diocesan work in Kent. Hitherto, the change to Canterbury had certainly brought no relaxation of work. At this time the Archbishop had no Suffragan to aid him in his diocese. The Confirmations were pressing. But still all seemed to go on prosperously, and my strength to be equal to my duties. But the bow, it would seem, had been overstrung.

I HAD been to a diocesan meeting at Ashford, and in the evening spoke for one of the Missionary Societies. Next morning I had to hurry to London for the Ecclesiastical Commission, and I think for a meeting of the Charterhouse, then down to the Isle of Thanet by the evening train. Next day was spent quietly at home, but correspondence was accumulating, and I believe ninety letters had to be superintended and despatched by that post. I was very tired in the evening, but next morning I rose fresh as usual. I remember going into my wife's room, and finding her reading the Bible with the children. I warned them not to work their mother too hard. I remember also looking out of the window on the bright frosty morning, and anticipating a day of comparative rest. I returned to my dressing-room, but I had not finished dressing when I fell prostrate and senseless on the floor. The shock to my dear wife was frightful. For a fortnight I was in bed very

weak, though having immediately recovered consciousness. Dear Ramsay and Mary Campbell were with us when I was taken ill, and he, my very earliest and kindest friend, ministered to me and comforted me on my sick-bed. It was remarkable that he and Mary, soon after their marriage, had come to see us when I was lying almost between life and death at Rugby. Little did we think at this time that I should outlive them both, and that he in his widowhood would come to die almost in my arms at Addington three years afterwards, when mourning for his wife and son. So unexpected are the changes of life. Ramsay loved my dear wife, and both he and his wife were loved by her as true friends. All engagements for Confirmations and the like had, of course, to be put off. My life was in great danger; and now, as at Rugby twenty years before, she, as she afterwards told me, stayed herself on the text, which recurred to her mind, 'Who is among you that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.' My son was summoned from Oxford, and our most intimate friends gathered round us, as well as the most skilful and watchful medical attendants. But little could be done except to secure perfect quiet. One of the kind sisters of St. Peter's, Kilburn, came down to nurse me, and was soon joined by our former housekeeper, who had nursed our children at Rugby, and tended them in those sad six weeks at Carlisle, who now did not leave me for three months;

and who watched over my son, nine years afterwards, in his last illness, and was with him when he died. He stood by me now in the worst paroxysms of my illness, and soothed me in his arms, while his mother, as before, was ever at my side. We three received the Holy Communion together, when I seemed to be dying on one of the first most alarming nights. Gradually, by God's mercy, my strength returned. My dear wife, who was always brave, endeavoured to still her anxiety by reverting to her usual interests of work for others. She told me that from day to day, unable to look forward, she felt as she prayed that she could leave all for herself and for me in God's hands, knowing that He would give us what was best.

About a month after my attack came round my birthday, the 21st of December. With a thankful heart for the progress I had made, she determined to mark the day by laying the foundation-stone of the new building for the Orphanage, the site having been chosen some time before. It was a snowy, gusty day, but the neighbours kindly assembled to cheer her, and express their sympathy. It was a great pleasure to her that I was able to appear at the window of the drawing-room, and watch them as they formed a little procession on their way to the selected spot.

It was a touching incident, and an earnest of an enduring influence which she exercised ever afterwards, that Sir Moses Montefiore, then above eighty

years of age, came through the inclement weather to express his interest in the work. He could not, of course, as a Jew, join with the worshippers, but from his carriage close at hand he was an attentive listener, and expressed to her afterwards his delight at hearing the Psalms of David chanted as the worshippers assembled on the ground. This may be the proper place to tell how this venerable man never lost his interest in all she did, and especially in the work of the Orphanage. He subscribed to it liberally. He presented to it a bust of myself, and of her as the foundress, and she used to tell how once she found him paying a visit to the Home, gathering all the children round him, giving each of them a silver coin fresh from the Mint, and hearing them repeat one of Dr. Watts' hymns, which he said he had learned as a child to say to his mother.

All the neighbours who had attended the ceremony came with him into the house to express their good wishes for my health. And then my wife was left with her children, and one or two intimate friends, to cheer me during the slow hours of recovery, scarcely daring to look forward beyond each day, and certainly not anticipating that after nine years of work and happiness I should return to this same place mourning that the dear son and wife who had thus watched over me were both gone, and I left.

About a month afterwards, towards the end of January 1870, we all returned to Addington. Here she found abundant occupation. One ordination I

was obliged to hold by deputy, availing myself of the kind assistance of my early friend Bishop Anderson. But by this time it had been settled that I should have a Suffragan, and the Queen had approved of the appointment of Archdeacon Parry to be Bishop of Dover. I can scarcely conceive that any Archbishop of Canterbury can dispense with such aid in future. My wife made all the arrangements for the consecration in Lambeth Chapel. I was not allowed myself to attend, but she reported to me how all had prospered, and the tenor of the encouraging sermon which Dean Alford preached. I was now recovering, and able to transact all business which did not require the exertion of any sustained public effort. It was at this time that we together received one forenoon the Archbishop Lycurgus, of Syros and Tenos. I was still too weak to be allowed to see much of him, but my wife made every arrangement for the entertainment of him and his friends. I remember the gratitude with which she was able to report favourably of my progress when the Queen—continuing the kindness which had led her Majesty to write to her in terms of sincerest sympathy when I was taken ill—invited her to dine at Buckingham Palace, that she might personally give intelligence respecting my state of health. As the spring advanced we were continually together, enjoying long drives and frequent walks, and visiting the parishes and churches in the neighbourhood of Addington. Friends came to visit us, and she found

time for all her ordinary occupations. Especially she worked hard for the loved Orphanage. She did not hesitate to have a great gathering in Lambeth Chapel of all interested in it, though I was not allowed to be present. Bishop Wilberforce preached at this service, and the work, as was to be expected, prospered under his advocacy. This year, indeed, of great domestic anxiety, was as fruitful as any other of her life in accomplished work. It was with a thankful heart that we all returned to the Isle of Thanet in May, and found the buildings of the Orphanage making good progress.

Perhaps the one most marked feature in her character, shown as much in time of absorbing home-anxiety as when her mind was free, was the utter absence of all selfishness. The maid who was her personal attendant for upwards of fifteen years, has said since her death that she could not help remonstrating with her sometimes for never thinking of herself. Her husband and her children were her first care; but she always, even in the most anxious times, made full leisure to think of others beyond. She seemed to hold that it was the first characteristic of a Christian to look out of self. But, indeed, she did this, not as a duty, but because, from nature or from grace, she could not help doing so. It seemed as if it would have made her positively unhappy that God should have bestowed on her so many common worldly blessings unless she had been able to share them with all who were brought within her influence.

Every member of her family, and of mine, will testify to this unselfish desire to make them happy if in any way she could. At Rugby, enjoying abundant means beyond our reasonable needs—at Carlisle, in easy circumstances—at Fulham and Lambeth, having the command and distribution of large revenues, she ever exercised a vigilant control over our expenditure, never grudging what was spent on others, but most abstemious in all that concerned herself. Always careful as she was to dress as became her station, I never knew her spend anything beyond the most necessary sums on personal ornament. This unselfishness showed itself in little, as in great matters. It was curious to note how every day she never could rest satisfied till she was able to make arrangements for the enjoyment of every friend who was living in our house. At Christmas and such-like times, she had no greater pleasure in the selection of her society than in opening her house to those who might otherwise have felt desolate.

Thus there was no one amongst her large acquaintance who did not know that in her kindly nature they would find sympathy and help whensoever it was needed. Yet the fire of love burned most brightly in her heart for the circle of home. And never did she exert herself more unremittingly to make her home cheerful, than in the anxious time which succeeded the illness I have above described. She came with me to stay at Lambeth for a short time in the summer of 1870, when my strength had returned. I

can well note the time, for she went with me to the House of Lords, and we have often recalled together the anxious faces of the Prime Minister and two of his colleagues, when we exchanged greetings with them in one of the lobbies, while they were discussing the news which had just arrived of the first outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war. She encouraged me quietly to return to my ordinary occupations.

After a short time at Lambeth, we went again to Addington, and by the time of the summer ordination I was able to address the candidates, and conduct the ordination in Croydon Church. She called pleasant guests around us, and tried to keep up as many interests as possible. The young Rajah of Kolapore came down, and we drove him through our woods. The German Ambassador, Count Bernstorff, and his wife and son and daughter, paid us a visit of some days in the most critical period of the war; and it was a matter of curious interest to us to pay a visit, on a very memorable occasion, at the house at Chislehurst, which was now tenanted by the Empress of the French. Some of the leading clergy of the diocese stayed with us at Addington; and in October she accompanied me to Canterbury that she might watch over me when called to speak, for the first time after my illness, at a great meeting held on the subject of the new Education Act. It was still under her watchful care that I was soon afterwards encouraged to take my seat on the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and help to

decide the intricate and distressing case of Mr. Voysey.

Soon she was to be subjected to what appeared to her at first a fresh great trial. In vain she pleaded with the doctors that we were in possession of three as good houses as could be found in England, and that home was better than any other place. Sir W. Gull was inexorable, insisting that the winter must be passed away from the cold of England. As soon as this was decided, she set herself, as a duty, to make the best of our enforced exile, and herself superintended all steps required to make our journey through Europe easy in the anxious time of the still raging war. We started a very large party, sixteen in all, including children, chaplain, and my sister Lady Wake with her daughter. Our destination was the Riviera, but it was impossible to take the route through France. The interest of the journey was great to her, and to us all. From time to time, as we passed through Germany, we came upon traces of the war,—French prisoners defiling before our hotel, an enormous train full of wounded returning to their homes, the hospital at Stuttgart, in which we found poor fellows, shot down at Gravelotte and elsewhere.

My wife as usual threw herself as heartily as the youngest into the interest of all that was to be seen and done. It was an enjoyment to her when she induced me to visit and have a long conversation with Marshal Canrobert, detained on his parole at

our hotel; and no one was more ready than she to visit with enthusiasm the sights which came in our way at Munich, Innsbruck, Verona, Venice, Milan, and Genoa. I remember as we entered Italy by the Brenner, and spent the night at Botzen, how her sympathy was called forth by the crowd of peasants, who, on a week-day, poured into their parish church at the sound of the evening bell. It took us between a fortnight and three weeks to reach our destination at San Remo,—an anxious time for the mother, in charge of so large a family, with a husband whom she thought herself bound to save from all trouble and unnecessary exertion.

There was a great interruption, during the winter that followed, of all those pursuits which most engrossed her attention at home; but she was quite ready with the spirit of her early youth to employ this enforced leisure for acquiring information, and storing her mind with fresh ideas and views of life, which might not have been impressed on her in the routine of home. She read books which bore on the scenes and the people in the midst of which she was thrown, and there was the daily great interest of the fluctuation of the war. We were, indeed, in a peaceful corner, but many of the people amongst whom we lived, especially at Mentone, had left their homes and dearest interests in Paris or in other spots where the miseries of war were at their height. Her ardent nature could not comprehend the real or assumed indifference which some of those who lived with us

in the same hotel showed in this very crisis of their country's fortune. I should have thought that their way of talking as to the miseries of besieged Paris was assumed, had it not been that when the elections for the Chamber came on, which were to decide the future fate of France, they would not, as we were informed, take the trouble of walking across the street to record their votes, as they were entitled to do in whatever place in France they were sojourning. The only Frenchman who, at Mentone, won her regard as a lover of his country was a poor peasant whom we met one day in a long walk among the hills. He stopped us, and asked, 'What news from Paris?' We answered, 'The Prussians, we are told by to-day's paper, are entering the town. It has capitulated.' The old man fell on the ground as if he had been shot, and would not believe that such disgrace had come. He had served in the time of Charles X., and was now living by cultivating a few acres among the olives.

Certainly the people did not show to great advantage as Frenchmen along this coast. Perhaps some of them scarcely looked upon themselves as fully incorporated with France. The changing of all the signs from 'Imperial' to 'National,' within a few weeks, was a sort of index of the fickleness of their patriotic affections. On one particular sign 'Impéri' was effaced, and a blank left to fill up with 'Nation' or Roy,' as the case might be, and this probably afforded a true exposition of the popular mind.

Certainly such views of public feeling were not acceptable to a genuine patriotic English spirit.

Of course, living for several months in a Roman Catholic country, it was natural for us all to try to form some judgment in comparing the Church of the land in which we were sojourning with our own. But every one knows how difficult it is for strangers, in a passing visit, to form opinions on the religious state of those with whom they can have but little intercourse. My wife accompanied me up the beautiful road which leads inland from Mentone, when I went to pay a visit to the priest of the little village clustering among the rocks. We stayed with him some time in his humble cottage, but, beyond what we gleaned from the impression of his general quiet and kindly demeanour, and the interest with which he spoke of once having visited Rome, could form but little estimate of his character; and nothing very definite could be gained from the casual salutations exchanged with the priests we met, or even from that longer conversation, in which she took great interest, which we one day held in our hotel with the Archbishop of Algiers. Her prepossessions were certainly all against the march of Liberalism. While we were at San Remo, before crossing the French border, she quite bridled up with indignation at the sight of the many convents which the Italian Government had secularised, and was disposed to treat with reverence the poor friars and monks, who were earning a scanty pittance where once they must

have been, from their numbers, almost supreme. I do not think she liked seeing a well-conducted Government school, which we went to visit, established in the vacant rooms of one of these convents. But though her chivalry and Church instincts led her thus far, certainly her visits at Christmas and Easter time to the churches at San Remo and Cannes did not impress her favourably. The laborious and somewhat tawdry decoration representing the stable and the manger, and the exhibition of the open rock-hewn grave, to which the simple peasantry flocked as to a show, and the strange mixture of a common secular fair and all its vulgar accompaniments with a not very reverent celebration of the mass on a festival day at Cimiès, made her very thankful for the simple ritual of the Church of England, and its earnest appeals to the highest religious instincts, through the reason and the conscience, without giving too prominent a place to mere imagination and fancy. While we were at Cannes, her days, as at Rugby of old, were solemnised by the daily service in the Church, as well as by family prayer.

It was not till we settled at Cannes, before the beginning of Lent, that a sort of home-feeling came over the party. Hotel life is somewhat trying, but at Cannes, the kindness of the present Lord Brougham placed at our disposal the charming Villa Eleanore, which his famous brother had erected as a refuge for the failing health of an only child; it bore her name,

and was full of touching memorials of her father's love. In the charming rooms and in the garden of this villa we became domesticated. The returning spring, with its luxuriance of flowers, tempted us to long drives towards the Estrelle, or inland among the villages and gardens and fields of roses and the olive woods. My dear wife would read to me while we were driving, and there was abundant time for pleasant study, of which she never failed to avail herself. Thanks to my good chaplain and commissary, now Bishop of Gibraltar, whom I had left in charge at Lambeth, the number of business letters which reached us was not very great. I was able, indeed, to give my nephew and domestic chaplain, who accompanied us, a month's holiday, which he, with my son, spent in visiting Naples and Rome. The day of their return was a joyful one. It had been a great pleasure and support to my wife to have her son by her side during the first weeks of our sojourning, excused from the winter term at Christ Church. He was here, as ever, her counsellor and friend. It was a trial, soon after his return from Italy, to send him back for the summer term on the lonely journey by Marseilles. I remember his mother and our whole party, from the grounds of an old château, watching his train as it hurried past us towards the Estrelle, and catching a glimpse of his features as he waved to us his handkerchief—fit emblem of another parting seven years afterwards, sad, but not less brightened than this by the hopes of meeting again.

Our pleasant family party in the villa, with our children, my sister and niece, spent the days usefully and pleasantly. But my wife, now as ever, was anxious that our enjoyment of this life should be shared by others. Even in the hotel at San Remo, when her anxiety was greatest as to the uncertainty of the climate agreeing with me, she and my sister—like-minded with herself—had thought it wrong to let the Christmas and New Year pass without doing something which should cheer the invalids in our hotel, and they arranged a little festivity with tableaux, to which all were invited. And now she thought it a shame that the drawing-room and gardens of the Villa Eleanore should not contribute to the enjoyment of all, so she began weekly gatherings, resembling, on a small scale, those at Fulham and Lambeth, never so happy as when sharing with others the good things God gave to her and her family. Thus the time passed quietly, and she had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing my health and capacity for work greatly restored. But her anxieties were not over. It had been difficult to reach Cannes during the war, and it was not less difficult to return. The route by Paris certainly presented no attractions for an Archbishop and his family, for the Commune was in possession, and Monseigneur Darboy was in the hands of the insurgents. We had nearly resolved to return by Marseilles, and from thence through Switzerland, when a lady, whose husband we knew at Mentone, gave the

following report of her adventures by that route :— She was quietly sitting in the hotel at Marseilles, when the landlord entered and said, 'Madame, the town is in insurrection ; you have two courses open to you,—either hide in the cellar, or make the best of your way to the railway station, and be off.' She chose the latter alternative, found the railway station surrounded by soldiers who had gathered there to shoot the insurgents whom they had captured, and condemned by drum-head court-martial. The executions were going on ; nevertheless she was fortunate enough to catch her train and reach Lyons. There she breathed freely, and anticipated some rest. But again when she was seated in her hotel, and endeavouring to recover her self-possession, the waiter confidentially approached her : 'Perhaps Madame is not aware that one-half of this hotel is turned into a small-pox hospital ; we have just received here and at the station the remnant of Bourbaki's routed army.' It is scarcely necessary to mention that she started by the next train, and felt truly thankful when, hurrying through Switzerland, she reached the German frontier, and left France and its troubles fairly behind her.—With this story before us, it will readily be believed we were not much disposed to follow in her route ; we were still fourteen in number, and some of us not prepared for such rapid locomotion as this lady had found necessary. There was nothing for it but to retrace our steps through the north of Italy and over the Brenner.

And again the journey, which gave us several delightful days at Milan, and amid the Italian lakes in all the brightness of the early May, was full of interest. We reached Dover on the eve of Ascension Day, 17th May 1871, an eve destined seven years afterwards to be very memorable for my wife and me and all of us.

Friends had come to Dover to welcome us. Gladly we received the Holy Communion in St. Mary's Church next morning. It was that day that my wife and I visited William Sewell, who had examined me and been my early patron at Oxford, and whose many works some twenty years before she had read with enthusiasm, when he was a prominent figure in the then Oxford movement. The old man, prematurely old, worn by long-continued illness, was cheered by her kindly presence. Next day I celebrated the marriage of my niece at Folkestone, and soon, to the joy of all of us, with thankful hearts, we found ourselves at Stonehouse, where I was able to take my part in the Confirmations at Ramsgate and Margate, and where we received a gathering of the clergy to welcome us on our return. The country we had left was still racked in the convulsions which the war had caused. There had been the murder of the Archbishop and the other hostages in Paris, and the news came to us in our quiet home that the city was being burnt by the followers of the Commune. A few peaceful days at Addington, in the full enjoyment of the first burst of the rhododendrons, sent us on to our accustomed

work at Lambeth, my dear wife's heart full to overflowing with gratitude to God. It was not long before she accompanied me to the House of Lords when I resumed my active work, and I spoke at considerable length on a Bill for the Reform of the Ecclesiastical Courts.

SHE now returned to all her interrupted work, and the Orphanage was her first care—a care indeed, at this crisis of its history, for she found that in her absence, through some mistake, the cost of the building and furnishing had crept up to nearly double the sum she had anticipated, and for the payment of which she had provided. Most people would have been, under such circumstances, in despair; but she was not a woman to be daunted. She wasted no time in vain complaints; it was difficult to say whether any one was in fault,—there had been some mistake, and she set herself at once to rectify it. She rallied round her, as by magic, a circle of liberal and wealthy friends, George Moore among the chief; the rest are still living. He used to say that though he did not always approve of her plans, he never could resist her. One meeting was enough: the money wanting was advanced, and she had the satisfaction soon afterwards of collecting enough to repay all debts, and of completely clearing the institution of its heavy liabilities.

It was on St. James's Day 1871 that our eldest daughter was confirmed by me in Lambeth Chapel. And now all things flowed on in their ordinary course for the next six years. My dear wife's occupations, domestic, social, and charitable, were much the same as they had been in the diocese of London. According to the grace given to her, she did her work as to the Lord, without any ostentation, —giving of her abundance with cheerfulness; ruling her house with diligence; charitable and cheerful; abhorring that which was evil; cleaving to that which was good; kindly affectioned in sisterly love; preferring others to herself; not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord; rejoicing in hope; patient in all trials; continuing instant in prayer; distributing to the necessities of those in need; given to hospitality; blessing by her gracious words and demeanour; rejoicing with them that rejoiced, and weeping with them that wept; not minding high things; accessible and kind to those of low estate; never recompensing evil for evil; providing things honest in the sight of all men. Her daughters grew up under her eyes; the youngest was confirmed in 1875. The years passed happily at Lambeth, Addington, and Stonehouse, and were diversified by annual visits to Scotland; on one occasion there was a tour in Switzerland.

MEANWHILE the dear son, from his birth the object of so tender an affection, grew to mature manhood. Before my illness in 1869, he had been the most joyous of Eton schoolboys—loved by a large circle of his coevals, and liked by his masters,—more intent perhaps on the sports than on the studies of his school. But with his entrance on his life at Christ Church, and the family anxiety which followed soon afterwards, his character seemed to ripen. His intellectual energies especially were called out. When we went to visit him at College we found that he was studying hard; and none of the interruptions which followed prevented his steady attention to his appointed work. The dear fellow, from his childhood onwards, had always thought lowly of himself, and it had been my endeavour to make him form a true estimate of his really good abilities.

In conduct he was irreproachable, and never gave us an hour's real anxiety. But we could scarcely help judging of his intellectual calibre by his own humble estimate. His winning manner always attracted friends; children loved him. No one was more popular at school and College, and amid his widely extended relations. With elder people his true modesty conciliated regard. It was a pleasure to us to know how many of his seniors at Oxford, to whom I took care that he was introduced, looked on

him with kindly interest. I know how much he prized the friendship of such men as Mr. Coxe of the Bodleian, and how he valued their advice. The life which he deliberately chose at Christ Church, shunning all approach to dissipation and frivolity, and seeking chiefly the society of those whom he could respect, was blessed both for his moral and intellectual development. At times, it seems hard to call to mind how all the various influences, which by God's blessing were thus brought to bear upon him, served but to form a life which was cut short before it could show in any extended sphere the blessings of the training it had received; but this regret is foolish, for God thus trained him for a higher life above, in which all qualities, social, moral, and intellectual, must have their perfect development. Thus his mind grew. But as at home he showed that his interest in the amusements of his age was as great as ever, delighting as he did in riding and shooting, ready as he was to join in cricket and in tennis, we scarcely were prepared for the change that was going on; and it certainly took us all by surprise when in July of 1872 the joyful news reached Lambeth that, at his B.A. examination, he had been placed by the examiners in the first class of the Law and History school.

The work which led to this success now necessitated relaxation. We were not therefore surprised that he could not settle at once again to study, and we had no reason to be disappointed when he failed to be successful at the election for All Souls in November.

How he had made his mark in Oxford may be judged from the terms in which he was spoken of when he was a candidate for this fellowship. He had now become the trusted companion both of his father and his mother. And when before the beginning of 1873 he resolved to put into effect the long-cherished intention of a visit to the East, we all felt that the necessary absence of more than seven months caused a great blank in our home lives. What this journey was to him while it lasted others may tell, but no one could converse with him, or listen to his teaching afterwards, without seeing that he had well used this time for forwarding his education as a clergyman. Egypt, the Nile, the Desert of Sinai, Petra, Jerusalem, the land of Moab, Lebanon, Damascus, and the hurried visits to Athens, Constantinople, and the Danube—these all left their mark on his remaining years. Who can forget the family rejoicing on his return, when landing from a steamer at Lambeth-stairs he walked into the well-known corridor? Sweet memories, auguring, we trust, some future meeting even more joyous! And now he stayed with us quietly at home, though events which deeply marked all the rest of his brief life were hastening on. He settled down to read for his ordination, and in Lent 1874 he was ordained by the Bishop of Dover in the Parish Church of Kennington (I being confined to bed by a very severe cold), and he entered on parish work at Saltwood, near Folkestone, under Canon Knollys.

Some take a gloomy view respecting the younger

clergy of our Church, judging from a few specimens that they may be classed under the two heads of priestlings and semi-sceptics. When I hear such complaints I have ever present with me the image of a young man entering on the duties of his ministry with all the ardour of a well-spent youth; pure, gentle, loving, and beloved; growing from his earliest years under the shadow of the Church; with every advantage of education and social position; endowed by God with good abilities; using all for his Master's service; mixing in society which became his station, but never amid the calls of society forgetting his heavenly calling. Such a young clergyman was my dear son. Trained from childhood in the fear of God by his mother, ever bearing on his heart the impression of that heavy calamity which had desolated his home at Carlisle in his seventh year, and had taken from him in six weeks the five sisters who were his playmates, he had passed safely through the trials of Eton, of Christ Church, and of foreign travel, and now he began his work as a village pastor, full of Christian kindness of heart, greatly beloved and respected, inspiring all his friends with bright hopes for his future. He was called away early, but not before he had done somewhat, through the influence he exercised on the wide circle of his friends and relatives, to recommend a manly, simple form of Church of England Christianity, thoroughly genuine in its attachment to the great truths of the Gospel, yet ready to welcome every improvement in the

Church's system which the growing knowledge and experience of the age he lived in could add to the stores of wise teaching bequeathed from old days.

He had, indeed, exceptional advantages in his training for the Ministry, through the post in the Church to which it had pleased God to call me while he was yet a child. But these advantages brought also with them, it must be remembered, their own peculiar temptations, so that, on the whole, perhaps he was not more highly favoured in the preparation for his life's work than a thousand others, and I am confident there were amongst his contemporaries many who were like-minded with him, who are, thank God, still living to be the salt of the Church in which they minister. He used playfully to say that they would form a school 'more Low Church than my mother, more High Church than my father,' broad in its sympathies with Christian goodness in all forms, ready to learn whatever new could be taught them provided it were true, not forgetful of reverence for what was old. Such a school, with Professor Lightfoot for its head, and Bishop Fraser of Manchester as its model of work for the masses, and Maclagan as its model parish pastor, was his dream for the Church of the future. Surely there are many others who will help to bring to fulfilment on earth this ideal of one who has passed early into a purer and higher form of the Church glorified by Christ's immediate and visible presence. The furtherance in some degree of his Master's work on earth according to

this ideal may be the footprint on the sands of time which his dear life has left, though his genuine and almost faulty humility always made him declare almost passionately that he denied altogether the truth of Longfellow's assurance, that it could be given to such as he to leave any such footprints.

And here let me picture something of the influence of a young clergyman who has finished his University course with credit, his mind well stored with what he has read, and his reading supplemented with some knowledge of the world, bringing to his work in a country village at once the devotion of an earnest Christian spirit and the refinement of his early training. He occupies, say, as my son did, a small lodging in the village street, his house not distinguishable outside from the abodes of his poor neighbours, unless there be a bright flower or two more carefully cultivated than is common in the patch of ground which separates his front-door from the street. You go into the little low-roofed parlour, which corresponds on the left of the entrance with the kitchen on the right. At once you observe that there is something very different here from what you expect to find in such a cottage—a well-filled bookcase of carefully-bound books, bearing many of them perhaps the names of Eton friends from whom they are presents; a few ornaments in good taste, transported from College rooms; good prints hanging on the walls—the whole personal arrangements of the lodger contrasting with the old cottage furniture still

left in the rooms by the landlady, whose kindly regard he has completely won, and whose pride and care it is to minister to his comfort. You are soon made conscious that from this humble lodging in the village street there goes forth amongst the labourers and mechanics and poor washerwomen, who live in houses of similar proportions, the same sort of civilising influence which has its chief seat in the adjoining Rectory, and in many country parishes, also, thank God, in the more distant Hall. The inner life of the curate's lodging is sanctified by prayer, not private only, but with the small household. He is but a lodger, and yet he calls together the landlady and her maid-servant, and his groom-boy, that they may worship and read together as members of a Christian family. I am speaking of things as they ought to be, and very often are, in the Established Church of England, and as I know they were in Saltwood in my son's time. The young curate in the vigour of his strength, as a son with a father, works with the rector. Late in the evening he goes out from his comfortable fireside to hold services and give instruction for those who are not accessible to the ordinary ministrations of the Church. As he has also undertaken the charge of those who live in a thickly-populated poor district of a neighbouring town on the outskirts of the parish, he must minister in their schoolroom, at a distance from their parish church. The morning finds him attending the daily service or visiting the school. He has the zeal of youth,

and apparently as yet the strength of youth, and both are sanctified by an earnest faith in the Unseen, and in supernatural helps at hand to supply the defects of his personal weakness.

The kindliness of his manners, the reflection of the gentle spirit within, win for him respect even in the roughest homes of the village; his presence is hailed at the sick-bed and by the chair of dozing age, and the little children like to look at him. What other profession opens such a field for a young Englishman of religious mind? What blessings may the young pastor receive in his own soul towards the deepening of every good element in his character from the atmosphere of hearty Christian sympathy with his fellows which he habitually breathes?

The young men he especially gathers round him. He recognises in the labouring lads the same elements of good and evil, the same temptations to vice, and the same inducements to resist it, which made up the struggle of the lives of his own coevals at school and College; and he feels himself able to aid them by his experience, ever ready to be their guide, and not keeping coldly away from their amusements.

But this busy life of outward activity does not engross him. He has few temptations to squander his time in the frivolities of society, and therefore, though with difficulty, he finds leisure for study—his study of God's Word and of books which help to the understanding of it, quickened by the sense that he has each week to prepare a public address which

demands methodical arrangement of his thoughts, and efforts after the best way of expressing them.

A happy life truly, and a useful, and if at times he feels solitary in his humble lodging, he is ever welcome at the cheerful Rectory, where he can find both fatherly and motherly advice. Moreover, the Church he serves does not debar him from dreaming of the highest domestic happiness, when he can gather round him the joys which wife and children confer on a Christian home. Fourteen months were thus passed at Saltwood by my son. His sisters from time to time stayed with him for weeks and helped him, and there was an occasional visit to his home. Thus we were able to judge of the progress he was making.

From time to time we had heard him preach, and were struck both with the simplicity and quiet earnestness of his sermons. On one marked occasion when he happened to be with us, while still a Deacon, he was called upon unexpectedly to fill a difficult position. It was on the day of the passing of the Public Worship Regulation Act. I had fixed the opening of a church at Croydon for the last Saturday of the session, feeling no doubt that that would be for me a free day; but difficulties arose about the Commons' amendments to the Bill on Friday night; its fate in the conflict between the two Houses seemed to hang in the balance on Saturday morning, and I felt myself bound to be present at the last moment in Parliament to see it safely through. No other

substitute to preach for me could be found. My wife, who was to have taken me in the carriage to Croydon, was obliged to accept Craufurd in my place, and he preached as his father's representative, fulfilling well the difficult duty to which unwillingly he was called.

Immediately afterwards he returned to his ordinary life at Saltwood, and there he continued for some time after I had the happiness of ordaining him Priest in 1875, in Croydon Parish Church. Deep was the solemnity of that ordination; his Rector preached: 'To him that overcometh will I give to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father in his throne,' Rev. iii. 21.

Soon afterwards my nephew and domestic chaplain was obliged to make arrangements for leaving me on his approaching marriage, and it seemed a plain duty for my son to help me as his successor. He determined for a short while to place himself under Maclagan, then labouring in a populous parish in the south of London, that he might gain some experience of the hard work of the London clergy, and took up his abode in the clergy-house with the other curates. But in the late summer of 1875 he was settled as domestic chaplain at Lambeth and Addington.

How zealously he did his laborious work in conducting my endless correspondence, and what kindly consideration he showed for the feelings of all with

whom he came in contact, is known throughout my diocese. From this time he was his mother's and my constant companion. He would pray with his mother in any time of anxiety, and she has often spoken to me of the depth and fervency of his prayers. What time he could spare from his public duties, which were very pressing, he spent in reading with his sisters, his mother, or myself, and in private study, and availed himself of as many opportunities of preaching as he could secure. Often in the private chapel at Lambeth and at Addington we all listened with attention and edification to the natural outpourings of his deep religious feelings and to his simple statements of the Gospel rules of life. It was not an easy matter for so young a man to preach to the very mixed congregation which gathered in those chapels: ourselves, our servants, visitors of various kinds, clerical and lay, and not unfrequently one or two Bishops; but his genuine simplicity enabled him well to fulfil his task. He took pains to regulate the chapel services, and instituted especially, from Maclagan's example, an address every Saturday night in preparation for the Sunday. He was the pastor of the household, prepared the servants for Confirmation, and was ever ready to assist the clergy of our parishes even in the midst of his busiest days of other work. At the ordinations his help was invaluable as a link between myself with my elder chaplains and the candidates, who were nearly of his own age. On one ordination especially, the last in

which he was privileged to take a part, no one who knew the circumstances can ever forget the exceeding tenderness which he showed in dealing with the scruples of a young man who sought his help.

Thus time wore on. He had his peculiar trials, but he bore them manfully. On the 22d June 1877 he was twenty-eight—on our thirty-fourth wedding-day. He had shortly before this been with me to Scotland for the funeral of my eldest brother, and accompanied me to Scarborough to cheer, as he always did by his presence, and minister, in her weakness and old age, to my eldest sister, Lady Sitwell, who loved him as a grandson. Through these trying visits he watched over me with his usual tenderness. He had now acted as my chaplain for two years; he was engaged to be married, and it was deemed desirable that he should be ready, as soon as possible, to return to parochial work. He was able at this time to secure the services, as his successor, of an intimate friend, who had travelled with him in the East, who was well known to me, and has since to our great joy become my son-in-law; so that he had the less anxiety in preparing to have a home of his own when opportunity might offer. Meanwhile, with the full approval of his mother and myself, who thought that his health required a complete change, he determined to carry into effect a long-ago conceived plan for visiting America. He remained with me at Lambeth till after the annual gathering of the Stewards of the Sons of the Clergy, and sailed for

New York with his cousin and uncle and another friend on July the 17th.

He undertook this visit with exceptional advantages. I was myself able to introduce him to all the leading ecclesiastics of the Anglican Church on the other side of the Atlantic. The Minister of the United States furnished him with many letters, as did other kind friends. There were few people, therefore, of eminence in the States, or in Canada, to whom he had not access; and I knew that he would use well the opportunities thus afforded him. For the kindness everywhere shown to him in his journey I am deeply grateful. He felt that in these three months he made valuable friendships, which he hoped would be kept up and renewed as life wore on. And to every sort of society, political, ecclesiastical, and literary, he had as much access as the time admitted of. At Washington he was received by the President—spent happy days at Boston and in New York—was franked on his journey, with true American kindness, to Chicago, and was at Ottawa for the marriage of a cousin, at which he officiated. He returned to the States in time to be present at the meetings of both Houses of the Convention of the Clergy, and to communicate personally my message of invitation to the Bishops for the coming Lambeth Conference. His own journals, and the letters of his friends, testify to the impressions he received and made. Meanwhile, from himself, we at home gathered that the journey was entirely prosperous, and we had scarcely a suspicion

that he had at times to struggle with the beginnings of that insidious illness which so soon afterwards closed his brief career. I should altogether both fail of my duty, and do injustice to my feelings, if I did not here record my sense of the extraordinary kindness and hospitality with which he was everywhere welcomed. I doubt whether there be any country, other than the United States, in which a young stranger like him, in a somewhat rapid tour, could have received so much personal consideration, and been so cordially welcomed in so many homes.

Meanwhile, with his mother and our two elder daughters, as soon as the business of the session allowed, I went to Ireland for that pleasant visit to the North, in which, forwarded from one country-house to another, in Wicklow, Meath, Armagh, Fermanagh, Londonderry, ending with the Vice-Regal Lodge, we experienced like hospitality from a host of friends, ecclesiastical and lay. Strange that our two visits to Ireland, south and north, at a distance of twenty years, full of the joyousness secured by friendly greetings, should each have been the prelude to a year of suffering such as falls to the lot of few!

November found us, as usual, by the sea at Stonehouse. A casual call to visit London enabled me to welcome Craufurd at Lambeth, and bring him down to his mother and sisters about the middle of the month. We were somewhat struck by observing that he was pale and thin, but he seemed in the highest spirits, ready to look out for new occupation.

He gave a lecture to the students at St. Augustine's, Canterbury, on his American travels, and seemed as full of life as ever. We did not know that to spare our feelings he concealed how sometimes for hours he would suffer intense and unaccountable internal pain. It was not till we were settled at Addington that this became known to us, and then there was reason to believe that it was but a passing ailment. About this time a living became vacant—one of the most desirable in my patronage—in a beautiful country, with moderate work. I sent him down to make inquiries for me about it, as proposals were made for diminishing its income, to which I was ready to accede, and he saw the principal proprietor of the neighbourhood. His interview was short, as the mistress of the house was lying at the point of death; but there must have been something extremely pleasing in my son's demeanour—he was always full of tenderness when his sympathy was called forth: the old man wrote next day to beg that I would appoint him to be his pastor, he had been so touched and charmed with what he saw of him. Craufurd altogether repudiated the suggestion. The quiet post, with its many attractions, was, he said, suitable for a man who had grown grey in the Church's service, and he should think it wrong in his youth and strength to occupy a place for which others had far higher claims. A few days afterwards he went with me, on the 7th of December, to a most important devotional meeting at Lambeth. There

were several Bishops present, amongst others the Bishop of London. I told him that Craufurd was anxious for a post in London, and that the living I have alluded to was vacant. He at once suggested that the excellent incumbent of St. John's, Notting Hill, who found the work in which he had laboured for years now too much, should go to the country living, and that Craufurd should undertake the care of the vacant laborious post. This unexpected opening seemed to solve many difficulties. Here was the very sort of work for which my son had longed, and for which he seemed to his friends peculiarly fitted; and we returned to Addington with thankful hearts and a bright prospect. A week or ten days were spent in some family arrangements, and soon all seemed settled, and he was instituted by the Bishop of London as incumbent of St. John's, Notting Hill. He looked forward with deep interest to the work that now lay before him, and the clergy and laity of the neighbourhood seemed all ready to welcome him. He was with us to take his part in our usual Christmas gatherings at Addington. The New Year 1878 opened, and, though the mysterious symptoms of some latent illness still troubled him, there seemed no cause for alarm. His mother's anxious heart, indeed, observed signs of bodily weakness. She had seen him attempting to fell a tree near the house, and giving up the task with an exclamation that his strength was failing, but he bore up so bravely that no one could pronounce him to be really ill. He

preached in the Chapel, and attended me as chaplain on several public occasions, but his mother's anxiety increased, and she urged me to take him to see Sir William Gull. It was, I think, the day after the meeting of Parliament that we went together to Sir William's house, and I remained in the outer room, fully anticipating that we should have an opinion treating the symptoms of illness as a light matter; but when I was admitted I saw from the physician's manner that the case was far more grave than any one had supposed. Still, all was hopeful. Immediate work was forbidden, but a rest till Easter would probably get the constitution right. Craufurd and I went out together, and no shade of sadness seemed to oppress him. He took me by appointment to view the Parsonage at Notting Hill, pointed out to me each room and the improvements which he intended to make, and left me, to finish his walk through the parish, and his leisurely inspection of it. Meanwhile a deep sadness settled on my heart as we left the Parsonage. I felt a gloomy foreboding that he would never take possession of it. I had engaged to spend the evening with the Bishop of London at Fulham, to be ready for breakfast at Grillon's Club at the beginning of the Parliamentary session next day. I shall never forget the anxious thoughts of that wakeful night. Some anticipation seemed to come upon me of the trial that was not long to be delayed. Still, in the morning, I was cheered, not only by the society I met, but specially by conversa-

tion with an eminent medical man, a member of the Club who had lately seen my son, and I remember talking to my next neighbour, Lord Ebury, of the prospects of Craufurd's work at Notting Hill. We were still encouraged to be very hopeful, and he was told that it was his duty to be inducted as Vicar of St. John's on the 3d of February. I have already said something of that scene. The friends who had watched his youth, the curates who were to help him, the congregation to which he was ready to devote his energies, all listened to the Archdeacon's sermon, in which he set forth the claims of the young pastor to his people's regard, and though Craufurd looked ill while taking his part, he was still full of hope; but this was his first and last appearance as incumbent in that Church.

He sought now to employ well the period of enforced rest, though he was as much as possible in the open air, by the doctor's orders, driving his pony carriage. He sketched out for himself and began a course of study which should help him in his future work. It was not till twelve days afterwards, on the 15th of February, when we were obliged to be at Lambeth for Convocation, and he remained quietly at Addington, that his strength altogether broke down. Fever set in with violence, and on Saturday the 16th when we returned we found him in great, though not immediate, danger. Then followed three months of the most intense anxiety.

It is useless to follow the variations of our feelings

from week to week and day to day. Sometimes hope rose high, but only to be speedily dashed. His mother and sisters were with him continually, and the nurse who had tended his infancy, childhood, and early boyhood, returned to watch in his sick-room. The invalid himself was perfectly calm in the midst of all this anxiety. The change in his illness had providentially removed the great pain from which he had before at times suffered, and though he was very weak, he was not confined to bed. Early in the morning, when he had ended his own prayers, his mother came to read with him. He was engaged in the study of interesting books; conducted, though he soon became unable to write, the correspondence connected with his parish, and took a deep interest in all the political events recorded in the newspapers. His nights indeed were much disturbed, and his nurse often heard him praying in the stillness. No doubt, by God's goodness, these three months of quiet trial were greatly blessed to the strengthening of his soul. One book which he read with great interest was Bourdillon's 'Alone with God;' he read through Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Living,' and had, before the end, begun the 'Holy Dying.' Meanwhile, intimate friends, some very dear to him, came to cheer him and us at Addington. Each day in his room he would have one or other to drink tea with him, and one of his sisters to dine with him. He suffered much from weakness and continued fever, but was ever uncomplaining. No one during all this

time ever heard a harsh or fretful word proceeding out of his mouth. It was scarcely possible to associate with him the idea of approaching death,—he was so cheerful and so full of his old playful spirit, and this it was impossible not to interpret as a good sign. Meanwhile, the cold of winter passed, and the bright spring days came on, and it was impossible but that with them our hopes should be rekindled; for he was allowed by the doctors to come down-stairs on Easter Monday. He was carried into the chapel, to refresh himself with the sight of our Easter decorations, and henceforward passed all his time down-stairs, spending his days in his mother's bright morning room. At first it had been expected that he would be well by Easter. He bore up bravely against the depression of his deferred hope. But he was now allowed to drive out in the bright days, and to lie out on his sofa in the sun; and had it not been that his weakness continued, and his pallid looks, we might have supposed that this change of treatment, with the changing weather, betokened progress towards recovery. Soon May came, and he looked forward with cheerfulness to the promised move to the sea, which we could not but hope might, in God's good time, renovate his wasted strength.

There was something peculiarly affecting in the sight of a young man, with such calls upon him, the centre of so much affection and of so many hopes, with every alleviation which outward circumstances could give to sickness, tended by the most skilful

physicians, and nursed with the most sedulous care, laid prostrate, and making no real progress towards health. Still, it was impossible to despair of his life. His kind medical attendants hoped against hope; they knew that the insidious deterioration of the blood, if he was really suffering from it, was, according to all past experience, incurable; but they knew also that many other diseases, once reckoned incurable, had, through favourable experiments, been found to be capable of cure, and they could not help hoping that it might be so with him; so they would not allow either us or him to despond. They would not hear of his resigning his parish, as he proposed. From the first the charge of it had been committed to the able man—whom the Bishop of London has since appointed to the vicarage—who had assisted his predecessor, and who, with his mature experience, so well discharged all the duties of its pastor that Craufurd's mind was at rest as to his people. No doubt privately the doctors feared that his resignation would extinguish all hope in their patient, and might endanger his life.

It was on Saturday, the 25th of May, when the bright summer was beginning to burst, that he left Addington. He himself, in a letter which he dictated the day before, described the preliminary arrangements, and how servants, with every appliance that could conduce to his comfort, had left for Stonehouse, to be ready for his reception there. Sickness, doubtless, is more easily borne when such helps can

be supplied, and Craufurd was truly thankful to Almighty God for these secondary blessings. I do not think he expected that he would die soon, but he determined, by God's help, to be ready either for life or death. The business before him was plainly to use all reasonable means for his recovery, and his manly faith saved him from being disquieted either by unworthy fears or unfounded hopes. He was living in faith and prayer, and God sustained him.

Many anxious looks and good wishes accompanied him as he drove from the Park, for he was much loved by rich and poor there. His kind physician went with him in the train, and the journey, which occupied in all about four hours, was well accomplished. It seemed almost as if the experiment had answered, for on Sunday and Monday he was certainly no worse, and, we hoped, rather better. I read the Service with him on Sunday afternoon in the drawing-room. More than once he drove out, and he lay in his little carriage among the ilex-trees on the lawn, enjoying the sea-view and the fresh air. Thus he passed Tuesday morning. One of the Rural Deans coming to me on business shook hands with him on the lawn, and two cousins had come over from a distance to visit him. Unexpectedly he complained that he did not feel as usual, and was apprehensive of a bad bilious attack. It was not so. The sickness which followed was the beginning of a hæmorrhage which was to end his life. Still, he bore up pretty well through Tuesday. But I was advised

to break an appointment for a meeting at Maidstone, and send my chaplain in my place. It was, indeed, mercifully arranged that I did not go, for before my chaplain could return, though he came back as soon as possible, and reached us on Wednesday about seven o'clock, it was only to find us kneeling around the dear lifeless form of the friend whom he loved as we did. Craufurd had passed a disturbed night on Tuesday. We had telegraphed for one who had only left him a week before, whom he longed to see again. The day went on amidst great anxiety, but still we scarcely knew that there was immediate danger. With his usual manliness he questioned me exactly as to how the matter stood, and received with perfect calmness the statement of the real truth, that there was great danger, but still hope. He joined with me in prayer. 'I submit myself,' he said, 'entirely to God's will.' I answered, 'You have always done so;' he said, 'Not always,' implying that his illness and its trials had given him complete resignation to the will of God in Christ. It was not till towards five o'clock that his medical attendant from Broadstairs, who had watched him for the two last days, was struck with a sudden change. He summoned us at once, and said that as far as he could judge he could not survive above an hour. In accordance with his own wish I again told Craufurd of the immediate danger; he received the intelligence with the utmost calmness, and set himself to use the hour, feeling that as before his business had been to live, so now it was

to die. The presence of those he loved greatly cheered and comforted him. He was the calmest of us all, and almost seemed to be helping us to bear up. He addressed kind messages to each, turned on his side like a tired child, and fell asleep in Jesus. Blessed end to a manly, simple life; yet not the end—rather surely the beginning of a new life into which he passed, while he left us overwhelmed by his bedside.

It is remarkable that another young clergyman, ordained on the same day as himself, equally given up to his Master's service, Horsley, and another almost of the same standing, Hilton, one of the most devoted and beloved curates of the diocese, have passed away like him, their work scarcely begun. But the Lord God accepted in all three the short service which He gave them time to render. It is natural to say that such lives cut short bear on them the mark of imperfectness; but in God's sight it is not so; the Lord Jesus no doubt called these three young ministers of His Gospel thus early to be with Him in Paradise because He had perfected His work in their souls thus early—a peculiar privilege surely—and He wanted them for some work elsewhere, that they might serve in His own immediate Presence in the Heavenly Sanctuary.

It was on the 4th of June—a day familiar to all Etonians as a day of rejoicing—that in the beautiful quiet churchyard of Addington he was followed to the grave by many who loved him and his family;

relations, neighbours, elder friends, and his own young coevals attached to him from school and College days; and as the benediction was pronounced over his resting-place his parents felt that their many prayers for his welfare, offered up from his infancy onwards, had been answered, though not in the way they had expected.

A friend has sent me these lines:—

Passed from Death unto Life.

'He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest him a long life, even for ever and ever.'—PSALM XXI. 4.

'HE is not dead,' but only lieth sleeping
In the sweet refuge of His Master's Breast,
And far away from sorrow, toil, and weeping,
'He is not dead,' but only taking rest.

What though the highest hopes he dearly cherished
All faded gently as the setting sun;
What though our own fond expectations perished,
Ere yet life's noblest labour seemed begun;

What though he standeth at no earthly altar,—
Yet in white raiment, on the golden floor,
Where love is perfect, and no step can falter,
He serveth as a Priest for evermore!

O glorious end of life's short day of sadness!
O blessed course so well and nobly run!
O home of true and everlasting gladness!
O crown unfading! and so early won!

Though tears will fall, we bless Thee, O our Father,
For the dear one for ever with the blest,
And wait the Easter dawn when Thou shalt gather
Thine own, long parted, to their endless rest.

AND now there remain but six months of this biography. Three days before she died, my wife said to me in Edinburgh, 'This is the 29th; six months to-day since he left us.' How did the mother, who so tenderly loved her son, pass these six months —when all her nursing and care, and her prayers for his recovery, had ended?

We went from Stonehouse, and returned again on the evening of that sad 4th of June. A month was spent quietly in that home, now hallowed as the place of his departure. Kind friends did their best to help us; and my dear wife threw herself as soon as possible into the interests of her Orphanage. The day after his departure, Ascension Day, we had joined our family alone in the Holy Communion in the chapel, and met again in the same solemn way in the same place on the next Sunday, when the Bishop of Ripon gave us a touching address. The four quiet weeks were the best medicine for our bruised spirits. And afterwards my dear wife assured me that when she was able to return to the same peaceful spot again for a few days in July, she felt greatly soothed by sitting quietly on the summer lawn, and thinking over the past. My occupations called me to business as the month ended, and she felt that duty called her now to take her place by my side. The great gathering of Bishops from all parts of the world for which my dear son had presented the invitations the

last autumn in America, was fixed for the first week in July; and it had been arranged that a large number of my brethren should be received by me in our metropolitical Cathedral at Canterbury. She accompanied me to St. Augustine's College, and afterwards to the Cathedral. Of course we took no part in the hospitalities of this interesting visit. We went and returned in the same day from Stonehouse. But it pleased her to shake by the hand some of those who last autumn had so hospitably received our son, who had been looking forward to see him at this gathering, and were deeply touched by his absence. In a few days we moved to Lambeth, where the hundred Bishops were to assemble. She kept herself as quiet and retired as she could, but felt it a duty, and even a solace to her grief, to help me as much as possible. She therefore made the effort to show herself amongst the Bishops day by day, and received as quietly as circumstances admitted all my brethren from America, who had each some touching reminiscence to communicate respecting the last autumn. Meanwhile our family services in the chapel, in which mention was made each day of the happy departed, were greatly soothing to her spirit. Before his illness I had, principally by her help and at her suggestion, moved in the matter of restoring the ancient Palace Chapel, the seat of so many recollections in the history of the English Church. By her aid and the influence which she brought to bear on the effort, and the general interest which, helped

especially by one trusted friend, she was able to excite, I had carried forward the work of restoration so as to make the building not unfit for the venerable company which gathered in it day by day. At the opening service of the Lambeth Conference all the Bishops attended in their robes, and she with her family was present in the gallery. She was present also with us in St. Paul's at the closing service, and, as was her nature, took the deepest interest in hearing of all our proceedings. Many letters which I have received from America and elsewhere have expressed the admiration of the writers for the self-control she exercised during that season of her deep grief, and the way in which she exerted herself not to allow the Bishops' Conference to suffer from the cloud which had gathered over our home. But now the strain of this public duty was removed, and the question arose how best to seek some relaxation before it was necessary again to engage in work. Her own mind went back to the days we had spent at Hallsteads in our former grief. She thought at first that we should be most soothed in some quiet residence on the Lakes, where we might gaze on the glorious hills in peaceful retirement. But, on consideration of the whole case, it seemed better for all of us to seek some more complete diversion, and on the 12th of August she and I and our three girls, and their cousin, one of my chaplains, left for Switzerland. I do not know that the tour answered particularly well for her; she suffered from a slight ailment, which disturbed her

rest during several of the weeks of our absence. But still she was greatly interested in revisiting Brussels, which appeared a changed city since we had last spent some days there years before, and the field of Waterloo, which we had visited twelve months after our marriage, and which she took great delight in showing for the first time to her daughters. Basle and Lucerne awakened recollections of a former visit to each with our dear son. We recalled at Lucerne how great had been our anxiety when he was laid up for a day or two in the Schweizerhof with what we almost feared might be the beginning of a dangerous fever; how we had wandered above the town through the great churchyard, in that part of it called the Kindergarten, where were hundreds of little children's graves, and almost feared that our boy of twelve might be laid among them; and we thanked God for the seventeen years passed since during which he had been spared to be the joy and pride of our home, and quietly to do much work in his Master's service. We went also seeking to visit, in their lovely villa near the town, friends whose daughter, their only child, had been taken from them since we saw them last; and, not finding them at home, wandered about their beautiful gardens, thinking how much more gently we had been dealt with than they, having our three dear daughters spared to us, to cheer us in our old age. As we moved very leisurely from place to place, we had abundant time for reading together; and when we went to stay quietly for a week at

Bürgenstock, the views and walks among the heights were very refreshing; and great was the interest which she took in revisiting the Righi by help of the appliances of the railway,—a very different mode of access from that by which we had approached it with Craufurd when we were both more vigorous for mountain climbing seventeen years before. Then the quiet days at Montreux were enjoyed, by us, reading, driving, penetrating into the hills above, or sauntering by the margin of the Lake. I thought it right to spend three days at Geneva, hoping to get some clearer insight into the condition of the Old Catholics of Switzerland. I cannot say that she enjoyed this time. Geneva is too much of a town, and its suburbs too suburban to be a pleasant resting-place in a tour. Fontainebleau with its old château —so wonderfully preserved inside and out amid the wreck of Revolutions, carrying you back, in the still remaining furniture and decoration of the rooms, through the Second Empire and the First to Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. and the Grand Monarque, and even up to Francis I.,—had great charms for her; stored as her mind was by what she and her daughters had been lately reading; and she enjoyed the drive through the forest. A few days in Paris, then full to overflowing through the Exhibition, completed the tour, and soon we were at Canterbury, plunged in the work of the autumn Ordination. She felt a relief in being spared, through the kindness of the Dean and Canons, from receiving the candidates

at Addington, where our spirits would have been scarcely equal to welcoming them, considering the sadness of our last hurried visit there on the 4th of June. She was present in the Cathedral to witness the Ordination, when our friend Professor Plumptre preached. A week was spent in Kent after the Ordination was over, as I had diocesan work. She seemed well and quietly happy, though at times sad, and some who watched her narrowly thought that her strength was not what it had been, yet she was in spirit the same as ever. Staying with our nephew-chaplain and his wife, by Blean Forest, she visited one day with our niece a gipsy family, the mother of which lay sick in their wagon. The boy, a wild specimen of his tribe, was greatly attracted to her by the stories which she told them, ever glad to sow some good seed even in the most passing visit.

Soon we were settled for a month at Addington, the sadness of our return cheered by the prospect of our second daughter's marriage in November. The preparation for this happy event greatly occupied her. But, as usual, she would not allow our residence in this spacious home to be a comfort only to ourselves. It was almost a joke in the family that she made Addington a sanatorium, and those members of the family who gathered round her during that last precious month will long remember her unselfish and untiring endeavours to make the place minister to their comfort. She rejoiced that I was able to preach each Sunday. The last was a solemn day: the

window which the people of Addington had erected in love for Craufurd had been put up the night before. She heard me preach for the last time,—the text, 'Sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing.' Our hearts were full of the past 4th of June and the coming 12th of November. We had felt that we could not bear having the marriage, as we should have desired, in our lovely little country parish church, and it was settled that we should leave Addington on Monday, and that my daughter and my chaplain should be married in the restored Lambeth Chapel.

Tuesday, 12th November, was a solemn as well as a joyful day. Before breakfast, all who were staying in the Palace met for Holy Communion, with the bride and bridegroom, and many noted the heavenly expression of sadness, mingled with joy, in my dear wife's face. None were invited but near relations and intimate friends, and those immediately connected with our household, yet the number swelled to some 120 in the chapel, and the post-room and ante-chapel were filled with some of our poorer neighbours. It was a beautiful sight as the company arrived by the Great Library staircase, brightened in the November day by a blazing fire, and walked along the picture-gallery, through the post-room into the chapel. From our private rooms, by the same route, came the procession of the bride. She leant on her father's arm, followed by her two sisters, and last came the mother, looking touchingly lovely with

her anxious yet thankful face. None who saw her on that day will ever forget her look. Many felt that she seemed care-worn, but none, I think, anticipated that that was to be the very last day that she would ever enter the chapel she loved. After the service, the party gathered in the Great Dining-Hall, and soon afterwards the mother bade farewell to her daughter, whom she was never to see on earth again. We assembled once again in the chapel for prayer that evening, commending the bride and bridegroom to God's care, and commemorating the dear brother of whom all were thinking. Next morning, we four remaining members of the family were off by the Scotch express direct for Edinburgh. The Bishop of Carlisle and Mrs. Goodwin had kindly offered us that we should rest at Rose Castle, and at first I had thought my wife would like it, as she had visited the loved grave of our daughters every year. But she said, No; she could not bear now, under her fresh sorrow, to open the wounds of old days. One kind friend, ever sharing in our joy and sadness, was at the train to speed us on our journey—the same who after three short weeks received us on our return,—I widowed, my daughters motherless. Yet no shadow seemed to rest upon our northward journey. It had been deemed well that we should not linger on at home after the excitement of the wedding, and I was anxious to see my only remaining brother, now in his eighty-first year. My sister also, Lady Wake, was waiting in Scotland to

welcome us at his country house, 'The Cottage,' near Blairlogie. We spent in her most congenial society, cheering the old man, ten happy days. My dear wife was able to enjoy her accustomed walks on the Ochills, and long talks with this beloved sister. On the Sunday we received the Holy Communion in the beautiful Episcopal Chapel at Alloa, where we recognised, as fellow-communicants, old friends staying in the neighbourhood. This was the last earthly House of God she entered.

A HAPPY visit of three days to a niece and nephew, during which she entered, with her usual sympathy, into all their arrangements for settling in a new home, brought her by the Saturday evening to Garscube, which, like Edinburgh and the Cottage at Blairlogie, she had visited on her marriage tour. Strange that after thirty-five years, when so many who had welcomed her as a bride were dead, and after such changes in her own and her friends' families, she should retrace the steps of her wedding tour on this last journey!

She felt not so well as usual when we reached Garscube, yet was greatly interested in her kind reception in the old home so familiar to me in early life, and which she could not but remember also that she had visited with all her elder children around her. But she was much affected by the thought of the

many changes which death had made in the Garscube family—the old Baronet and his wife and all his many children gone to their rest, and two grandsons, each in his turn the proprietor of the place, gone also—yet the place, itself the same as ever. I remember especially she was much moved at the sight of the bust of the second Sir Archibald, whose death in the vigour of his manhood seemed strongly to remind her of her own last great loss. She was not feeling well, and did not go to church—a circumstance very unusual with her. But it seemed only a passing ailment. She came down in the evening, and remained for family prayer, and the next day, though still feeling unwell, she greatly enjoyed at dinner the society of an old Rugby friend, a Professor in the Glasgow University, and had an interesting conversation with the newly-appointed Episcopal minister of St. Mary's in Glasgow, who had lately been assisting Mr. Wilkinson in London. Tuesday she passed as usual, and, indeed, on these last two days she was able to visit with much interest her hostess's Cottage Hospital, and took her daughters for a walk through the grounds, to show them some old familiar spots which she and I remembered to have sought on our marriage visit. On Wednesday her feeling of illness had not abated, and I thought it right—as we were going to my brother's house in Edinburgh—to telegraph for his family physician to see her on her arrival. He ordered her to bed, but did not fear more than a bad bilious attack. We were to be at

Durham on Friday for the day of Missionary Intercession on Saturday, and the Dean of Durham, a very old friend, had kindly arranged the anthems which he knew would please her, and was looking forward to her enthusiastic admiration of his lately reopened Cathedral. But it was now plain that she must rest awhile; though we had no apprehension but that she would be well in a few days. It was on Thursday evening that a serious change was seen. She became rapidly worse, and very weak. Friday was a day of anxiety, and when she told me her feelings late in the day, I telegraphed to Dr. Carpenter, our kind physician at Croydon, who thoroughly knew her constitution, and all she had gone through. In great alarm, from what I told him, he telegraphed back that he would come immediately, so as to arrive by the express on Saturday evening. From time to time, she shewed her usual interest in the welfare of all connected with her; she had spoken of the approaching ordination of a young cousin, and reminded us that we ought to pray for him. On Saturday she was utterly prostrated, and spoke to her eldest daughter of what she wished in the event of her death. She was perfectly calm and collected; but though, when I was with her, she spoke with exceeding tenderness and thankfulness of our five-and-thirty years of wedded love, and said how she hoped that she might live, once more to see her married daughter, for 'Christmas would be sad without the mother,' yet we hoped even still that she was only nervous from

weakness. Cheered at the thought of seeing the physician who knew her so well, she expressed to me the hope that he would be able to move her to the quiet and fresh air of Stonehouse, for which she pined. The night was one of great restlessness, and on the Sunday she was worse. By mid-day her case was hopeless. Her speech—from the setting in of congestion of the lungs—had become very difficult, but when roused she had all her mental faculties entire. She had settled on the day before that she would receive the Communion on this day—Advent Sunday. I reminded her how she had looked forward to a glorious celebration of it in Durham Cathedral. We were now in great alarm of some sudden termination, or of unconsciousness coming on, and it would have left a sad memory if she had departed without that solemn rite through which her soul had always rejoiced to hold communion with her Saviour. But still for several hours she was entirely herself. I administered the Holy Communion to her, to her daughters, and to the physician. She joined in all so far as her impeded speech would allow. I said to her the 'Nunc Dimittis,' and she repeated it with me. I said to her, 'Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thine house,' and she added, 'And the place where Thine honour dwelleth.' I tried to go through the hymn, 'Jesus, Lover of my soul,' and when I faltered she supplied the missing words. Then, after a time of rest, as of old on all Sundays —in the Deanery, at Fulham and London House, at

Lambeth and at Addington,—her daughters sang to her some favourite hymns—'Lo! He comes with clouds descending,' and 'Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom.' When they had finished, I repeated to her again the last lines, inscribed by her desire on the frame of Grispini's picture of the children who left her at Carlisle:—

> 'And with the morn those Angel faces smile,
> Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.'

'Yes, yes,' she repeated, and either then, or a few minutes before, she spoke of those of us who had gone before stretching out their hands to welcome her. The physician wished her again to rest. Soon she became unconscious, and about ten o'clock, after I had offered up the Commendatory Prayer, her breathing ceased with a gentle sigh, and she was gone.

Thus ended her earthly life of fifty-nine years—refreshed from her childhood onwards, through the grace of God, by a wellspring of joy within which poured forth in acts of kindliness to all whom she could reach; a life sanctified by prayer, disciplined by abundant suffering, ever thankful to God, active, cheerful, mixing in the world's innocent enjoyments, and resolute to fulfil all worldly duties; yet not of the world—meet preparation for the life of a glorified saint in the immediate presence of the Father and Redeemer.

Part II.

Part II.

THE reader has now had before him a memorial, committed to writing by one loving hand. The following pages comprise other memories of the mother and son, gathered partly from a few of their own letters, partly from letters of friends. And there is one document of touching and solemn interest, which will tell its own story in its place. The reminiscences thus gathered together are arranged in their proper sequence. We therefore begin with the early days at Elmdon.

THE EARLY DAYS AT ELMDON.

1819-1843.

CATHARINE SPOONER was born at Elmdon Parsonage on the 9th of December 1819, and baptized by her father three days later. Among the vast number of letters of tender sympathy which poured in after her death, those of writers who remember her childhood dwell, one after the other, upon her remarkable beauty. 'Few are now living,' writes a dear friend of her mother, 'who remember as I do

that lovely babe on her mother's knee, and all her endearing childhood, when she grew in favour both with God and man.'

'My first remembrances of her,' writes another lady, very dear to English hearts,[1] 'are of a dream of loveliness—so fair, so soft, so gentle, with so musical a voice. . . . We were both much in the school-room at that time, and until very shortly before we ceased to live within seven miles of each other. I remember the enthusiasm of her admiration for anything like high intellect or genius amongst the public characters of the day, both in their speeches and writings. . . . After my dearest father's removal to Leamington in the summer of 1839, I never saw Catharine again, so far as I can recollect, until I met her as the wife of the Dean of Carlisle. . . . At the time of her last great sorrow she wrote to say that she should like to see me before I left London. I *had* left, but gladly went back to secure the privilege of being allowed to sympathise with my early friend in her sorrow, and to see how sweetly she was bearing it, through the grace of God.'

The following is from another friend:—

'I can scarcely fix the date at which my first acquaintance with my dearest friend and cousin began. We were born in the same year, and baptized by the same name in memory of our aunt, the dearly-loved sister of her mother and my father. While I

[1] Miss Marsh.

was yet very young both my parents died, and I and my sisters were ever after treated almost as daughters by our aunt and uncle, and passed much of our time at Elmdon.

'Catharine was the youngest daughter of that large and happy family of cousins. On her sweet, bright childhood I will not dwell; there are those still who know what a ray of light she was in the house. My mind turns to a subsequent period, when, after our return from America, we went to stay at Elmdon. She was then seventeen, an exceedingly lovely girl, the sunshine and joy of the whole household, full of mirth, elasticity, and buoyancy of spirits. Even then, young as I myself was, I could not help watching with wondering admiration the earnestness, thoughtfulness, and conscientiousness which under all the brightness marked her daily life. We were confirmed about the same time, though in different places. I received very many letters from her on that subject, and I know that, although she had always been thoughtful and earnest, her life was from that period wholly given up to God's service; and she commenced those habits of constant prayerfulness which flowed on with ever increasing devotion to her end. Each visit which I paid to Elmdon afterwards found her, although not less joyous and full of healthful bounding spirits, yet more and more occupied by thoughts and aspirations connected with the eternal world. Duty was with her not merely the result of admirable parental training in that well-ordered home, it was

an instinct. She was, indeed, "a law unto herself," one of those of whom Wordsworth speaks in his "Ode to Duty"—

> "There are who ask not if thine eye
> Be on them, who in love and truth,
> Where no misgiving is, rely
> Upon the genial sense of youth.
> Glad hearts! without reproach or blot,
> Who do thy work, and know it not."

Her days were a constant round of duties, lovingly and energetically performed. No hours, no moments were wasted. It was my happiness and blessing to be associated with her in some of these. Can I ever forget our daily walks to various cottages, through lanes and meadows, when she used to read and minister to the old and sick poor in her father's parish, some of them being her special charge, while others were under the charge of her sisters,—her constant attendance at both Sunday and week-day school, and her care for the instruction and welfare of the younger servants in the house? Often I have seen her, when the whole family were assembled in the drawing-room in the evening—and she one of the brightest,—quietly disappear for an hour or more to her own room, for the purpose of instructing some of the younger servants, whose day until then had been fully occupied. Then her tender, reverent attention to her parents was so beautiful, manifesting itself in a thousand different ways. Her mother's room was sought the first thing in the morning, that they might read a portion of the Holy Volume before she rose.

It was also her habit to commit to memory, not only hymns and sacred poetry, but also long passages of prose from any book she was reading that she thought would interest her father, and these she would repeat to him in the long walks they used to take together in the parish.

'Although she had lately been released from the formal routine of school-room life, she thirsted for knowledge, and pursued her studies single-handed with all the energy and enthusiasm peculiar to her character. To this was added a great power of communicating the same feeling to others. Thus she gently drew me to rise with her at a very early hour in the morning, even in winter-time, while the house was still quiet, and after joining in prayer we used to study together History, French, and English Theology. I remember we read Bishop Andrewes's Sermons, some of Jeremy Taylor's works, and of Bishop Hall's. She used to delight in those old English divines, and—it may or may not be so,—I have always liked to think that her eager study of these thoroughly English and practical and devotional works left an impression on her mind which time never effaced, and was one of the means that kept her heart ever loyal to that Church into which she had been baptized, and which she loved with a great love amid the conflict of opinions which soon afterwards set in.

'I accompanied her on my first visit to Alveston Manor-House, Stratford-on-Avon. It was my first

meeting with old Mr. Knottesford.[1] How could I describe him—his odd appearance, his great learning, his delight in his library, his love of music, his great piety? I cannot; I can only say that the whole tone and character of the place and of its inmates remind me of some pages of Pepys's Diary. Catharine's elder sister, next in age to herself, to whom she was much attached, had recently been married to Mr. Knottesford's only son Edward Fortescue, at that time his father's curate. Subsequently he was appointed to the cure of Wilmcote, in the parish of Aston Cantelupe, interesting as being the parish in which Shakespeare's father was married to Mary Arden.

'In this retired hamlet a new church had been built under the auspices of Edward Fortescue. Catharine watched the building of this church from its commencement to its consecration, with the greatest interest, and many happy visits she afterwards paid at Wilmcote, when her sister, with her husband and family, went to reside there. I think it was at this little church that she first learned to estimate at their true value, and to enter into the spirit of the morning and evening daily service of the

[1] Many notices of him which have reached us entirely bear out these expressions of the writer, and prove how his oddities all served to show forth the old man's goodness and piety. His quaint appearance—knee breeches and coat of antique cut—entirely expressed the inner man, for his opinions were derived from the nonjurors, whose works he had studied and admired for years in secret, before he suddenly found that opinions which he scarcely dared mention in public were ushered into an unexpected popularity by the Oxford Tracts.

Church. She never seemed so happy as when in the House of God. I think, if it had been possible, she would have liked to be always there, like the Psalmist, who seems almost to have envied the little birds who made their nests near the altar of God Certainly she chanted with a full heart—"Blessed are they who dwell in Thy house; they will be alway praising Thee." I think every one who knew her must have been struck with the look of reverential and holy joy which stole over her face whenever she entered a church. This ardent love for the services of God's House ever remained with her. Channels they were to her of Divine Grace, which fed and strengthened her soul. As such she used them, and such she found them.'

To the same effect speaks another friend, who in childhood visited Elmdon Parsonage:[1]—'Every evening at my early bed-time she came with me for a little talk and prayer, and, indeed, she taught me to pray as no other had. On Sundays it was her habit to gather her younger brothers and myself for reading the Bible and prayer. Those prayers of hers, so simple and so real, are fresh in my memory to this day. Prayer was the very pulse of her life. I used to get up very early on summer mornings, and wandering about as children do, I one morning opened the door of a spare room, and there, kneeling at a

[1] This letter was written to a stranger to the family, but was afterwards seen by the Editor, who asked the consent of the writer to this extract being made.

chair by the open window, was Catharine at her prayers. She did not move, and I withdrew at once; but the picture ever remains—her sweet eyes looking up, her hands clasped, asking, seeking, as she tried to teach us to do.'

Her husband's Memoir, as well as the letter we have quoted above, indicates how strong was the influence of Mr. Fortescue upon her at that time. It was an influence, indeed, which abode upon her for life, and certainly was not without serious danger. How that danger was averted, and how the influence wrought only good, will be shown, it is believed, in the pages next following. In a matter of so much interest as the shaping the very destinies of her soul, it will not be out of place if we quote at some length. The first passage is from the pen of her husband's sister, Lady Wake:—

'She was not fifteen when I first knew her, a bright and pretty child, scarcely more. . . . I was aware of a deep under-current of thought, which showed itself in many ways, mixed up as she was with the interests and amusements of my own children, all of them younger than she. It was evident that earnest evangelical religion had been implanted in her heart, and the reverent love she bore her father and her mother, who were true types of this early reawakening of the truth in the slumbering Church, fostered and sheltered its growth. We lost sight of her, and did not find her again till, developed in mind and body into a charming young woman, she became

infinitely more dear to us in the character of my brother's wife. The mode of her religious life had much changed, but the character of its being was the same—earnest, devotional, and most real: she had received strong High Church principles; a strong flavour of the ideal and romantic had been mingled with it. This was not wonderful, for, as she related to me, the influence exercised over her sisters and herself by a brother-in-law, Edward Fortescue, was precisely of the description to fascinate the mind and imagination of young girls. She described to me the manner in which Good Friday had been passed by them under his directions. The day had been spent in fasting and prayer, in the solemn endeavour to realise the scenes of that terrible day in Jerusalem; and when the hours of darkness came, as they were alone in their rooms, there was an awful silence, broken at intervals by his deep voice through their open doors pronouncing the words of the dying Saviour on the Cross, this lasting through the three hours of agony He hung upon it. The effect produced upon the nerves and feelings of sensitive girls may be imagined, and with Catharine it was lasting; but happily she was brought under a more wholesome and strengthening influence in the teaching of her cousin Harriet O'Brien's husband—Mr. Monsell—a clergyman of strongly pronounced High Church views, but of less eccentric character, a man of a highly cultivated mind, and possessed of much intellectual strength. The influence of these men remained with

her, because their views and the manner of their worship gave a certain something that was tangible, seeming to impart a shape to the glowing feelings of devotion that had filled her heart. It was well for her that all this was steadied and tempered by the deep practical piety and sound good sense and judgment of the husband upon whom God in his Fatherly love for both bestowed her. She often said to me in after years, "Had I not fallen in love with your brother, I should long ere this have been a nun; and a very bad nun I should have made," she always added, with a laugh. I cannot imagine her making a bad anything, but her vocation as wife and mother were too clear for her under any circumstances to have been a nun.'

We will introduce here an extract from a letter of the widow of Charles Monsell, the clergyman to whom Lady Wake has just referred:—'I had seen Catharine in her girlhood, in her holy, happy home (of which you have such tender recollections), for Elmdon was considered in our family the perfection of a clergyman's home. We met again at Leamington in 1840, the year after my marriage, and there the first link of our great friendship was formed. Catharine was in the first burst of her life, full of vigour and enthusiasm, and my husband, with his calm, deep hold of the supernatural life, attracted her with an attraction that never lost its power over her. While holding with clearness all dogmatic theology, and pursuing with great fearlessness all truth, with a

mind free from that narrow antagonism which so often impedes the search after truth, he had felt the attainment of personal holiness (regulated by the law of duty) and personal union with Christ, in His perfect holiness, to be the bond of union in our intercourse one with another, and had himself in a remarkable manner from his childhood made holiness the aim of his life.

'To a mind like Catharine's, full of living sympathy with the High Church movement, you can understand the joy of meeting one who was in the full vigour of the life of that movement, while deepened and chastened by his aim after holiness.

'We parted, and years passed on as each followed the path of life appointed for us. Each had felt the keen touch of suffering in the depths of our being.

'Our next meeting was in London House long after. We met as if we had never parted. I was deeply touched to find that Catharine had followed every step of my husband's life; we had both laid up our treasures within the veil; we, as Keble says, "over the grave our Lord had met." We had now a new bond of sympathy—the life within the veil had become to us a great reality—and her home from that day was most home-like to me.'

One more passage we have to give; it is part of a letter from the sister of Mr. Fortescue:—

'At the time when we first became intimate, the young mind (which afterwards developed into so much strength) was essentially in the attitude of a

learner, listening, pondering, observing, gathering in rather than distributing abroad—with temper and manner meeting the outer world, so winningly bright and playful that we familiarly called her "our Kitten," whilst, indeed, to those who saw below the upper current, there was manifest in her whole self a force and indefinable something which made us often wonder what the full development of character, or the work prepared for her to do, might be; but there was no waste of gathered strength in word or action till it was called forth by a different position in family life and more responsible duties. Meanwhile, on this transparently truthful mind, intent on the pursuit of truth as a guide to the life she felt so strong within her, my brother's influence was for the time undoubtedly great, but came naturally from the circumstances severally affecting each of them, and never from excitement on her part or desire of control on his. The arrangements made for him on his marriage in 1838 provided him with less work and more ease than he felt to be consistent with the duties of his new calling, when he took Holy Orders in 1839, and he soon after, by permission of the Bishop, devoted himself with extraordinary energy to a sort of mission labour in a neighbouring hamlet,—some four miles from his home, which had been miserably neglected—where he worked laboriously at considerable personal sacrifice of means, time, and strength, preparing the people to accept Church ordinances, and getting a church, school, and parsonage built, to secure for them per-

manently the means of grace and of instruction. At the same time, her character, which from infancy had been holy, happy, joyous, was being deepened in its earnestness, and her higher life quickened by a message which she told me had seemed then lately to have come to her direct from the source of it, when on some occasion of keen enjoyment of the earthly pleasures and blessings surrounding her, she seemed to hear the words, "But make for the higher!" The call met with ready and full response of heart, but in the how there was some difficulty; and becoming his frequent companion and assistant in his work at Wilmcote, she saw in his self-sacrificing devotedness a model she admired for the active service of God, and for a time I believe she had a desire to make his mode of life her example—which was becoming more and more exclusive, and of increasing severity. On occasions of extra work, which detained him till an inconvenient hour for return, or found him too exhausted to do so, he obtained the loan of some rooms in an unused farm-house, where sometimes his wife or sisters would remain with him. On one such occasion, when we were there together, the accommodation was a cold attic with the barest possible furniture, and I believe some potatoes or other farm-store in one corner of it. She used frequently to express to me at that time her satisfaction in such renunciation of worldly comfort, with pleasure and happiness furnished from such higher sources as his work afforded, and once said—in her own warmth

of meaning—that were it left to her own choice, such was the home she should prefer for life, could she have the interests beside and beyond it which there surrounded her. Her extreme loveliness, power of attraction, fitness to adorn quite another kind of life, and capability of enjoyment in every kind of innocent pleasure the world can offer, made the declaration most striking; the more so, as though full of earnestness, it was perfectly free from excitement or love of change or novelty. She would return to our common life in her father's or brother's different homes, only to adorn and enliven them, and make every member of them happier by her bright cheerfulness and full sympathy in every interest they afforded. She was equally natural and lovely in each; the oneness of her purpose was felt wherever she was,—the one purpose of her whole life, though now with the most childlike and lovely simplicity, as afterwards with the power of matured experience and enlarged circumstances for its exercise. There was never the slightest inflation from the reception of new ideas—or any parade of them in the least eccentricities which might betoken the adoption of them. In the most unguarded moments I never heard her contrast one system of life with another to the disadvantage of either, never knew her bring persons with whom she did not sympathise under censure or ridicule. It was evidently great earnestness which was being acted upon, held then as ever under control of the sober judgment with which she was so gifted, keeping her

free from the extravagances of enthusiasm or blind subjection to external influences. And she has told me, that with all her admiration of such a life as my brother was leading at Wilmcote, she was by no means ever so committed to any ideal line of service for God as not to be ready for any other which His Providence might guide her to. And the different sphere of work, which proved to be His purpose for her, was accepted with the heartiest conviction of its being His way of leading her to "make for the higher," as she told me not long ago that she had indeed found it to be, adding an expression of thankfulness, especially for having been led to reject a system of self-chosen discipline, and accept in its place the discipline coming from God's own hand, in the course of His providential dealings, though, I believe, she always thought those previous years to have been the intended preparation for what was lying before her, in her future and far different ones.

'There was another way in which his influence was brought to bear upon her, with more real and abiding power, but also much arising from their several circumstances at the time of its exercise. She seemed to be feeling the want of definiteness as to the peculiarities of the Church of England in the religious teaching she had received, while he was feeling the necessity of imparting instruction with great definiteness to a people who had been, through negligence, almost severed from Church communion, and given up to dissent of a bad kind. This had

made them great professors of religion, but had so little influenced their morals that the magistrates were wont to condemn the hamlet as the worst they had to do with. The doctrine of Sacramental grace, which he made the basis of all his teaching, and which was comparatively new to her, was received with unreserved thankfulness, and deeply influenced all her after life. It seemed to fit, in a wonderful way, the constitution of her mind and the need of her soul when she first took it in. No one could have known her at any time of her life without being struck by the unusual degree in which she possessed the power of always seeing the higher through the lower, the invisible through the visible; her sight of things beautiful, beloved, or lovely, never seeming to be bounded by that which her senses apprehended, but carried on to the invisible and higher. And he seems to have been the means of guiding this power into its highest exercise, by directing her to faith in the pledged presence of God, in outward signs, for the communication of grace, and special communion with Himself; and for light and help thus received, she felt towards my brother, as the instrument of affording it, that grateful love and reverence which she never lost, though he afterwards himself unhappily lost the simplicity of the faith he then held and taught, and gradually ceased to be the guide of many who, having been led by him to this point, could not follow him beyond it.'

The following from the pen of the Bishop of

Gibraltar, Dr. Sandford, whilst it repeats the sentiment expressed in the preceding letters, carries us on a step further:—

'I knew Mrs. Tait from my earliest boyhood. Some of my happiest memories in the days when I was a child at Dunchurch are connected with her.... Her family and mine were united by the ties of intimate friendship; and she and her sister used often to gladden my father's home near Rugby by their presence. It was a gala-day to us all at the quiet and pretty Vicarage when Catharine Spooner came to pay us a visit. She was staying with us shortly after Dr. Tait had entered upon his duties as head-master of Rugby School; and, when the work of the day was over, often would the head-master be seen galloping over to Dunchurch, to spend the evening under my father's roof. We used at times after dinner to read aloud Walter Scott's novels, or some other interesting book, and we all felt pleasure when Catharine Spooner took the book. On one occasion we were reading "Agathos," and she made a false quantity in pronouncing the Greek word "Agape," and was set right by the head-master. She was very pretty and graceful in those sunny days, and moreover had a sweetness, a freshness, and a charm of manner which were peculiarly attractive. She won the heart of every one at Dunchurch. Her lightest wish was law to my brothers and myself. Nothing would we not have done to win a smile from her, or a kindly word. Her engagement to the head-master

was glad news to the home circle at the Vicarage, and especially to my father and mother, who entertained for the head-master and his betrothed an affection and reverence which in after years matured, deepened, and strengthened. My father, on hearing of the engagement, wrote to the head-master that he was glad to find that he had taught Catharine the right way to pronounce "*Agape*."'

LIFE AT RUGBY.

1843-1849.

SHE was married at Elmdon Church, the Church of her baptism,[1] on the 22d of June 1843, and it was characteristic of her that, early on her wedding morning, she went as usual to her mother's room, to read to her the Psalms and Lessons for the day. The following extract from a letter of the Master of Balliol, Dr. Jowett, dated December 6, 1878, has a very touching interest:—'The recollections of your life and my own often come back to me,—the day when you brought your beautiful bride to dine with us in the common-room thirty-five years ago, and the day which I spent, twelve years later, playing with your children in the Deanery at Carlisle. . . . You

[1] Elmdon Church, according to the Post-Office Directory, was rebuilt in 1780 by her grandfather, Abraham Spooner, the Squire at the Hall.

do not need me to tell you that we believe them to be with God, where we soon shall be, and that for the few years which remain we may find in the memories of them the strongest motives, and a new power of life. Mrs. Tait was universally respected and beloved by those who did not agree with her, as well as by those who did. I was struck by observing, when you visited me at Oxford [in 1876], how little she was changed from the days when I remember her at Rugby. . . .'

The life at Rugby developed the stronger elements in her character. A whole multitude of evidences tell how she was worshipped by the boys, the chivalrous, romantic admiration of her youth and beauty being joined to their grateful sense of her kindliness, and her manifold acts of sympathy and affection, rendered to them when they were in sickness, or in any way needed her watchful care. The change from the quiet Parsonage at Elmdon to the busy life at Rugby, great as it was, must have been altogether surpassed by that in the intellectual atmosphere. The tide of ecclesiastical politics at Oxford was still at the flood, and the constant visits of old College friends, bringing no doubt their controversies and speculations with them, must have been a new experience. Some of the masters, too (there were some ten families of these), were very decided in their Liberalism—'a kind of Arnoldianism *minus* Arnold,'—whose depreciatory remarks (as she would think them) on Church ways must have been very distasteful to her. The

situation might have been not without dangers to an enthusiastic young woman.[1] But any such dangers melted away before the continual habit of prayer which she brought with her. Hard and anxious work for her it undoubtedly was, but she threw herself into it with the keenest zest. And they were seldom without friends in the house, both husband and wife delighting, as they did all their life, in having young people about them. A few sentences may be quoted from a description of a visit to Rugby in those days:—'The shadow of Dr. Arnold's great life hung yet over the school-house. His sons and the other members of his family came and went. His old pupils, as well as Dr. Tait's College friends, were often there, and still the innermost central light of that charmed circle was the young wife herself. She threw herself into all that was going on with the calm energy of her vigorous healthful nature, and found room in her heart for everybody. The sick in mind, the sick in body, the distressed in circumstances, the lonely, the suffering—all came within the range of her sympathy. I can see her now, her hand full of instructive or amusing books, wherewith to beguile the lonely hours of the boys in the infirmary. She

[1] The following amusing yet touching story deserves to be recorded:—A University Don, who has since become strictly orthodox, was visiting Rugby, and gave utterance to some theological opinion or other which scared and grieved her. Her precautionary measure was prompt. She left the room, shut herself into a spare room and repeated aloud the Apostles' Creed. We heard the story from a near relative.

constantly visited them, read and prayed with them. It was her habit, too, to draw the young who might be staying at the time in the house to unite with her in works of charity and helpful love, in visits to the sick and poor in the almshouses, in collecting the money for clothing or shoe clubs, and so on. It was thus that the listless, purposeless, self-pleasing young-lady life was, by her gentle influence, directed into useful channels.

'She gathered and used up all the spare moments of the day, giving them to work or pleasant and profitable reading, instead of wasting them. After the early service in the parish church, I used often to go to her room to see if she was ready to come down to breakfast. If there was any time to spare she would look at the clock and playfully say, "We have just five or ten minutes or a quarter; let us read!" and placing the open book in my hand she would occupy herself with the beautiful carpet she was working for the chapel. And so in the hours of exercise and recreation she was able thoroughly to enter into the spirit of enjoyment as she had before entered into her work. How happy and young we were when, his arduous work partly over for the day, Dr. Tait would take us long drives in the neighbourhood of Rugby!'

The following story is too good to be lost, and I hope it will not be deemed too trivial for publication, illustrative as it is of the quiet, unsophisticated life of Elmdon Parsonage. During one of the Rugby vacations, the master took his young wife to St.

Leonards, and there was a ball in the house in which they were visiting. It was the first time she had seen such a sight, and she broke out into admiration. Her husband came up in the midst of it. 'Come, let us try,' said he, and immediately flew round the room with her in a waltz. 'Oh, it was delicious!' she said.

Here is another anecdote of the same period: 'There used in after days to be many a quiet joke about a visit which the master and his wife once paid to some relations in a Midland county. They were taken to see an old uncle of their host, of whom all the neighbours lived in terror. The old gentleman showed them most politely over his grounds, and to the amazement of their friends presented them, on their departure, with a beautiful bouquet of the choicest flowers from the treasured sanctum of his greenhouse. He had never been known to do such a thing before. The mystery was explained by his taking their host aside, and saying with a radiant face, "Monstrous fine woman, Mrs. Dr. Tait!"'

No memoir would give anything like a true impression of her which did not reiterate the one trait which shone out above all others, namely, her constant prayerfulness. It is with a view to doing this that we insert the following letter from her husband's niece :—

'The first recollection I have of Aunt Catharine is her coming to the Cottage at Stirling shortly before my mother's death in 1844, and we looked with

wonder at the new aunt. She gave me "Agathos" and "The Rocky Island." As I hardly remember my mother at all, I have never felt to any one as mother, except Aunt Catharine, but from the time I was with her at Carlisle up to the last day she sat with me in my room here, with my own little children round me, only two short weeks before her death, I felt I could confide to her any difficulty or trial, sure of sympathy and counsel, as I did then. How often she has guided and helped and prayed with me as no one else has ever done! I think the time I like best to recollect her is as I remember her at the Deanery, surrounded by that flock of little ones, and looking so pretty, like a Madonna, with her sweet expression and lovely soft brown eyes, with a baby on her knee, and teaching the others their little hymns and prayers. Religion had always been a burden on my mind, as a gloomy disagreeable thing, till I learnt from the simple faith of these little children to trust the love of God and Christ as a matter of course, and to feel that the more simply one can believe it all, the more real it becomes. I have tried to bring up my own children in the same way, and often find their sweet sayings a great help. I remember being much struck when I was a very little girl,—I think it must have been at Rugby,—that just before you and she started to go off somewhere,—I forget where,—she asked you to kneel down to pray for a blessing on your journey. Such a thing as praying in the middle of the day had never

suggested itself to my mind before. But it was not only in spiritual things that she was so much to me; in my education she interested herself much. At Alva she made me read Arnold's "Rome" to her every day, as I had no governess there. She used always to be reading scraps of poetry, and made me especially fond of Trench's Poems, which she gave me, and much of which she could say by heart. She gave me a piece of advice when I first grew up and left the schoolroom—"Now, you know you are sure to be married off in a very short time, therefore read as much as you can, for you never will have time after!" I am glad to say I took her advice, and I have a list now of books of history, poetry, and science which I read by myself during the two or three years before I was married, and it is certainly true that I have never had time since.

'How she always contrived to go on reading through all her busy life has been a wonder to me.

'I don't think any man ever understands how much a woman's life is frittered away in small things which yet must be done. I don't think there was ever any one like her in combining all the small things with so many great undertakings, and doing everything so well, and turning so rapidly from one thing to another in the full rush of London life, and never seeming overwhelmed with anything. I used to say one never knew what one was in for when one went out driving with her, for she took you one minute to call upon a Duchess, and the next into the ward of a hospital.

'I suppose one secret of her being able to get through so much in the day was her extraordinary bodily strength, which was really greater than falls to the share of most women. Don't you think that very great bodily activity, combined with such very great spirituality and devotion, is a very rare thing? But I do not think there ever was any one the least like her!'

'I lost my mother while I was at Rugby School,' writes one on hearing of the death of Mrs. Tait, 'and through all the intervening years I have never forgotten the tender sympathy of the Doctor's beautiful young wife; how she sent for me and soothed my grief, telling me to look up to the Home above to which my mother had been taken, and follow her there.'

The following letter also came to the Archbishop, with no clew as to the writer. It is printed just as received:—

'A little boy, eleven years old, called at the head-master's house at the beginning of one half-year to have his name entered in the Rugby School Register. He was not at all a clever boy, but of a very sensitive disposition, and was then in deep distress at the recent loss of his only sister.

'The head-master, having made the formal entry, inquired with kind dignity after the welfare of the little boy's relations at home, severally; and it was with a very full heart and swimming eyes that the little boy was able to allude to the departure of one whom he so dearly loved. And when the dignified

head-master shook him kindly and silently by the hand, he thought—he felt *sure*—that his childish suffering was respected and sympathised with, and never forgot the kind look with which the head-master bade him farewell. And when that head-master resigned his appointment, there was no boy in the school who felt a livelier concern.

'That little boy is now a man of middle age, and he cannot refrain from sending his sincere and respectful tribute of profound sympathy to the kind heart bowed down by the two grievous bereavements of these past months. And while he prays the good God to impart the effectual consolation to the bereaved husband and father which He alone can give, he ventures to hope that this simple expression of sincerest condolence—which an old Rugbeian sends to his former head-master—on the removal of her whose kind, pleasant, thoughtful countenance, in the corner of the School Chapel pew, was a familiar sight to every Rugby boy, may bring some little thought of satisfaction, though the name of the sender (which is not material) be withheld.

'10*th December* 1878.'

Her husband's illness in 1848 has been already spoken of at length. A letter which we have before us gives many details, from which we select two. First, it ought to be recorded, as illustrative of her character, how, when he was in a most dangerous state, she was able at the call of duty, quietly to leave

his bedside and settle the intricate accounts of the School, which, without her help, were unintelligible to his two brothers, to whom the settlement had been delegated. And also we note the way in which, at the worst crisis, she guarded him from the excitement of the political news which was convulsing Europe during those anxious weeks.

Her strong will was happily more than balanced by her loving affectionate nature, and by a depth of tenderness that made her, though a most resolute, yet a most sympathetic and tender nurse. She calmly went through everything that had to be done, with that calmness which strong affection in the midst of danger seems to bring out and intensify; no duty to her children and her household was intermitted.

An old Rugbeian, attached to the British Embassy at Paris, wrote the following letter after her death, a pleasing sign of true affection not dimmed by years:—

'Such a halo of dear and early memories come crowding on my brain with the sad news which reached my eyes this morning, that I cannot refrain from giving you the heartfelt expression of my deepest sympathy in the blow that has so suddenly fallen upon you,—the heaviest trial that the almighty power and wisdom of God could send to you. If years of absence and separation have estranged me from the ties of my early youth, the feeling for them is perhaps all the stronger, and they return like the bright dreams of spring in all their innocence and

freshness. It seems so short a time since as a boy I was brought and placed under your care in your little library at Rugby. How well I remember the young wife and mother, and the sunshine of her nature, a model for all women! Oh! in a life such as yours has been, the loss of such a companion must be hard to bear, even with the consolatory certainty that you will one day meet again, never to be separated. . . . May God grant you strength!'

LIFE AT CARLISLE.

1849-1856.

IN the autumn of 1849 the young mother (for she was only just thirty years old), with three fair children, removed with her husband to the Deanery at Carlisle. A few bright letters from her lie before us, chiefly about these children, for the watching of their development and her desire to train them was a fresh experience to her. 'To my mind,' says one who saw her in her home there, 'it has always appeared that it was not by advice, not even merely by her example and the formation of early habits—although none of all this was wanting,—but that she led them from their very baptism to live the Christian life *with her*. She prayed constantly with them as well as for them, and as soon as reason dawned, she associated them with herself in such acts of love to

God and to others as were fitting to their tender years. And thus she led them on, as it were, by the hand to take their part beside her. Any one who has seen her with these children must have been struck by this. The result was evident. Their delight in the service of God's House, the eager way in which, before it began, they found out for themselves the Lessons, and the hearty manner in which their infant voices joined in the responses—the finger of the youngest following carefully the sacred record as she sat close nestled by that beloved mother,—I can see all these things now! And then their work on certain days and hours, their eagerness and enthusiasm about it, and other like things—what was it all but her own saintly life bearing its lovely fruit in these chosen little ones?'

Hardly any records remain of the seven years that followed, and we have little to add to the Archbishop's own sketch. Every member of the Cathedral Chapter of that day, we believe, has died during the twenty-six years that have elapsed. One or two very dear friends remain—no more. Here is a portion of a letter from one of the most highly esteemed of them, namely, Principal Shairp of St. Andrews:—

'When Dr. Tait returned to the school-house and Rugby work, his tenure of the Head-mastership did not continue long.

'It was well for the restoration of his health that he was enabled soon to pass from the busy school to the comparative quiet of the Deanery of Carlisle.

'It was no doubt a relief to Mrs. Tait to see her husband released from the strain of work which lay on him at Rugby, severe enough, as it was, for the strongest man in full health, too much for one whose strength required a good space to recruit. But when they passed to Carlisle, though it was to lighter labours, it was by no means to idleness. They both took with them the same habits of work and benevolence which they had begun at Rugby. Their presence soon made itself felt in that retired northern town, Dr. Tait making use of his position to promote education and every other agency that he thought for the good of the citizens and neighbourhood, and Mrs. Tait setting herself as zealously to those quiet charities which were her special interest.

'On my journeys to and from Scotland I stayed several times at the Deanery. Mrs. Tait seemed then full of happiness to see her husband in an honourable place where he could still do good work, and yet obtain the quiet which he still needed. One still retains a vivid remembrance of the quaint old-fashioned house, with its antique drawing-room looking down over the original "Carlisle Wall," and of happy evenings spent in it. This was before that awful calamity which fell so suddenly and so desolatingly on that home. The summer before that they had spent with their children by the sea-side at St. Andrews. It seems to have been a specially happy summer, their whole flock being with them, still without a break. The happy remembrance they

took with them of St. Andrews they never afterwards returned to impair, by what would have been the too painful contrast of a second visit. After their great bereavement came I never again saw them in their Carlisle home.

'Soon after Dr. Tait became Bishop of London we removed from Rugby to Scotland, and for a good many years our visits to the south were few. But when we did visit at Fulham, and at Lambeth, it was the same home as I had known at Rugby, under new circumstances, but in nature and in spirit the same. Old friends were met by the two who presided there with the same old friendship, and life and larger opportunities were still used for the same good ends.'

The following letter, written at this period, to one dear as though she were a sister, is, as will be seen, a letter of sympathy on the loss of a child. The writer little thought how sorely she would soon need the like sympathy, and in the hour of trial would be mercifully sustained by such consolation as she here utters:—

'DEANERY, CARLISLE, *Feb.* 21, 1855.

'MY DARLING * * *,—I must send a few lines to tell how your sister's heart bleeds with you in this your sad hour of grief. May our heavenly Father, who has laid this trouble upon you, comfort you under it, and enable you to bear it for the sake of that dear Saviour who has indeed heard your prayers, and given early to your child that heavenly inheritance which He has purchased for him! O my darling,

what a link you have with heaven! and do you not, in all your grief, realise your blessedness in being a Christian mother? I wish I was by you,—such thoughts seem to pour out towards you. You will, I know, find comfort when you think your darling one will never now bring dishonour upon that holy name by which he was called.

'But, dear, dear weeping mother, I know your grief; I can picture quite what it can be, and my heart feels it with you. And how does our dear Saviour feel with you, who in all our afflictions is afflicted! But no more—only my tender sympathising love.'

And now the course of this narrative brings us to that event which was the centre-point of her life, a life-long sorrow. Such sorrows nothing can take away.

> 'Nature softening and concealing,
> And busy with her hand of healing,'

can indeed assuage them. Divine grace gives strength to bear the burden—else would it not have been sent,—but a heavy sorrow, bereavement and shattered earthly hopes must always be. And yet all the while pain and suffering are felt to be holy when we remember that the Father comes to us through them. It is one of the most touching and solemnising features of her correspondence, to trace all through the three-and-twenty years that followed the calamity, the manifold allusions to it, and each remembrance touched with some fresh ray of light from heaven.

Then the cup was again held to her lips, bitter as ever, and she drank it in unshaken faith and trust; but Nature was exhausted now, and she immediately drooped and died.

A very few days after her first great sorrow had fallen upon her, she committed to writing her recollections of it, for the perusal only of her family and a few dear friends. On December 20, 1874, she wrote, unknown to any one, a memorandum, addressed to her son, which was only found in one of her drawers after her death. From that paper the following words are extracted:—'I wish to say to dear Craufurd and our children that, after your father and myself have left you, and have, through the merits of Christ, joined your dear sisters in our Father's house, it may be well for you to publish the little book which contains the account I wrote soon after they left us, of that time of trial. As the suffering is one which must recur over and over again while the world lasts, it may speak a word of help and comfort to those upon whom a similar burden is laid, and who are feeling that it is too heavy for them to bear. To them I would say, *O tarry thou the Lord's leisure; be strong, and He shall comfort your hearts, and put you your trust in the Lord.* In the darkest part of our sorrow these words were never absent from me, and I have found how truly they spoke. I think we suffered at that time as much as it was possible to suffer, and yet our life has been full of blessings since; and the great comfort we have had

in the dear children spared, and those given after our others were taken, has made us to know and to trust in God's unending love. Our children have cheered us and helped us in our pilgrimage, and have been the joy and comfort of our heart, and we have before us the prospect of a speedy reunion with our loved and lost ones.'

These words speak for themselves. In the spirit of them, in the tender hope which they breathe that the narrative may whisper loving sympathy and godly comfort to other mourners, the Archbishop has been pressed to give it at once to the world, and in the same hope has consented. Just as it is, it is printed. The Editor has shrunk from touching it, but has placed the manuscript in another hand to be copied for the printer. But first of all, it will help the reader if we here insert the names of the children who had been given to her at that time.

Catharine Anna ('Catty'),	born	March 15, 1846.
Mary Susan ('May'),	„	June 20, 1847.
Craufurd,	„	June 22, 1849.
Charlotte ('Chatty'),	„	September 7, 1850.
Frances Alice Marion,	„	June 29, 1852.
Susan Elizabeth Campbell,	„	August 1, 1854.
Lucy Sydney Murray,	„	February 11, 1856.

MRS. TAIT'S NARRATIVE.

(WRITTEN AT HALSTEAD.)

EARLY in October 1855 we returned with our dear Craufurd from Ireland, where we had spent about six weeks. Our five girls were at Allonby, and we felt most impatient to see them. We arrived at about nine o'clock at night, and our darling Catty ran out to meet us, full of the most intense happiness at our return. Sweet May had been suffering from asthma, and was not allowed to breathe the night air, so she waited for us in the house, looking most calmly happy as we folded her in our arms. We went up-stairs at once to see the little ones. Frances was awake, and highly delighted to see us; I bent over little Chatty, who awoke while I was watching her, and looked up with a face of heavenly beauty and joy I never can forget. I found it difficult to tear myself away from her, even to look at my baby, her joy and mine was so great at meeting again. Susan was asleep in her bath-bed in another room. I went to give her one fond kiss, thought her much grown, and then went down-stairs to tea; and we heard from dear Catty and May what they had done during our absence. This was our meeting, and I did not part again from our darlings, until we were called by Him who gave them to part with them for ever in this world.

The next day was Sunday, and great was our happiness at taking them again to church—the four eldest—in the morning. Frances used to say that when she went back to Carlisle, she would be big, and her nurse would take her to church. We took Catty only in the evening. How sweet she was, and how happy, as, returning from church, she asked much about the stars, and she seemed to feel the most intense delight in the contemplation of them. May had tea ready for us, and we spent one most happy hour before they went to bed.

We stayed with them ten days, to enjoy them, before returning to our busy life at Carlisle, and it was a happy time. Nothing could equal their delight in the sea and its shells and sea-weeds, nor ours at watching their joy. The blackberries were ripe, and we took them out at times in the carriage and put them down, and when our drive was over, came for them. We fancy we can see them now, with their little baskets quite full, and each little face brighter than the other, in their innocent joy. At length the time came for returning to settle ourselves at Carlisle. We went with rather anxious hearts, as we heard that scarlet fever was bad in the town; still, it was the path of duty, and we felt we ought not to shrink from it.

Being settled in the Deanery, we returned to our usual life there. Each morning, a quarter before eight, Craufurd and Chatty used first to come to me, learn their verse of a Hymn and Psalm, and then

say their prayers. Chatty generally left after that, though when she liked, she used to stay for the others. Frances used to come to say her little verse and her sweet prayer; then, with a merry bound, would she kiss her mother, and run off to breakfast, for which she was always in a hurry. She was the most artless innocent babe, and would say in a voice we hear now, 'Forgive me all my dear sins.' She never lived, sweet lamb, to understand what sin was; washed in her Saviour's blood, called by His name, signed with His sign; she, my pretty merry prattler, soon after left us for His presence. What will she, 'my earthly child,' as I used to call her, be like when we see her again?

At that time Chatty was learning the Morning Hymn in which this verse occurs :—

'Saviour, to Thy cottage home
Once the daylight used to come;
Thou hast oft-time seen it break
Brightly o'er that Eastern lake.'

Each time when she came to that verse, she, 'my heavenly child,' as I used to call her, would stop, and with her sweet finger point to a picture (on the other side of my bed) of our Saviour's childhood, and say, 'That is the cottage home, Mamma.' She knows more about it now, sweet lamb, than we do. Catty and May used generally to stay in their own room at this time and say their prayers together, learn their Hymn and Psalm, then come to me to say them. After this they used with Craufurd to read a portion

of the Bible, then I said a short prayer with them, and they went to their breakfast. We had prayers about nine, and papa used to question them on what he had read, to which they used to reply very nicely. The three eldest then went into the schoolroom for an hour. Chatty, Frances, and Susan used to be our sweet and merry companions at breakfast. When they became, as they often did, too noisy, clinging Chatty would beg to stay, ever longing to be near her mother, and boisterous little Frances would ask for her bit of bread and honey, and be off to fill the nursery with her merry laugh and play. Susan, my lovely baby, used always to stay till the church-bell began. On Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saints' Days, also on every birthday, any that liked used to accompany us to the Cathedral. I always found two, more frequently four, ready when I came down. On other days they used to play in the garden and Abbey grounds, and what a merry party always came round to claim a kiss when we came out of church! It was my busy time, and I could not stay much with them then, as I had either home business to do, or school, infirmary, workhouse, or poor to attend to. We had days and times for each, and these sweet girls used to think how they would love to help when they grew older; in many ways they did help me already. Saturday was their own day. I used to spend from half-past eleven or twelve in the schoolroom, hear all the lessons of the week, question closely on the history, which I had to read on purpose (it was won-

derful how much they knew), look over all exercises, copies, etc., and hear the music learned in the week. Great was the delight these Saturdays gave them, and who can tell the joy they were to their mother! Chatty was my own little pupil till December, when Cousin Nannie took her quite, and after reading, etc., and work with me, she would creep into the schoolroom with her sweet, pleased look, and there she also has left her unfinished copy-book.

Soon after our return from Allonby, Catty and May asked me one morning to come for a moment into the schoolroom, and then with a proud, happy look they gave me their first embroidery for Craufurd's trousers, which they had done while we were in Ireland.

Sundays were days of great happiness with them. They would often, before we were up, come in, the five together, with their bright, happy Sunday look, take their place beside us, and chant with clear voice, 'This is the day the Lord hath made,' etc., then say all together a Sunday Hymn, 'Put the spade and wheel away,' 'Do no weary work to-day,' then the 122d Psalm, 'I was glad when they said,' etc. After their prayers I would explain the Gospel or Epistle to the three eldest. At family prayer we sang a Hymn; they always had the books ready, and I had looked forward to my dear Catty and May, when spring came, playing the Hymns for us to sing to. They could already play several, and I was anxious that they should in this be able to take my place.

When we went to breakfast, Catty and May, in turns, would conduct a Sunday school of all the rest. They used to arrange it in beautiful order—in summer when warm enough, in the garden, or when this could not be, up the little steps leading to their Father's dressing-room; and we, from our room, would hear their sweet voices sing Hymn after Hymn and chant Psalms. They then said Hymns and Psalms they knew, and Catty would always have some nice book ready to read which the little ones could follow. We had either the school or teachers to attend to at this time, so that I could not be with them. When we returned, the four were ready for church. After church they dined at our luncheon, and dear little Frances was always of the Sunday party. When I had time, I heard them say their Catechism, and at two went for a class at the night-school, and coming back would be greeted by five bright faces ready to take their places beside me at church. After church, for an hour and a half, unless when at tea, they were with us; this was the longed-for time. The little ones saw Sunday pictures, and then we read some book—'The Pilgrim's Progress' last summer; we sat all together in the Abbey, outside the Deanery door, to read it, and people who came to walk there used to look with pleasure at that happy company. I can see little Chatty's look of delight as she ran for the big book, and found the place. After our return from Ireland we read the 'Infant Pilgrim's Progress,' and had begun 'Naomi,'

by Mrs. Webb. Shall I ever forget their delight when they found that this Jewish girl was to become a Christian, and that the aged woman whom she met, and who instructed her, was Mary, the sister of Lazarus! They seemed in a wonderful manner to realise the blessedness of such converse. About that point in the book our Sunday readings came to an end by the five being taken to that land where Mary is, and by it being given them at once to taste the fulness of the blessings which even in dim shadow gave them such joy. When Craufurd and I next read that book we must think of them as talking with Mary the sister of Lazarus, and perhaps wondering when we also shall join them. After dinner was their time with their Father; each one in turn would climb on his knee and say the Hymn and Psalm they had learned for Sunday. When the little ones were gone to bed, the elder children would sing Hymns and chant Psalms till their bed-time came.

On ordinary days they were ready for their governess at half-past eleven till dinner-time; the happy faces in that schoolroom, the quiet industry and regular progress in all they had to learn, we shall never forget. At half-past one they dined with us, then drove or walked; about four they came in and went at once untold to prepare the lessons for the next day. The delight of these darlings was to do this in their Father's study; they would lie down without disturbing him, and dearly did he love the little hum which, like a sweet song, soothed him in his

own work. After their tea, for an hour before our dinner, they had a happy time with me.

Many and many are the books we have read together at this time, and much was the work accomplished; the book left unfinished is 'The Young Voyager,' by Reid; the works left half done were two shirts for Craufurd by Catty and May, my Chatty's beautiful patchwork, and little Frances's beads as she last strung them. I remember now with sad delight the untiring energy with which this little company would work for the poor. Catty and May requested at Christmas to make a shirt for a poor man whose daughter was blind; in a fortnight it was done and given by their own dear hands when the person came for it. Chatty had made several pillow-cases, which Craufurd and Frances would tear paper to fill. Little Frances always came down at dinner, and would sit quite quiet by me at table with her toys or pictures. How pretty she used to look, dressed for the evening, with her 'lots of light hair' in rich curls down that fair neck, in her white frock and blue sash. Chatty would take her place when she went,—lovely Chatty, sweet picture of heavenly beauty. After dinner Catty, May, and Craufurd would crowd round their Father to hear him read Shakespeare, and would charm him with the intelligence with which they would follow it and seem to recognise at once the historical characters. He had finished to them 'King John,' and has left off in 'Richard II.'

The weeks passed rapidly between our return home and Christmas. We had many friends with us constantly all this time. They came to see the exceeding brightness of that home which, being too bright for this sad world of sin, was soon to be clouded. The work of that earthly home was soon to be ended for five of that happy company; their Heavenly Father has taken them to that 'house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens,' and we who are left desolate without them here, often long to know what is their occupation there. Early in December, their Uncle, Colonel Tait, came to say good-bye before his return to India. He loved the children dearly, and we put them all in a row that he might look from one sweet face to the other; he pictured to himself how he would find them grown on his return home. He gave them each a present, which we had hoped all would be able to show him when he came back. From the day he left them they blended his name in their prayers, earnestly asking that God would give them a happy meeting with him again.

On the Saturday before Christmas our usual party from Scotland came, and a very happy Christmas we had; little did any of us anticipate that this was to be the last on earth for so many. Catty and May, assisted by Cousin Nannie, worked hard in their play-hours to get dolls and a cradle ready as a surprise for the little ones. They were in great delight

helping me to choose Christmas presents for all. In the morning they sung our Christmas Hymn at prayers, then we went to early Communion, and all those bright faces greeted us on our return; afterwards they went with us to both the other services, and quite entered into the holy joy of the day. Both the services ended, all were summoned to the study, —friends, servants, and children; the latter came in in a row, holding by each other's dresses. The table was then uncovered, amid shouts of joy; the children carried the presents prepared to every one, and received many presents themselves. The five little girls had each from us a doll, Craufurd 'The Young Voyagers.' After our dinner the happy group came in, said their Christmas Hymns and Psalms, then helped their Uncles to cut the bun they had brought with them from Scotland. We then all went up to the drawing-room, and the choristers came to sing with us Hymns and Carols for an hour or so, after which the choristers received their Christmas presents and went down to their supper, returning for family prayers. I looked at our tired little ones as they went happy to bed, and heard from them what a happy Christmas Day they had had. Will the poor old Deanery ever see such bright days again?

They enjoyed much these Christmas holidays, and spent much of their time with us. New Year's Day our darlings gave for us to the poor the clothes we had prepared for that day; this was a great pleasure

to them. Towards the end of January we had our Night-School Feast, and keen was the enjoyment; no one present will ever forget the dear children on that day. The day after, their Father went to Edinburgh for a fortnight, and I with Cousin Nannie took these darlings into close companionship. He returned for Lent on Shrove Tuesday. As we were all gathered round him after dinner, the medical man came in to tell us of our Bishop's sudden death.[1] I had taken the little ones away when I saw by his face he had some sad news. The shock was great, and cast a sadness over us. The following Sunday I took my darlings to church, morning and afternoon, for the last time; little Chatty sat close beside me to look over my book, and her face of heavenly brightness was kept fixed on mine, that she might join in the Psalms, which she could not read quick enough to follow them herself. Dear Catty helped Craufurd to attend by pointing out all the service to him. They all seemed to me very attentive, and it was a great cause of thankfulness that they did seem so really to love God's service on earth. My May said to me after Chatty's death, 'I could not help looking at you, dear Mamma, that last Sunday, and wondering when dear Mamma's place would be empty in church.' Ah! my May, you were never again to be by Mamma in church. Most Sundays we went, after church, to see the progress made in rebuilding the

[1] Bishop Percy, our kind friend.

Cathedral,[1] but we did not go that Sunday. In the evening I read with them as usual, but felt poorly. I was able to remain with them till their bed-time; my darling Catty stayed a little longer with me than the others. She looked distressed when she thought I was not well, so I folded her in my arms and sent her to bed. Ah! my Catty, what you would have suffered if God had taken your mother from you that night! But no; that fearful parting has been ours; now, when death comes, it will restore us to our darlings again. After they had left us that night, I talked to dear Cousin Nannie till their Father came up tired from his last Sunday night-class. When he had finished his tea, I asked him to take me into the nursery. I watched a few minutes beside my Chatty, Susan, and Frances in their three beds side by side, kissed them each, and dear Craufurd in his corner bed, then went to my darling Catty and May in their own room, watched and kissed them for a few minutes with tender anxiety, then went rapidly to my own room, never again to visit that unclouded nursery. When next I went there, one bed was gone, and its little inmate lay alone in my room, waiting for her last quiet resting-place. That night, soon after one, our little Lucy was born, February 11th, 1856. Next morning their Father went with the same happy heart he had so often gone with before, to tell his darlings of their new treasure. Great was

[1] The Cathedral was at this time being restored, and the ordinary service was held in the Fratry or Chapter-house.

their delight. He took them the same day to see their little sister, as I was not strong enough to be allowed to show her to them. Susan clapped her baby hands, and said, 'Pet, pet.' After the first week was well over, they again were a good deal with me; the little ones would come in turns to my breakfast—first one, and then two, and then three at a time, and sit by me on the bed. Dear Catty and May came on the Sundays and read some book to me while I had breakfast. On the week-days these dear girls would creep in whenever opportunity allowed, and read to me. I see them now sitting on the box beside my bed, one with her work, the other with her book, reading in a clear, sweet voice, and I watched their good intelligent faces with delight, and felt that I needed no one else except their dear Father to cheer the hours of quiet recovery. On Sunday, the 24th, third in Lent, I was on my sofa for the afternoon. Dear May had a little attack of asthma, so she and Craufurd stayed to read the service with me, that we might join in it while it was going on in church. That week, as I was stronger, they began to gather round me again for their afternoon work and reading. They were very good, and we all enjoyed greatly these times. Aunt Lizzie came to stay with us at this time, and found the little party gathered round me. She could hardly realise that we had so many, but I told her it was indeed true that we now had seven, and each a full source of joy. Sunday, 2d March, fourth in Lent,

was a day of gladness such as we shall never know on earth again. With my breakfast came my Catty. May and Craufurd took their place each on my bed, read and talked with me till time to go to church. As they left to get ready, Chatty opened the door to get a Prayer-Book, and seemed to me in her exceeding beauty like a vision for a brighter world. She kissed me, and then ran off to church, saying, 'It is my turn to stay with you this afternoon.' Little Frances, finding the coast clear, came to see pictures on my bed; she looked from one to another. When she came to any solemn picture, she said, 'You will tell me about that sad picture when I grow bigger.' 'Am I growing bigger, dear Mamma?' None of the pictures would pacify her till I could find for her the one of the Good Shepherd carrying and leading the lambs. When once this was found, she was content to go to bed and leave me alone to seek from the Good Shepherd blessings for those little ones, which I know He has now given them in rich abundance. For the afternoon service, Catty, Craufurd, and Chatty stayed with me, and read the service, the latter looking over my book. When this was ended, we sang some Hymns. Chatty said, 'I know quite well, "Oh! that will be joyful, when we meet to part no more!" "Behold a Stranger at the door."' Catty chose the latter, and we sang it. I then showed them the Sunday pictures. Taking up one of St. Stephen, I said he was a martyr. Chatty said, 'What is a martyr?' I said, 'One who was called upon to die

for Jesus Christ.' Craufurd said even little children were martyrs. I, putting my arms round Chatty, said, 'Yes, even such little ones as Chatty died gladly, that they might go to be with Jesus.' She looked up with a look I never shall forget, it was so sweet. Yes, my little lamb was ready for her Saviour's call! Before the week was half over, she was with Him.

I read 'Naomi' to the other children for a little time, and then they all placed themselves in a row in the passage, to have the great pleasure of seeing dear Mamma walk again—for the first time since little Lucy's birth—into the drawing-room. I was too tired to wish them good-night separately, and Catty and May sang one sweet Hymn before they went to bed. On Monday dear Chatty and Susan were on my bed together at breakfast, full of fun as I played with them; but, as Chatty was lifted off to go out, I said to her nurse I thought her pale. They all drove out together, and their Father rode after them and gave them leave to get out and play with their dear little playmates the Wordsworths. Alas! little ones, it was your last play together, but quite as bright as any that had gone before. When they came home, I came to the drawing-room, and found them ready for me to read to them. Catty and Chatty sat upon two chairs side by side; the elder was helping the little one with some patchwork she was anxious to finish. A pleased and most sweet look of love lighted up the face of each. I watched them for a few minutes, and said to some one who was near me,

'Did any one ever see two such sisters?' and a vision of brightness never to be realised came over me, of life going on with these most sweet daughters, for every one of whom seemed to open a field of unusual promise. It has opened in brightness indeed, but they are hidden for a season from our eyes. When I had read for a time, I said, 'My Chatty, you look tired.' She said, 'I am, dear Mamma,' and, kissing me, went off to her little bed. Catty and May stayed in turns and read to me while I had dinner. Next morning, when Mrs. Peach came with my breakfast, she told me that May had a bad cold, and would stay in bed, and that Chatty had been sick, and was not well, but she had given her some medicine, and would keep her quiet, and that in a few hours she thought she would be well. She continued a little poorly all day, and at four in the afternoon, when I went to the drawing-room, I asked Mrs. Peach to bring her to me, as she was then up. When she came she looked little, and seemed weak and hot, also a look about her eyes gave me a feeling of anxiety. I put her little chair beside me, and Catty gave her a parcel containing the little book, 'The Woodman and his dog Cæsar,' which we had got for her as a reward for having learnt so quickly to read. She was pleased with it, looked at the pictures, but seemed very languid, as if she could not bear noise. I put her on the sofa, and she went to sleep. When she awoke I took her in my arms; she was very hot, and seemed quite poorly. I sent for Mrs. Peach, and

said she should not return to the nursery. (Ah! sweet lamb, you had seen your nursery for the last time.) We agreed that a little bed should be made by the side of my bed, which was done. She was put to bed, and soon went off into so sound a sleep that we felt hopeful that morning would find her much as usual. When she was gone the other children came, and we had our reading, 'The Young Voyagers,'—the last reading. I went to bed at ten, but could not sleep; why, I know not. Their Father, who had been dining out, came to see me and to pray with me before he left me. We neither of us felt uneasy about our Chatty. Yet a sadness seemed resting upon me. She slept most of the night, but was rather restless at times, and thirsty when awake. All night I lay listening to each sound she made, and Mrs. Peach came to her several times and gave her a drink, which she took nicely, and did not seem to have a bad sore throat. Once or twice in the night I heard her say 'Where? where?' as if angels told her of a brighter home ready for her. Towards morning, but still in a deep sleep, she raised herself in her little bed, and in a voice which told its tale to my poor heart, she said the following prayer, her usual prayer for night:—'O my God, teach me to love Thee. O my God, teach me to pray. O my God, keep me from sin. Pray God to bless me, make me a good and holy child, and keep me to Thy heavenly kingdom. Forgive me all my sin. Teach me to know and love my Saviour Jesus Christ, who,

when on earth, suffered little children to come unto Him, and whose child I was made at my baptism. Bless my dear father and mother, my dear brother Craufurd, and my sisters. Bless my dear little baby, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. Our Father,' etc.

'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I give my soul to Christ to keep;
Sleep I now, wake I never,
I give my soul to Christ for ever.'

She lay quiet for a little time, and then in a voice of exceeding clearness she said the poem she had been learning the day before.

I felt much alarmed, and a weight of sorrow came on my heart; it was the first time that a sense of danger for any of my children came over me. I heard her Father come into his dressing-room, and rapped for him to come to me. He came at once, and was much distressed and astonished to find me crying. I said, 'Our Chatty is ill; I am not easy about her: will you send for Mr. Page?' He tried to comfort me, and said he would not go to the School, but would remain and see Mr. Page. After our morning prayer he left me, and my darling awoke; she seemed better, looked like herself. I said to her, 'My Chatty, you have said your prayers.' She said, 'No, dear Mamma, but may I say them with you?' She then said them, much the same as what she had said in her sleep, but waited for my prayer before she ended. My prayer for each of them ever was—'O Lord, bless this dear child to-day, keep her to Thy heavenly kingdom. Prepare her for

all Thou hast prepared for her; order all the circumstances of her life and death as Thou shalt see best for her; only keep her Thine for ever, and suffer her not for anything the world can give to fall away from Thee, and give us grace and strength to bring her up for Thee.'

I little thought that in a few hours after I was to kneel to give her up to that dear Saviour for ever; but so it was. She seemed tired when she had finished her prayer, and lay back to rest, but when her breakfast came she sat up and seemed to enjoy it. Dear Catty came in to see me and ask how Chatty was. Chatty looked pleased to see her and said, 'Would you like a bit of my bread and butter, dear Catty?' I did not wish her to go near, and said, 'No, darling, but she shall find you your doll.' She seemed pleased at the thought of her Christmas doll, and said Catty would find it in her drawer. When found, I laid it beside her; she looked at it for a few moments and then took no more notice of it. Mr. Page came, looked at her, asked if she had had measles. Upon our saying 'Yes,' he said, 'Then most likely she is going to have the scarlet fever; separate the other children.' From that moment they were placed in rooms at the far end of the house, and had no communication with those near Chatty. She sat up when Mr. Page was gone, and said in her clear voice, 'Mr. Page has been here.' The bell for morning service was over, and being their usual time for going out, she said, 'Peachie, where are the others?'

'They are gone out, dear.' 'I want to go to them,' she said, creeping gently down her little bed. Mrs. Peach said, 'No, Chatty dear,' and lifted her into bed. She lay quiet for a few minutes and then sat up and began to look at the pictures she was so fond of, and soon after, looking at me in a strange, wild manner, began to open her mouth in a fearful way. I was alone with her, and rang for Mrs. Peach, who came in a moment, gave her a drink, and would not let me see her till the spasm was over; she then moved her bed to the bottom of mine, and she lay quite quiet while I finished my dressing. Mrs. Peach then helped me into the next room to nurse the baby, and her Father came and sat by our darling. A weight was on our hearts, a fear of coming ill. She looked most sweet as I left the room, and a moment after, looking up at her Father, she said, 'I must go away.' Yes, darling, away from your happy home on earth to that much brighter home above, to that portion of those heavenly mansions ready for us: and not long to be separated from those sweet playmates of your earthly home, who had made it so dear to us! I had not been with baby five minutes when I heard a noise that alarmed me in the next room, and giving the poor baby to Cousin Nannie, I ran to my Chatty. What was the matter, at first, I could not make out, until Mrs. Peach said, 'Dear Chatty is in a fit.' We had every assistance that could be given at once; she was put into a bath, and I cut off the sweet soft hair I loved so well to stroke. She seemed, to a certain extent,

to come to herself, but never altogether. Mr. Page saw her constantly, and Mrs. Peach never left the side of her darling We kept a watch of agony, but strove to have no will but His who had lent us this little lamb. Dear Cousin Nannie, who had loved this little one with a most tender love, and dear Aunt Lizzie, watched with us during those sad hours. About six o'clock I was absent from the room, when Mrs. Peach came to me, and said Chatty had known and kissed her. I went soon to her, and she gave one sweet kiss. She was frequently sick, and would say in a gentle voice, 'Sick again;' but between times she lay quiet, and did not seem to suffer. So went on these anxious hours. Between ten and eleven I put on my dressing-gown to nurse my baby, and while I was weeping over her, her Father came in. I told him I feared we must part with our Chatty, and that if it was brain-fever we ought not to wish her life. He did not seem at that time quite to think that she must go. I went back to her room much exhausted, as I had but little strength; those around feared for me, and begged me to get a little rest. Mrs. Peach looked at me and said, 'You have a husband and many more children, for their sake do rest.' In order not to increase their anxiety I consented to go for a short time, but before leaving her I knelt down beside her to seek for strength to give up this darling, should this be her call home. I lay down a few moments, and thought how, most likely, her journey was almost over, how easily she

had run her race, and continued as much as I could in prayer for her. Her Father came in; he knew now his darling must go, and his dear heart was torn with bitter grief. A sudden call at the door took us again to our room, in which our Chatty lay; she was just about to breathe her last, when we all knelt down, and he read the prayer commending her spirit to Him who had but lent it to us, and who now had come to take her to Himself. It was one o'clock in the morning of Thursday the 6th of March that this precious one left us. The case had been a very startling one, but as none of the usual symptoms of scarlet fever had appeared, I clung to the hope that it was brain fever, and tried thus to quiet my anxiety about the other children; also, they had been separated so entirely and at once, that unless they had all taken infection together, we thought we need not fear. Still anxious thoughts would come. Our spirits were calm that night, yet full of anguish, and her Father rose early to go with heavy tidings to his happy nursery. It was but three weeks since he had taken the happy tidings of little Lucy's birth, and he knew not how he should tell them of their loss. He found his dear Catty combing her long hair; May was in bed, in their own little room; Craufurd, Frances, and Susan, dressing in the nursery. He took all, except little Susan, into Catty and May's room, and told them that their little Chatty was gone from them, that the Good Shepherd had come for her, and taken her in His arms to heaven. Catty and Craufurd cried very

much; dear May was very still; she did not say much,—her quiet mind seemed at once to embrace the gain of death. It was necessary for me to keep my bed most of that day. We went in quite early to see the lifeless form of our beloved child. There she lay in the room in which I had given her birth; but that day I felt indeed the spirit was gone, and the little form before us looked so different now the bright spirit which had breathed through it, and given it such exceeding beauty, had flown to a region far more suited for it than this world of sin and sorrow. After praying beside her, we went back to our own room, and I to my bed. We then determined, as we knew not what might be before us, that we would have the baptism of our sweet babe in private before our mourning family that day. It had been fixed for the 13th, dear Catty's birthday, if I was strong enough to go out, and had earnestly been looked forward to by all the children. When dear Chatty had been brought to me poorly on Tuesday, I said, 'Chatty, darling, I hope you will be quite well before Catty's birthday.'

I remained in bed till the afternoon, trying to realise all that had happened, feeling the greatness of our loss, also the blessedness of having our sweet little one in heaven. At four o'clock I dressed and went into the drawing-room. All the darlings were brought to me before the servants came up. Catty and Craufurd clung to me as if they never would bear to leave me again; they were weeping bitterly.

I had to invite my sweet May to take her place on my lap. Frances came next, a little graver, but still merry as merry could be. What did she know of death? I took her on my lap, pressed her to me, put back her long light curls and said, 'O my Frances, how glad I am you are such a sweet earthly child!' Then came my baby Susan, looking so like Chatty that as I took her in my arms I said, 'Surely you were given constantly to remind me of my Chatty.' The little one looked at me and with her joyous baby voice said, 'Chatty, Chatty; Pet, Pet.' All were now ready for the baptism, and the servants came. Mrs. Peach brought in the little baby, put her in my arms, and held Frances herself; Miss Godding, our governess, had Susan; Catty, May, and Craufurd were all close by me. One place alone was empty, and this we felt was bitterness enough, but it made us cling more entirely to those still left. Their Father came in, read the Service, and baptized his babe, gave her back to me, and after the thanksgiving for the reception of this our little 'Lucy Sydney Murray' into Christ's Church on earth, we all joined, though with bitter tears, in thanksgiving for the reception of our sweet Chatty into Christ's Church in heaven. It was a sweet, solemn service, and one that I felt sure the elder children would ever remember with a holy and blessed awe. When all was over, the little ones were taken to bed, and I was left alone with my three darlings, Catty, May, and Craufurd. We were trying to feel as cheerful and happy as we could. I was

much struck with their simple loving faith, and their earnest desire to comfort us. Dear Catty said, 'Mamma, would you read us "The Lost Jewels"?' It seemed to have made a strong impression on her mind. All heard it with the deepest interest, and I then read to them the following poem :—

'"What shall I render Thee, Father Supreme,
For Thy rich gifts, and this the best of all?"
Said the young mother as she fondly watched
Her sleeping babe! There was an answering voice
That night in dreams! "Thou hast a tender flower
Upon thy breast, fed with the dews of love :
Lend me that flower, such flowers there are in Heaven."
But there was silence, yea, a hush so deep,
Breathless and terror-stricken, that the lip
Blanched in its trance! "Thou hast a little harp,
How sweetly would it swell the angels' hymn!
Yield me that harp." Then rose a shuddering sob,
As if the bosom by some hidden sword
Was cleft in twain! Morn came, a blight had found
The crimson velvet of the unfolding bud,
The harp-strings rang a thrilling strain and woke,
And the young mother lay upon the earth
In childless agony! Again the voice
That stirred the vision : "He who asked of thee,
Loveth a cheerful giver,"—so she raised
Her gushing eyes, and ere that tear-drop dried
Upon its fringes, smiled, and that meek smile,
Like Abraham's faith, was counted righteousness.'

Their Father was at dinner; they wished for him to hear it. I said they should ask him to come when he had finished, but could Catty bear to see him cry? —a cloud on his dear face ever brought such grief to her. He came, and she would have both read to him again. Friday, I had at the same time a little sweet talk with them, and felt now that we had a distinct

schoolroom and nursery, three in each ; the little link between the two was gone. Our little funeral was to be on Monday. Everything was arranging beautifully for it to be conducted with as sweet an atmosphere of love and hope as we could throw around it. Only those who knew and loved the little one were to have any part in taking her to her quiet resting-place. The children were most anxious to follow her, and so it was to be, if I was strong enough, which I quite hoped I should be. Before that day came we had to learn a solemn lesson, that we cannot choose the circumstances of our grief. Saturday, I felt much stronger. We were having the picture taken of our darling. She looked most lovely, but was to be closed in her coffin that night. The children were to gather flowers from their own little gardens to be put in her hands. This they did early in the afternoon. About four I went into the nursery, for the first time since the night of Lucy's birth. They were all in high play, sleeves and frocks turned up. They looked the very picture of health and happiness. I sat and watched them a little time, and thought, that of all they would at their games miss Chatty the least. It is Mamma that will miss you, sweet gem. I told them after tea to come down to the study, and bring their flowers for Mrs. Peach. They all came and gathered round us. Cousin Nannie and Aunt Lizzie, as well as their Father were present. Miss Godding had sweet Susan in her arms. Mrs. Peach brought in the

flowers sent by Mrs. Wordsworth, as her little offering of love to that child she had loved so well. Mrs. Peach had made a beautiful wreath. I said, It is like her birthday wreath. Catty stood near Mrs. Peach, who was going to put the wreath on Catty's head for the others to see. Her Father pulled her away, saying rapidly, 'No, not on Catty!' a feeling evidently coming to his heart that to connect his eldest born with death was more than he could bear. They brought forward little Susan, and the wreath made for Chatty was put on her head. Alas! the flowers which she was to wear also were in that basket. Cousin Nannie looked at her in her loveliness, and said to herself, 'Are they ready to give you up also?' I hardly took notice of this little scene at the time, but it has been told me since. . . . Mrs. Peach received the flowers they had made ready, put them in the basket, and went away. Again we remained with the three elder children. Catty was in floods of tears, but finding sweet Hymns for me to read; and we shall never forget her look, nor how in heart and mind she seemed to follow her Chatty to that heavenly home. Her Father was distressed at seeing her grief, and took her into the schoolroom to talk and pray with her; he then took each of the others in turn, and seemed greatly to enjoy that sweet communion with them. About ten o'clock I went to the nursery, hoping to see them all asleep. Little Frances was in Catty's bed wide awake. I said, 'My Francey, are you not asleep?' She looked

up and said, 'I've never had my 'scut.' I sent Martha down for her biscuit, and stayed a minute or two to see if she was quite well. I went into the sleeping nursery; one little bed was gone. Craufurd and Susan were fast asleep; Catty was not. I said, 'Darling, are you quite happy?' She said, 'Yes, dear Mamma, I shall soon be asleep.' I took her in my arms and kissed her, then laid her gently down to sleep. I had anxiety in my own mind about her, lest the presence of death should impress her over-sensitive mind too much. I went to my own room, and got ready to have our last look at that little form which was that night to be closed from mortal sight. Her coffin was on her little bed, and she lay within it, looking most lovely, with the wreath of flowers round her head, another on her breast, and others placed all over her. All had been thus arranged by the loving hand of her who had taken the sweet one from her birth, and now, with a heart torn with sorrow, had performed for her the last sad offices. Catty and May's little offerings were in her two hands, Craufurd's on her breast. We knelt beside that form in agony, for it was hard to part with her; but strength was given: we felt Whose hand had given, and now had taken her. We know that we shall have her again, though not in this world.

Sunday morning came. My husband said he would read as much of the Service at home as he thought I should have strength for. I was to be ready by half-past eleven. He said 'What shall we

do about the dear children? Shall they have their Sunday-school?' I said, 'Leave that to themselves. After prayers dear Catty came to him and said, 'Papa, might we stay with you this morning and have our Sunday-school, while you are at breakfast? and may we keep Susan?' Leave was given for both. Catty was mistress. She put May first, then Craufurd; left Chatty's place vacant; then Frances, and last of all little Susan, whom they did not usually keep in their class as she was so young. The sweet babe with a merry laugh looked at the vacant place and said, 'Chatty! Chatty!' and would run to occupy it herself. Catty tried to make her understand that she must not go there. It was in vain: Chatty's place and no other would little Susan occupy. At the time fixed I came into the drawing-room, feeling pretty well, but tired from dressing. My husband read the Litany with the whole household, then, seeing me tired, he sent the servants away. I said, 'Will you get down the large Bible, and let the dear children read the Lessons?' He put it down on a chair for them, and they sat on three little stools, their voices sounding so sweet as they read the holy words. Just then there rushed to my heart a feeling of separation from them which I could not bear, and an intense faintness. They were at once sent out of the room, and help procured for me. What was coming? New trial, *that* I felt sure of—more separation. Was I, by a sudden stroke, to be taken and they left? It seemed to me likely to be so that Sunday; its hours

passed solemnly, as I walked about the passage leaning on my husband's arm, or lay on the sofa, unable to fix my thoughts. I was better towards evening; Miss Godding came in with my Susan in her arms, radiant in beauty; she said, 'I could not let her go to bed until you had seen her.' I kissed her and said, 'I must not see any more to-night; it is too much for me, I cannot bear it.' The child had been at tea in Mrs. Peach's room, and running down the passage shortly after, she had turned round. Mrs. Peach caught a glimpse of her face, lighted up with the beauty of heaven, now very near her, and said to herself, 'Is that one meet for heaven?' She was put to bed in perfect health, and in a few minutes was fast asleep. Cousin Nannie had been much with the others; it had been to all a heavy anxious day. Towards evening she went with them to the school-room; she said, 'Would it not be nice to sing something?' Catty said, 'O yes! so nice!' flew out of the room, found the book she wanted, opened it at this hymn, and all together they sang it with an earnestness of voice and manner which will not soon be forgotten:—

'Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more.

Oh! that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh! that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heav'n will go,
And sing with saints above.
Oh! that, etc.

Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From many an Infant School.
Oh! that, etc.

Teachers, too, will meet above,
And our parents, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.
Oh! that, etc.

Oh, how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on His throne.
Oh! that, etc.

There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.
Oh! that,' etc.

Their Father heard them all say their prayers together that night. Towards evening I again felt very faint, and with a feeling of exceeding dread upon me. Mr. Page was sent for at my desire; he told me I was well, and so were all the rest, he was thankful to find, and going down-stairs with the Dean they continued some time talking, as both considered an immediate change would be good for us all. Meantime I went to sleep, and awoke in the morning at first feeling well, but in a few minutes the faintness and the dread returned again. It was the morning of my Chatty's funeral. I felt I dare not go. Mr. Page came in, and the Dean with him. The former said, 'It will be too cold for you to go, and I think the children had

better not. Before I had time to reply, he said, 'Do you know the child Susan is ill?' I said 'No; is it fever?' He said, 'I fear it is.' At once I felt quite well myself, and this came like light to my mind, 'We are in God's hands.' I inquired about the other children. They were all well, separated again at once with every care. If permission could be got, they were to go to another house with their governess. Meantime they were in the dining-room, and no one from the nursery was to go near them. Mrs. Peach had the charge of dear Susan, and was nursing her; the rash was coming out in a nice, healthy form, and Mr. Page thought she was likely to do very well. I sent word to Mrs. Peach that I should remain quiet in bed till the funeral of my darling was over; that then I should dress and go down to the other children, and I would not see my Susan till everything was arranged for them, as I should not like to see them when I had once been with her. I heard afterwards that little Susan had slept well till between one and two, when she awoke sick. Miss Godding lifted her out of her little bed and gave her to Craufurd, while she ran for Mrs. Peach. The sickness passed away, and she seemed pretty well, but would not go back to her own bed, so Craufurd was put with Frances, and she lay in Miss Godding's arms. Mrs. Peach left them, but soon went back. All were asleep, except little Susan, who was wide awake, and looked lovely; she was lying quite quiet in Miss Godding's arms, and, hearing Mrs. Peach coming, said, 'Peachie,

Peachie.' About five Miss Godding sent word to Mrs. Peach that the child seemed hot and poorly. Mrs. Peach went at once to her, got little Frances out of the room as soon as she awoke, and sent them all down-stairs to the schoolroom under the care of their nursery-maid. She then dressed little Susan, and sat with her in the day-nursery by the fire. The rash came out nicely, and the child seemed to have it well. At twelve o'clock I heard the carriages come to take my Chatty to her quiet resting-place. I got up and went to my window, and saw the little coffin carried out. Her Father and Aunt Lizzie followed it, then Mr. Page. In heart and mind I followed, but not in body; joined in the silence of my own chamber in that solemn Service, and then strove to realise the gain for my beloved lamb, and sought for strength for what might yet be before us. Meantime the little ones had, from the schoolroom window, seen their Chatty taken away; then dear Catty called them together, and finding the Service, the sweet babes all joined together in it by themselves. When I came down to them an hour afterwards, dear Craufurd said, 'We read the Service together, but it was so short that Catty read us the two last chapters of the Revelation;' thus did the darling girl, of her own accord, try to raise them all to the thoughts of that unseen world on which one of their little company had entered. It was a sad meeting I had with these dear children, for very heavy was the weight on my heart as I looked at them, and felt that death might be among them.

They asked at once eagerly about Susan. 'How is she, dear Mamma?' 'Going on well, I trust, darlings.' 'What is the matter with her?' 'I fear it is scarlet fever,' I said. 'Was it scarlet fever that Chatty died of?' 'Yes,' I said, 'I suppose it was now Susan has it, though we hoped it had not been so.' 'Will Susan die?' Craufurd said; 'for you know scarlet fever is quite like a plague, and carries off whole families.' It alarmed me a good deal that they should have that impression, and I spoke to them as cheerfully as I could, telling them that that was not often the case, that dear Susan was doing very well, and I trusted it would please God soon to make her quite well again. I said they should now all go out, and in a few minutes all were in the garden and at play, 'as full of joy as if on earth were no such thing as death.'

Meantime I had safe beds brought down-stairs for them, as the messenger could not return from Keswick, whither we hoped to remove them, till between ten and eleven. After dinner I looked in; all were asleep; then, for the first time, I went to my sweet babe. She did look lovely,—her beautiful eyes bright with fever, her chestnut curls in clusters round her head, and a light from heaven on her darling face. When she awoke, and saw me, she clasped her hands, and said, 'Mamma, Mamma,' and then asked for 'Chatty, Chatty,' and 'Pet, Pet,'—which was the name she had given the baby from the first moment she saw her. She seemed to think, since she missed

Chatty from her nursery, that I had her, as well as baby, who had never yet taken her place in the nursery. Mrs. Peach looked very tired, and I took the sweet one in my arms, and asked if she would not put her into her little bed, for I said, 'I am sure she will sleep better, as she is not accustomed to be nursed.' We got the little bed moved in. Mr. Page came, looked at my Susan, and said, 'That child is doing very well; she could not have it better.' We were cheered by this account, and I promised soon to go to bed. When he was gone, as I hushed her in my arms, I sung a lullaby to her, and she joined in it in quite a loud, sweet voice, keeping both time and tune. I then left her, and went to our own room to go to bed. The Dean was with me, and while we were praying together after the sorrow and anxiety of the day, Mrs. Peach came to the door to say the Dean was wanted. I waited a few minutes, and as he did not return, went to little baby in the nursery close by, and asked what the Dean was wanted for, and where he was. The poor nursery-maid seemed as if she could not tell me. At length she got out, 'In the nursery.' I ran there also, but only to find my Susan in a fit. When all seemed doing well, it had come in a moment, and, after Chatty's case, hope left us at once. Everything that man could do was done. Mr. Page was with us in a few minutes, and tried everything, but in vain; the little lovely one lay unconscious, first in Mrs. Peach's arms till three in the morning, when she was quite exhausted from her long

and anxious watch, and then in mine. The little body was quite stiff, the arms and legs twitching, the eyes open, but no sight for anything more in this world. At five o'clock Mrs. Peach took her again, and I, feeling very ill, went to my own room and lay down. At seven, her Father came to tell me he thought our darling would not be with us many more minutes. I rose in haste, and went with him. It was a sight full of agony; the conflict with death was long. Between six and seven more hours we kept our sad watch, expecting every moment that all would be over. It was between one and two when our darling little Susan left our poor home on earth to join her Chatty in the Fold above. She died on Tuesday, March 11th, and in sadness and bitterness of heart we went together to the drawing-room and sat there. I never saw my little lamb again. A few hours after, when her Father saw her laid on her little bed, calm and peaceful, the face had regained some of the beauty it had lost in the conflict with death. I never have been able to realise how the other darlings bore the tidings. We were now entirely separated from them, as at seven o'clock in the morning they had been taken to another house. How greatly did this necessary separation increase to us the agony! I longed for communion with those darlings, I longed to strengthen and cheer them, and anxious, most anxious, I felt as to what my Catty might suffer, as I knew she would realise all that was going on, and would long to come to me and her Father for help

and comfort. But we left her and all of them in God's hand, who had thus come among us, and was taking to Himself our beautiful ones, whom we had had such delight in training for Him.

On Wednesday the 12th, soon after three o'clock, our little Susan was laid in the same grave which had received her Chatty on the Monday. From one window in my room I saw her carried out, and from the other I saw my darlings at Mr. Gipps' house opposite, looking at me with faces I can never forget. After a few minutes of watching each other we both withdrew to read again that solemn Service.

Thursday was my Catty's birthday; she was ten years old. Ten years of untold happiness had been ours since she first came. She had opened to be all that our fondest wishes could desire, and what a field of promise lay still before us! It is impossible to tell the help she had been with her sisters and dear Craufurd,—how they were guided by her, and how gentle and sweet her influence was with them. Most happy and holy had all her birthdays been. She used to stay by herself, first with me, and then with Papa, for a little prayer and a few words to help our darling on her heavenward way, and then she always went with us to church—dear child! All this she could not have on her last birthday, but in other respects she had, even though sad, a happy birthday. We allowed her to go with Miss Godding and choose a desk which she wished for as her present from Papa. I sent her a Sacred Poetry, which I knew she would

love, and other friends were very kind in sending her little presents. The children had a little feast at their tea, and I went to the window with Papa to look at them. They all looked well and happy, and earnestly we trusted it might please God to spare them; and that in a few days it might be safe for us again to be with them, and that we might move them to a happy country home, and watch over them with greater love and tenderness. Our schoolroom, the three we had brought with us to Carlisle, were still with us, and we knew what a treasure we had in them. We looked sadly on our little Frances as we felt that one on each side of her was gone; still, she was very bright, too young to miss them, and baby was given to take, as it were, little Susan's place on earth, and we could think calmly, though sadly, of those two sweet ones bearing each other company in the kingdom of their Saviour in heaven, and perhaps watching over the beloved ones they had left.

Darling Francie had been anxious for some little time that I should teach her to read and to work, and I pictured to myself the comfort I should find in this occupation. But this was not to be. Friday, I watched them from the Deanery windows as they walked together in the Abbey, and in the afternoon went to look at them through the window of Mr. Gipps' house. All sprang to the window and held up the pictures they were painting for us to see. Little Frances was very anxious that we should admire her donkey, but Mamma's eyes were fixed on

her, and sweet she looked, and very well. We wished them all good-night, and early in the morning received good accounts of them all. It was Saturday, March 15th. After our sad trouble I felt most anxious again to go to church. I had been absent four Sundays; so we talked together about this, and wondered if it would be right—if we might venture—and determined to refer the matter to Mr. Page, who would soon come in.

On Wednesday, just before the funeral of our little Susan, we had removed dear Cousin Nannie to a nice quiet lodging near, in which she could be kept out of the fearful currents of air which we now kept in the Deanery to prevent infection; also it seemed desirable to disperse as much as possible, as, though we hoped the best, no one could tell what might be before us.

About eleven o'clock that Saturday morning the Dean came back to the drawing-room and Mr. Page with him. I was just beginning to ask about our going to church, when he said, 'No, dear, that is taken out of our hands, for we fear Frances is ill.' She had been sitting on Catty's knee after breakfast, hearing a story, when she was taken with sudden sickness. My Catty turned very pale and called Miss Godding. Kind Miss Godding immediately took the little one up to a separate room, and sent for Mr. Page, having got a nurse to stay with the others. Mr. Page found dear little Frances looking pale. She heard the others at play in the room under hers, and asked if she might have some of

Catty and May's beer (this was what she would always call the port wine which Mr. Page had given them as medicine twice a day, to strengthen them), that she might be well and go and play with them at lions. Mr. Page said she should remain as she was a few hours, that we might know if it was to be fever or not; if it should prove so, he advised us to place her in our own room, as being so very large and airy, and having also been thoroughly fumigated and cleaned, and kept open ever since our darling Chatty had been taken from it on the Monday. It was got ready, and with anxious hearts we waited. After a few hours we were told the rash was coming out nicely; but, alas! it was indeed the fever! What a new field of anxiety did this open to us, for now it was evident that the separation to another house had been of no avail. Mrs. Peach went over and brought the dear little Frances to the room got ready for her. Miss Godding took a warm bath, changed all her clothes, washed her hair, and again resumed the charge of her schoolroom children.

I was ready to receive my pet, who was in great spirits, and delighted to come again to us. She asked me at once about the pictures she had seen that last happy Sunday, and wanted to know if they would be hers. Again I fondly hoped that we might nurse her not only in sickness, but in recovery, and thought how nice it would be to show her pictures and talk to her. This bright little child had become of great value indeed to us from the others being gone, and

we knew well how great a pet she was with our darling Catty. I cut off at once the dear child's beautiful long light hair; having kept one lock, I burned the rest. She was pleased at having it cut, and said when she was big she would have lots of long black hair, but she would not like hair so very black as Miss Godding's. She was excited with fever, and talked almost without ceasing. I gave her her Christmas doll to keep her quiet, and she was delighted with it, laid it cosy up beside her, and everything given to her the doll must share. When I was gone out of the room, she said to Mrs. Peach, 'Peachie, do you know that Chatty and Susan are gone to God? and if I am good I shall go also,—Catty told me so.'

We made her bed for her, and laid her down, tried to keep her as quiet as we could, and waited anxiously, fearing lest the disease should attack the head, as it had done with the other two. She continued quite herself all Saturday, but very much excited, talking over everything she could remember in her little life, asking when her new birthday would come, and drawing in her own mind pictures of what it would bring her, and the feast she would make with the others. Her birthday has come and gone since then! but it was not given to us on it to see her happy face, or to know the joys into which our darling has entered. She heard from her bed a dog bark, and said to me, 'Mamma, is that Mr. Merryman's dog?' She had seen Merryman acting with his dog at St.

Andrews the year before, and it was delightful to us to see how cleverly the little creature would act the dog to make us laugh.

Towards evening she went into a nice sleep, and on Sunday morning when I went to her she was quite quiet, and in rather a torpid state; she was intensely covered with the rash, and the fever was running high, but it now seemed likely to be of a much more natural character than with Chatty and Susan, and we hoped the best. About ten o'clock that Sunday morning Jane came to tell me that dear Catty, May, and Craufurd were having their Sunday-school in the window of Mr. Gipps' house opposite. I went to look at them. It was their last. Sweet Susan, who had taken Chatty's place the Sunday before, had since Tuesday been with her in heaven; and now, was Frances to follow? and how would it be with the others? All this our hearts began anxiously now to inquire.

It was Palm Sunday; dear Catty was greatly distressed that she could not go to church, and asked earnestly if they were not to be allowed to go at all this Passion Week. For some years she and dear May had gone every day of that holy week, and loved also, especially in that week, to work for the poor, and what they then made, they gave at Easter to the poor. That week they were making, each of them, a little frock for the baby of our late cook; they are still unfinished. In consequence of my confinement there had been some delay in getting the

print, and, full of energy, they came to me a few days before the illness began, and said, 'Mamma, the baby will be grown up before we make its frocks.' They worked very hard the days they were at Mr. Gipps' house, and the morning my Catty was taken ill she said, 'Miss Godding, will you sit in my room, and get ready my frock-body, and then if I am a little better this afternoon, I can work at it?'

When the Sunday-school was over that Sunday morning, and the people began to go to church, Miss Godding called them to read the Morning Service; dear May was suffering that day from asthma, and sat on Miss Godding's lap. My Catty said in the evening, when she was alone with Miss Godding, 'I am afraid I was not very good to-day, for I could not help looking at dear May, and thinking of her as she sat on your knee, when you read the lessons.' Ah, my Catty! did you fear a separation from your May, from whom you never had been parted, and now never never shall be?

About three o'clock that afternoon Mr. Page came in to see little Frances, and said he wished to call in fresh advice,—not that he felt anxious about her, but that after the death of the other two it would be a greater satisfaction to have some one to watch her case with him. He wished for Dr. Christison from Edinburgh, and we telegraphed for him, but found that he could not reach Carlisle till twelve next day. We then sent over to Brampton for Dr. Graham, who came that evening and saw the little girl. He did

not think her very ill, and quite agreed in all that was being done for her. She lay oppressed with illness all that day, and was most good and sweet. She would rouse herself at once to take either food or medicine when desired, and when she had taken as much as she could would say, 'No more, thank you, darling Mamma.' She had a restless night, and when morning came she said, as on each other morning, 'Now, Peachie, it is morning; I should like to say my prayer.' We had a more comfortable account of her that morning, and when Dr. Christison came he said she had a sharp attack of scarlet fever, but he quite thought the child would do well; he approved of all that was being done. The opinion of Dr. Davy, who saw her that day, was the same. We went over to the other children, to cheer them through the window by this account. They were in good spirits, and we all hoped that a few more days would see our darling out of all danger. The Dean's brothers in Edinburgh were anxiously waiting for Dr. Christison's report. He gave much more hope than fear to them, 'But,' he added, 'it is a treacherous disease—none more so.' About ten o'clock, when the doctors came in, she was quiet, and they did not seem uneasy about her. Her Father and I were keeping watch with Jane till one, when Mrs. Peach would take our place. Soon after the doctors left she became highly delirious, and so restless we could not keep her in bed; this lasted for some hours, and we became so much alarmed that when Mrs.

Peach came we determined again to send for Mr. Page. He came, and had her put in a hot bath. She was so weak that I thought she would sink under it, but when taken out she seemed better, and went into a sweet sleep. We also left her, and much exhausted went to bed. Tuesday she was ill, very ill, highly delirious, and worn out with fatigue. About four I had been out for a little drive, and went to look at my other darlings; they had been with our kind friend Mrs. Dixon to the gardens at Knells, and had brought back some beautiful flowers. My Catty said, 'Oh, Mamma, we brought them for you.' I said, 'Keep them for me, darling, I could not bear them now; please God we are a little happier at Easter, I shall so like them.' But when Easter came it brought no flowers to us. I went in and stayed a few moments alone with my little Frances; she was asleep and quietly so. I knelt down beside her; her life was in the balance, but Who was directing it? Should I take the choice upon myself, and crave at any cost the life of this sweet child now so very precious to us? I thought of the Home in Heaven to which Chatty and Susan were gone, and then thought of the very brightest home I might hope to secure for this little lamb on earth. If her Home in Heaven was ready, should I wish to keep her here? No! I knelt and asked Him who could see all that was before her and us, to do as he saw fit with this our blessed child, and I knew that He would strengthen us.

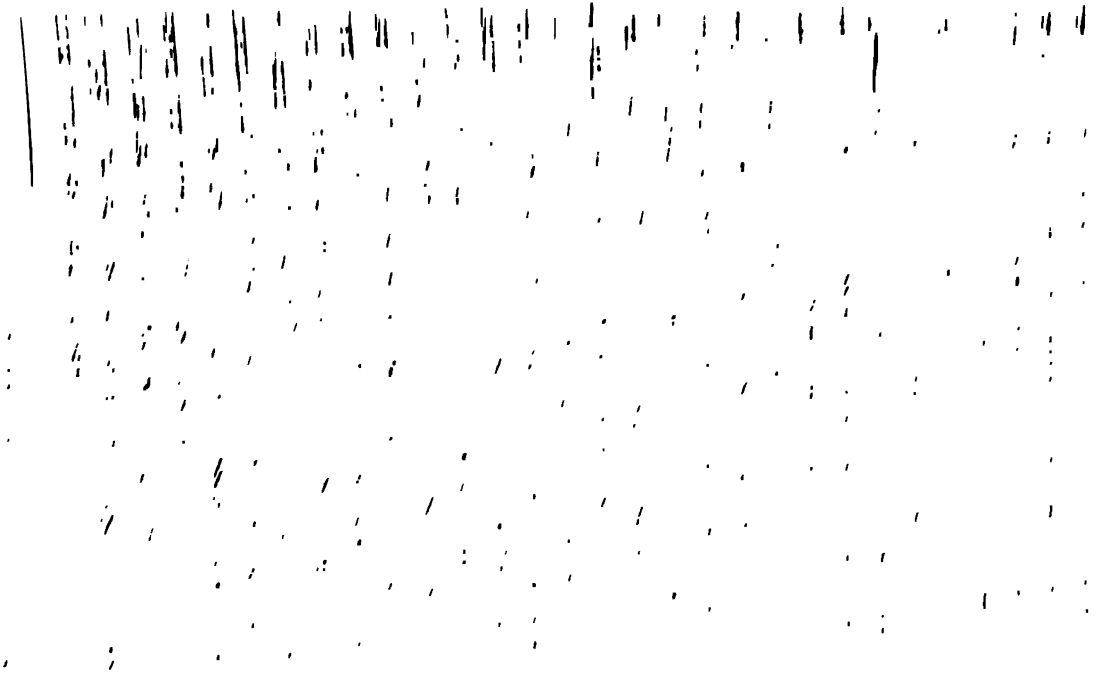
Night came, and a very anxious night we had, sit-

ting with her till about two in the morning, and then leaving her with Mrs. Peach while we sought a little rest. At eight o'clock next morning Mr. Page came into our room, and with quite a happy look said, 'That child is better.' Our hearts were full of thankfulness, and earnestly we trusted our cup of sorrow was over, and that a little joy and hope would come to us. After a little time I rose and went to her, having a good account of our three darlings in the other house. Alas! she seemed to me no better, but rather worse. Mrs. Peach said, 'I do not think her so well—a change came on as soon as Mr. Page had seen her.'

She continued very restless and suffering all day, but so patient and good; at times highly delirious. The only thing she would take that day was ice, which she called 'Papa's goodies,' but the dear little voice was clouded much, and the throat very, very bad; still she could swallow. At four o'clock the other children returned from a drive with Mrs. Dixon and Aunt Lizzie. I went over with their Father to see them. Catty looked most beautiful; we could not take our eyes off her. It seemed now as if every look of health was of untold value to us. Aunt Lizzie came and walked with us, and told us that while out driving some one had stopped the carriage to ask after Frances. When Catty heard her spoken of as in danger, she closed her eyes and lay back in the carriage—that sweet face clouded with an expression of untold sorrow, as if she could not bear it. She said shortly afterwards, 'Does any one ever recover

from scarlet fever?' and Aunt Lizzie said that while walking with her she clung much to her, and would not loose her hand. Miss Godding has since told me that that night, when the others were gone to bed, my Catty asked that she might read again the chapters Papa had read to them when he told them of their Chatty being taken from them. She did read the last two chapters of Revelation, and thus closed her days of health.

After looking at them for a few minutes through the window, we returned to dear Frances, whose restlessness was now intense. Dr. Davy, who saw her that evening with Mr. Page, thought she would recover. About eight o'clock we were sitting by her; she was worn out with fatigue, and kept saying to herself, 'Oh, I am so tired! I am so tired!' Then I heard her say, as she fell off to sleep, 'Our Father which art in heaven.' Often, very often, we prayed beside our little lamb. She fell off to sleep, but the first hour was a restless and pained sleep, sad to witness; it little by little became calm and very quiet, so that I lay beside her and slept also, while her Father watched at the other side. At ten o'clock Mr. Page came in, looked at her for some time as she slept, and felt her pulse. O how we longed to hear him say, 'This sleep is all we can desire; she will awake better'!—but no; he said, 'Can you rouse her, and give her a little port wine?' I did so, and with her little head on my arm tried to give her some. She made a great effort to take it, but said



calm, and able again to kneel beside my dying child. She slept, and did not suffer; no fear was hers, no agony! the conflict was over, and Christ Himself near her and us, to take her in His arms and lead her to His Home above, safe with the sweet companions of her nursery. I knelt beside her, with her Father close by. Mr. Page, Mrs. Peach, Jane, and Elizabeth all knelt, while her Father again read from the Visitation Service the Commendatory Prayer. Mr. Page then left us, and we continued our silent watch one other hour. I held the little burning hand in mine, kneeling beside her, until it became cold, and the eyes, closed now in death, awoke in Heaven. She left us soon after one o'clock on the morning of Maundy-Thursday, March 20th.

Again we left the chamber of death, and sought our own room, perhaps in greater anguish and anxiety for those yet left us, than even for that bright little one who had joined our Chatty and Susan. We had the three in heaven, our little babe to begin our nursery with again, the three eldest, our dear, dear companions. For them we feared. How would they bear the shock? How should we tell them of it? Earnestly we prayed that God would now stay His hand and spare to us the rest. We sought His guidance and protection for them. No doubt He heard that prayer, though He could not grant us what we so earnestly asked for.

We then considered what to do, for morning would soon break, and the closed windows and bell would

tell the sad tale. We determined to ask our kind friend Mrs. George Dixon (who for somedays had expressed a kind anxiety that we should send Catty, May, and Craufurd to her) to come over early and take them to her house for the day, and then to tell them how it had pleased God to take their Frances also. Accordingly the Dean wrote to her to this effect, and then gave orders that the windows should not be closed, nor the bell tolled, until they were gone. About four in the morning we went to bed, and slept till six. At seven the Dean got up, anxious to watch for the removal of his three darlings from Mr. Gipps' house. I was alone in bed, and there came to me a feeling of agony and terror; all seemed going from us, and at once. I was above their schoolroom, from which, a few days before, I used to hear the happy, merry voices. Now I heard distinctly a sound of terror. A loud distinct swell from the notes of their piano, and immediately after the little voices seemed calling, 'Papa! Papa!' I knew it was not so, yet distinctly I heard it, and jumping out of bed, ran to my Husband. He could not come, so then I said, 'Mrs. Peach, do come and bring the baby.' She came and sat with me a little till my fear left me, and I asked earnestly if the children were gone, and if they had yet been told. No one seemed to know, and nothing could be seen of them, only we saw Martha in the window opposite. Mrs. Peach brought me my breakfast, which I tried to eat, and said, 'Ah! we know now what it is to eat our bread

in heaviness and sorrow of heart.' I then said, 'Have you heard yet of the other children?' She said, 'I have not had the heart to ask.' Soon after the Dean came in and Mr. Page—oh with what tidings!—Catty was ill! She had been sick. Mr. Page promised that we should go to her. I asked where she was, and found she was still at Mr. Gipps'; the others were gone, and would remain with Mrs. Dixon. Mrs. Dixon had received our note as soon as she was called; rose immediately, with much sorrow for us, and went to fulfil the sad office intrusted to her. The children awoke as usual, got up, asked eagerly after little Frances, and were told that nothing had yet been heard from the Deanery. Catty, while dressing, felt very sick and faint. Miss Godding immediately put her to bed, sent Martha with the others down-stairs, and sent off for Mr. Page. He came at once, and as he reached the door said, 'Who is it?' Miss Godding said, 'Catty.' He said, 'Oh! not Catty.' But, alas! it was. He saw her, ordered her an emetic, and desired she might be kept very quiet.

The others, meantime, were down-stairs alone, and the nurse saw dear May come and lead Craufurd alone into the dining-room, and shut the door; she crept round to the window to see what they were doing; they were kneeling sweetly together at prayer. At this time Mrs. Dixon came. It was a fearful shock to her to find Catty ill, she had left her so very well the evening before. She found that Mr. Page had given orders that we should not be told about

Catty till he came again. She took the remaining two back with her, told them about their Frances, and kept them as happy as she could that day. Next day, alas! she was ill herself from anxiety and distress about us, but after a little time, through God's mercy, her attack passed away. Mr. Page came again soon to see dear Catty; she had been very sick; and he found her pulse so much reduced as to cause immediate alarm. He gave her champagne and water, which revived her, and she soon seemed in a more natural state. He came to tell us, and wished her Father to go to her; but what could be done about the sad news we had to tell? I urged, at first, strongly, that she should be told, and her Father consented to go over and break it to her as gently as he could, and then that I should soon go to her. He went to her. Miss Godding had been sitting quietly with her, and as soon as the sickness had passed away, she said, 'Miss Godding, it is Thursday in Passion Week, will you read me some of the Service?' The Epistle and Gospel were read to her, and she then said, 'The especial lessons have begun, I can find them;' and, taking the Bible in her own hand, she found them, and gave them to Miss Godding to read to her.

When her Father came in she seemed delighted to see him, and asked at once how Frances was. Miss Godding answered so as to evade an answer, and following him out of the room said she felt sure that to tell her would be fatal. He went back and prayed

with his darling, and then returned to me. I had been meantime to see the form of my little Frances, as it lay in my room, with a look of unclouded innocence and beauty. I dared not stay too long, as what I craved for now was calmness of spirit to enable me to take my watch beside my first-born,—that child who had called forth within us all that can be called forth of heavenly love and happiness,—that child who had fulfilled our every wish, and who helped us with the others, and did her work in a way wonderful to contemplate. She and May grew together in the most undivided and beautiful way; must they also be separated? Who can tell the agony of our spirits? By the form of our little child we knelt, and sought for calmness and strength, whilst we earnestly sought that the life of our Catty might be granted to our prayers. I then went over, and with calmness, as if I had never been absent from her, took my place beside her. She was very glad to see me, threw her sweet arms round my neck, and asked me to pray with her, which I did. Her hair was all loose about her, that beautiful hair. I knew it must come off, and said, 'My Catty, is not your hair very hot? shall I cut it off?' She calmly said, 'O yes,' and turned first to one side and then to the other while I cut it off, feeling all the time as if by this act I was giving up my child. I kept a little hair in water and burned the rest. I then sat down beside her; she was quite herself. She said, 'Dear Mamma, must I get up to-day and

have my bath?' I said, 'No, darling, that would not be good for you.' She said, 'I do not think I could stand.' She then asked about Craufurd and May, where they were, and if they would not come back to sleep with her. I said No, she must be kept quite quiet. The doctors came; I went down-stairs to get my directions, and with deep sadness I said to Mr. Page, 'It is difficult to go to work again with no hope.' He said I must not say this, that there was no cause for it; her age was much in her favour, and he quite hoped now that the disease would be in a milder form. She was now better than she had been a few hours before. I remember little more that day; she slept a good deal, awoke to take what she was ordered; and I, exhausted, lay down and slept beside her. At night Miss Godding and the nurse kept watch. She had a very fair night, and all slept a good deal. Good Friday morning came, and found me again beside her. Her Father came to the door, but feared to come in lest he should excite her, and had every hope she would do well. She seemed much stronger than the day before. Dr. Davy saw her at one o'clock, and gave me most comforting hope that she would do well. I tried now to get all the hope I could. I felt that when that quite went, my strength would go also. She had very early in the morning asked for the Service for Good Friday, and Miss Godding had read most of it to her. I prayed with her, as I always did when I had been a little time away from her; it seemed the only stay

we had, for we felt now that human help could not reach us. I then sat beside her, the Prayer-Book in my hand. She said, 'Could you read me the Epistle and Gospel? I have not heard them;' and then, after I had read a portion, she said, 'Dear Mamma, shall you go to church to-day?' I said, 'Not this morning, darling, but this afternoon. I am going to thank God for giving us our little Lucy, and for making me well again.' Alas! I dared not tell her what other sad office we were going to perform. She then said, 'Will you read me a little of my book?' and taking up a book that lay beside her, she found the place herself and gave it to me. I could hardly read it; it was some story about a little child telling of the death of his brother, and it said—'God wanted another angel to be in heaven, and so he called my brother, and I have had to play alone since then.' I soon stopped, saying, 'Darling, it is not good for you to have much reading at a time.' She said afterwards to Miss Godding, 'I should like to be read to, but dear Mamma does not think it good for me, so I had better not.' It was ever thus with my Catty: she would always bend her will to ours at once. About two o'clock in the afternoon of Good Friday she sank to sleep, and I left her with Miss Godding and the nurse, and went over to the Deanery and put on my robes of deep mourning for the first time, not only now for Chatty and Susan, but for Frances also, and to follow her to her little grave. I could not bear to see another carried

out and wait in agony at home. No, I felt that by going I might gain a little strength, and that it would comfort us to go together to give to the keeping of our Saviour the little one we had loved so well, and who now must sleep with her Chatty and Susan till He clothes their mortal bodies with the full beauty of immortality. We feared any sound for our Catty that would tell her what we were again going through, so we would allow no bell to toll, no carriages to come to the door. The great gate of the Abbey was kept closed as at night, and when three o'clock came, we crept out as quietly as possible from the Deanery with our little funeral.

Sweet Catty, did an angel tell you that your Frances also was among the blessed redeemed whom you ever loved to think of and sing about? We had not dared to tell you, but I believe that God Himself had revealed to you the tidings of joy. She slept, but as the coffin which contained the form of her beloved Frances crossed the threshold of our door, she raised herself in her bed, and with a loud voice said, 'Jesus cried, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes; and Jesus said, Loose him, and let him go.' When she had said this, she lay quite still in a deep sleep. Sadly and solemnly did we meantime follow the lifeless form, and with the same blessed words of comfort and hope laid her in the very grave containing her Chatty and Susan, and then returned to church to give thanks to God for my own deliverance and

the birth of my little Lucy.' This was indeed a time of sad contrast to any before. When I went, after May's birth at Rugby, Catty was with me. After Craufurd, Catty and May were both beside me, so each time had one more been added. In August 1854, Catty, May, and Craufurd had knelt beside me while dear little Chatty and Frances watched close by, over the little Susan then brought to be baptized. We returned home in sad anguish of heart, and walked together about our garden. I said to my husband, 'Oh, surely God is not going to take from us all our children!' He said, 'O no; I feel almost sure God will spare us the rest: He will give us back our dear Catty. When Easter dawns, I believe and trust that hope will come back, and we shall see her really better.' We could not contemplate the possibility of our Catty being taken. She was sleeping quietly, and I went to my room to nurse my dear babe. Mrs. Peach brought her, and I said, 'Now I have had the courage to put on these robes and follow my Frances surely this will be the last; God will spare us Catty!' Then, when alone, earnestly did I crave, from Him who only could help, that thus it might be. When calm and quiet enough to resume my place beside her, I went back to her room. Her sleep was now a kind of torpor, though she would rouse when desired to take medicine or food. The fever was increasing upon her. Her Father still only came to the door, but lived in prayer for his first-born. I stayed with her till about one in the morning, and

then left her to the kind care of Miss Godding, who, with others, was to remain with her that night also. Soon after I had left she roused a little, and said to Miss Godding, 'It is Easter eve; will you read me some of the Service?' Miss Godding told her it was not morning, but she said, 'It is past twelve, it is Easter eve; I should like to hear it.' Some portion was then read to her. Looking up earnestly she asked, 'How long did our Saviour remain in the grave? was it three days?' and then in the same kind of way she said, as if questioning herself, 'What is it makes Easter so happy?' She sank into a heavy kind of torpor, and the report which reached us next morning was not one to quiet our deep anxiety. We both went to her. To her Father the change seemed fearful. What ravages disease had made upon that dear face, so brilliant a few days before! Fear began now with both of us to take the place of hope. We watched and prayed together by her and with her. He often went out of her room, and every one he met with that cared for her, he asked to join in prayer for her. He sent to all the churches to ask that prayer might be made for her and for us. He reminded me how his own life had, when hope seemed over, been granted to the prayers of the Church offered for him; and how, when Easter dawned, not only hope but joy had been given to us, when we had both thought that nothing but agony lay before me. He still clung to the thought that Easter now would bring us hope. The day went on; the doctors came about four. I

could see Mr. Page was very uneasy; he well knew the value of this life we were watching. He desired us to take her out of bed, and sponge her with vinegar and water. This we did, but the skin was burning and dry. He then desired us to give her a vapour-bath by bottles filled with hot water, and wrapped in damp flannel put all about her; but alas! no relief to the fever; no moisture on the skin.

We watched and watched in silent agony, doing all we could, and still feeling that this precious gift was in God's hand, and He could give her back. We stayed with her long, but rest we must have. Mrs. Peach took our place, and we left her. Easter morning came, but with it no hope; she was much the same; no joy, no ray of joy or comfort came; all seemed dark as night. I watched the people as they came from the Easter Communion early on that day. I had never been absent before on that day since my Confirmation, but there was no place for us that day. Mr. Page was there, and when he returned was sent for to Mrs. Dixon's; the news he brought from there hardly seemed to increase our agony, it was so great. May was ill! Sweet May, during the last days the only ray of brightness that ever came across me was of you and Craufurd, still sweet companions. Good and holy May, if you were spared Craufurd would still have one to guide and help him. I ever seemed to feel that he would not be taken ill.

Now, indeed, our cup seemed full. What should we do? Mrs. Dixon was very ill herself that day,

May must be brought over to the Deanery; that we determined at once, and had her nursery got ready for her. The Easter bells began to ring. Oh how they sounded in my ears that day! Still, there was comfort in the thought that many who might with Easter joy join in those services would pray for us. What Easters had we had together, but now they were over!

When the services we loved so well had just begun, I left my Catty's room and came to our nursery to receive my May-flower. She had awoke in the morning well and happy, but was taken sick before she had quite finished dressing. She immediately, with the calmness and quickness of thought that always marked the character of this most sweet girl, said, 'Martha, keep Craufurd away from me; do not let him come near me,' and then returned to bed, knowing evidently very well what was the matter with her. Mrs. Peach went over to Mrs. Dixon's and brought her in the carriage wrapped in blankets. She seemed pleased to find herself with us again; her eyes looked very bright, and the fever gave her a brilliant colour.

May had the gift of exceeding brightness of beauty, which almost everybody loved to look upon, but few knew with what earnest goodness it was accompanied. She seemed, like dear Catty, ever to have walked straight to heaven. Yes, we seemed to feel day by day how certainly these two dear sisters had chosen for themselves the narrow path; and truly they had found the ways of religion to be ways of pleasant-

ness, and all her paths to be peace. With Catty there had been some of the struggle which attends the Christian course, and most surely the victory. With May it seemed as if heaven ever lay about her, the perfection of childhood's faith which sees no sorrow or difficulty in the way to heaven.

The Dean had gone over with Mrs. Peach to have a look at Craufurd, who, when he saw him, but might not come near him, and a minute after saw his May carried out, burst into a flood of bitter tears. Poor child, he felt lonely and desolate indeed. What should we do with him? A change he must have. After much anxiety and agony of thought, we determined to send him that day to Stanwix, to Cousin Nannie, who, with the kind friends in whose home she was living, would watch over him tenderly, and make him as happy as they could.

I saw our darling May put in bed, and knelt down beside her to offer her to the care and keeping of her dear Saviour, in this her time of need. She asked earnestly after Catty, and then lay quietly down. I had left the room for a few minutes, and her hair had been meantime cut off. I felt it at the time a great relief that I had not to do it. It seemed to give a kind of hope to me that she at least would be brought safely through. When I came to her from time to time during the next sad days, I always found her very quiet; sleeping a good deal, but most entirely herself; when awake, ever anxious for a little prayer and one fond kiss. Poor lamb, she never knew or

guessed the agony of our hearts. How that day passed with my Catty I hardly know now, though we were constantly with her; only leaving her to find some vent for our suffering, and to pray with a very agony of prayer, that, if possible, the bitter cup put in our hands might be taken from us. It seems to me, so far as I can recall, three hours that she lay insensible. It was determined on that day that we should call in Dr. Barnes, and also send to London for Dr. Goodfellow. Night came; the fever was still higher and higher. We left her towards morning, and slept from the very agony of our grief.

Easter Monday dawned, and we awoke, longing that it might bring us hope. Her Father went over at once to the other house. The doctors were there; he returned to me. I saw at once how it was. He said, 'Catty is no better, and her throat has begun to swell.' All my strength left me; I felt as if I could not live without her; and the agony I felt for his suffering was harder to bear than anything else. God was with us to strengthen us even in that darkness. I went down-stairs, and Mr. Page came over to me; I felt as if I could not go to her, all my strength of body and spirit was gone. He gave me wine, and said, 'Go to her, she is quite sensible, it will comfort you both;' he could not give me hope, still he would not quite despair. Her Father went to her, and then came back and said, 'Do come to her!' At length God heard my cry for help, and gave me calmness and a little strength. I went over to her then. She

lay on that bed of suffering; she threw her precious arms round me, but could not speak. She knew what we were suffering; no words were needed to communicate between her mind and ours. She could ever read at once in our face what was passing within. She had long seemed to us the connecting link that had kept us all together, in as sweet a bond of love as is ever given to a family on earth. Her Father said first, 'I have prayed with her; will you?' I prayed much as we were used to pray together; it was by those prayers her soul had been trained for heaven. I knew she could, without effort, follow them, and so she did; her whole soul seemed absorbed in the prayer that God would bless her, would keep her to His heavenly kingdom, etc. She followed every word with her sweet lips, her hands meekly folded. After our prayers, I said a Hymn she had loved, not only herself, but to teach the little ones:—

'Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,
Who for us life's pathway trod,
Who for us became a child,
Make me humble, meek, and mild.
I Thy lamb would ever be;
Jesus, I would follow Thee;
Let me love what Thou dost love,
Let me live with Thee above.'

She followed every word of it, then she turned round and looked at us, her eyes full of love. Her Father said, 'O my Catty, we do so love you, you have been such a treasure to us,—everybody loves you, my child!' A look and sense of love more than we or any earthly love could give her burst on

her dear soul, now nearly ripe for heaven; she turned and looked with a look we never can forget, at us, and then upward towards heaven, and pointed there distinctly with her finger. While looking she seemed to see it open before her, and its light rested upon her enough even for our dull senses to perceive in part. While pointing upward I said, 'She sees in heaven her Chatty, her Susan and Frances.' When I mentioned the name of the latter, of whom before we had not spoken to her as taken from us, a brighter light came upon her, and again she pointed clearly and distinctly, and then with an earnestness no words can convey, stretched forth both her hands to be taken also, as if she saw, as most surely she did see, the angels waiting to convey her also to that place in the many mansions of our Father's house—into which three of her darlings had entered. I looked at Mrs. Peach and said, 'She wants to leave us; she also wants to be taken home!' Her Father burst into floods of tears: she beckoned him to her, and stretching forth her dear hand she wiped the tears away, which she could never bear to see on his face, and tried in every way to comfort him. While she felt the gain to herself she did seem to feel for us. At this time—but I cannot recall the exact moment—I said to her the Hymn she and dear May used to love to sing with me every Sunday evening, and part of which they had taught Craufurd after they were parted from me:—

'Brother, thou art gone before.'

I altered it to

'Little ones, ye are gone before us,' etc.

Her little lips followed all the time, and her eyes seemed looking into that world unseen. Often now it brings back to me a vision of my two sweet girls with their arms round each other, chanting with all their hearts and with their bright clear voices this Hymn in the days of their health.

Her Father said, 'You know how she loves Easter, can you say some part of the Easter Service to her?' I sang to her the Easter Anthem, and again her little lips followed. I said, 'Darling Catty, when you were a very little girl I watched by dear Papa on a day like this, when all hope seemed taken from us, but prayer was made by us and the Church for him, and he was given back to our prayers, and perhaps it may be God's will to give you back to us, my darling, for prayer is indeed made for you,—yet God knows what is best for you and us.' She felt that she was going, but she still clung to hope that even at the very last God would hear our prayers and give her back. No; this was not to be, but God gave us this blessed hour of triumph over death to comfort us. It did not last, for her sufferings again became intense, so intense that as far as we could tell she was insensible, and we could only watch and pray beside her. In the afternoon I felt a wish I could not resist to see my poor Craufurd from a distance. We ordered the closed carriage, and I went up and looked at him; it calmed and quieted my spirit

a little even to see him and know that he was well and not unhappy. When I went back to my Catty she was still tossing about in sad suffering. Her Father kept watch with Miss Godding and Mrs. Peach. How we passed through the next few hours I really do not know, so intense was the agony. They are hours which I suppose every one who has had exceeding brightness of life has to pass through; they are hours which burn into one's soul, and leave their heavy impress through all that remains of time; but no doubt, if Christ goes with us through them, they will produce blessed fruit to all eternity. God grant it may be so for us, and for all who kept that watch with us! We continued constantly in prayer with her, though she seemed no longer to hear or able to join: but I think she was sensible, and no ray of doubt or fear seemed to cloud her mind. About ten o'clock the doctors came; they had not before, with all their fears, given quite up hope,—now they saw it was over, and that we must know it. Poor Mr. Page could not tell us, he felt too keenly for us, and gladly would he and all who knew us have snatched that cup of anguish from us; but it could not be,—our Father's hand had given it, He only could strengthen us to drink it. Dr. Graham told us that a very few hours would end that conflict. I had early in the day, when we feared what might be coming, gone round to every one in the Deanery, and implored them that should the accounts of our dear child become worse during the day, they would all be most

careful not to let any sound of such tidings reach dear little May, who lay very ill in the third day of her fever, but quite herself, and very calm. The nurse was at that time, when the sad news did come, sitting alone with her, and no tidings reached that dear child of what was going on. So far as I could make out, she slept calmly and quietly that night.

Mr. Page returned after a few minutes, bringing Elizabeth from Mrs. Dixon's,—she could no longer bear the separation, and earnestly desired to see her dear god-child once more; at the same time all our servants came into the room, men and women. The exceeding bitterness of that hour seemed to touch every soul, and with loud and bitter crying all knelt down around her bed. Her Father prayed with them all for this his most precious treasure; during the days of her illness how he had called upon all to pray for her! and now before all he had to say, 'Thy will be done,' and to kneel and give her up. He read the Prayer of Commendation, and when all rose from their knees they left us, and again time went slowly on. She became quieter, and settled off to die. Mrs. Peach sat beside her and Miss Godding; we could not—we went down-stairs, and then came up again, knelt down beside her, and prayed for her.

At length the agony was too much for me: my strength gave way; I could not stay beside her; I could not stay down-stairs. Miss Godding took me over to the Deanery, and laid me on my bed and lay down beside me. I suppose I must have slept, for

as the clock struck four I sat up in bed, and in a very agony of prayer seemed to follow the soul of my child through its parting conflict. I then prayed for those who had strength given them to be with her to the last. After that I again became unconscious till her Father came in to tell me all was over. 'Yes,' I said, 'she went at four.' It was so—at four on Easter Tuesday, her baptismal morn, steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted in charity, she had so passed through the waves of this troublesome world that she had come to the land of everlasting life. That day ten years I had stood with her in my arms at the font, and given her into her Father's arms, who had baptized her in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, who had signed her with the sign of the cross, in token that she should never be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and to continue His faithful soldier and servant to her life's end. Yes, with earnestness of joyful love we had laid our new-found treasure at our Saviour's feet that day, unflinchingly seeking that she might be His, and now with the fulness of sorrowing love we had laid her at His feet for ever. My dear Mother, who stood by us rejoicing on Easter Tuesday 1846, no doubt welcomed her with joy unspeakable on Easter Tuesday 1856. Now she was gone home; she is blessed for ever. A few days before her illness began, she said to Miss Godding, 'I do hope I may go to Church on my baptism day!' Blessed child! your wish was granted you indeed.

At about six o'clock Miss Godding went, at my wish, to send my Husband. She found him still in that sad house. I threw my arms round him, and said, 'Can you submit?' Yes, he could even do this, and he could strengthen me. How could I have borne all without his help and his prayers? We saw her once more together about four o'clock on the afternoon of Easter Tuesday. She lay with a wreath of white flowers round her dear head, and a sweet, quiet, thoughtful look on her face,—she seemed to me so like her beloved Father; we knelt beside her and prayed as best we could. The next day no bell tolled, no carriages came to the door; the Abbey gate was kept locked; no sound was allowed to reach our darling May, and we stole out again to bear to its last resting-place the body of this beloved one. The Dean's brother James was with us now, and other friends came to show their respect and love to this our dear eldest daughter,—this dear girl who we had fondly hoped would so soon have taken her place beside us in all the duties and business of our life. But God had willed it otherwise. On our return home, we all met together to receive our Easter Communion in our sad and solemn house. We needed it indeed to help us over this heavy part of our journey, and to enable our breaking hearts to realise that there remaineth a rest for the people of God.

Now arose the question in our heart, How would it be with our dear May? Would she remain with

us? and might we hope to build up our stricken family again with May and Craufurd, two dear companions, and little baby? or would she refuse to stay after her Catty had winged her flight to heaven? My Husband had said, when standing by Catty, 'How will May bear it? She has never been separated from her, and no one has ever been able to speak of the one without the other.' Catty and May went together in all things. I had then said, 'Perhaps they will not have to be separated.' Still we did fondly, earnestly hope that May might be spared. We knew she would soon be happy again; she would dearly love Craufurd, and they would work and play together; she would be a sweet nurse to little Lucy, and a dear companion to us. Then we remembered how simply and easily at all times she submitted to God's will. About two years ago, when walking at Rockcliffe with the dear child, her Father had said, 'I should like to have a house for you out here in the country.' Sweet May, looking earnestly at him said, 'Oh, but we must have the house where God has put us.' It was the great reality of her life, and would not fail her now.

She had since Sunday, when her illness began, lain very quiet in her bed, sleeping a good deal, taking all that was required of her, very patient, regular and devout in her own prayers, and being so glad whenever we could come and say a little prayer with her; she was also read to a little at a time Every one thought she would do well. Dr. Goodfellow, who had reached

Carlisle from London a few hours too late to find dear Catty alive, now took his constant watch with Mr. Page over our sweet May. Dr. Barnes was also in constant and watchful attendance. The night after dear Catty's funeral was the fourth night of fever with May. Towards the morning of Thursday she became delirious, and this went on increasing with the fever all day to a fearful extent. Towards evening we could hardly hold her in bed; there were again hours of untold trial; her delirium was that of a pure and holy child, still it was heartrending to witness. Hours, long hours, we listened to it, fearing that it would wear her out, and that she must sink under it without even again knowing us. Towards morning she became quieter, and slept. Friday, we were told the first crisis was over. Scarlet fever had run its course; the rash would now die away, and a few days would determine how it would leave her. The fever still ran high, and she was quite delirious. Saturday she was no better; it would not be a simple case, it was leaving ill effects—what, no one seemed to know, until late on Saturday erysipelas appeared all over the face and neck. Her head became better, and she knew us, though she was not quite herself. Towards evening the doctors seemed much more satisfied about her, but it had been a day of intense trial, and had told upon her Father, who was very unwell that night, and kept his bed next morning, to the great increase of my anxiety. I think it was during the course of that night that dear May called

Mrs. Peach or the housemaid, both of whom were keeping watch by her, and said, 'I have had such a curious dream: I dreamt we were all together at Stanwix Church, but I shan't tell you what I thought after that.' She then said something about a dear little boy she had seen at Stanwix Bank—the name of the house where dear Craufurd was staying, though she knew not he was there. She then said, 'Will you find and read to me the Hymn called "Victory in Death"?' They did not know where to find it, so she said, 'It is in the book we gave Jane at Christmas.' The book was found; she said, 'Give it to me,' and taking it, found the Hymn herself, and had it read to her several times:—

'Away, thou dying saint, away,
Fly to the mansions of the blest;
Thy God no more requires thy stay,
He calls thee to eternal rest.

Thy toils at length have reached a close,
No more remains for thee to do;
Away, away to thy repose,
Beyond the reach of evil go.

Away to yonder realms of light,
Where multitudes redeemed with blood
Enjoy the beatific sight,
And dwell for ever with their God.

Go, mix with them and share their joy,
In heaven behold the sinner's Friend,
In pleasures share that never cloy,
In pleasures that will never end.

And may our happy portion be
To join thee in the realms above,
The glory of our Lord to see,
And sing His everlasting love!'

It was a Hymn quite unknown to me; it was her own choice, sweet child,—she had found and loved it for herself; and almost always in health, this dear girl would find and choose Hymns about death. From her earliest babyhood, death had seemed to my May a great and blessed reality, the way by which she was to attain her real life. When little more than three years old, soon after we went to Carlisle, in driving one day, I heard her in high talk with Catty on some subject. They were sitting in a little seat behind, and I turned round and asked what it was they were talking about. May said, 'Mamma, Catty says you would be very sorry if I was to die, but I am sure you would be very glad, for you would know that I should be so much happier.' Nothing but sin seemed to convey any sense of sorrow to May's mind; her earnest desire for everybody to be good was very touching.

After that Hymn had been read to her she said, 'Now will you read to me grandpapa's Hymn?' I had once told her that he was very fond of Watts' Hymn, 'How fair has the day been!' Her love and veneration for her dear grandpapa (my father) was another beautiful feature in my little May, and yet she only saw him from time to time. One day, some years ago, I found her in tears, and she said, 'Mamma, I was thinking about my dear grandpapa.' Another time she said, 'Oh, Mamma, I do so want to see my dear grandpapa,' and she seemed always pleased to think that he had christened her.

Frequently during her illness she asked Miss Godding to say to her the poem of 'The Better Land,' and she quite seemed to drink it in.

That Sunday morning I went to her and read a little of the Bible; she then asked if she might have 'Emma and her Nurse' to read to herself. We could not get it for her, as it had been lent, so we gave her 'Henry and his Bearer,' and she read a great deal of it through that day. At half-past eleven I read the greater part of the Service to our family; when I returned to her again, I perceived a shortness of breathing which I did not like. At night when the doctors came to see her, thinking now that every hour she would gain ground, symptoms had appeared which made Dr. Goodfellow determine to remain in the house that night; next morning they told us they now feared the very worst, but that a few hours would decide. If the disease had assumed the form they feared, she probably would not live. The hours passed on, and instead of losing she seemed to gain ground; it became evident that what they feared was not the case. About six o'clock, after long examination, Dr. Goodfellow told us it was now evident what form the disease would take; abscesses were forming, it might be some time, but if her strength could be kept up, he had every hope she might yet do well. He was obliged to leave her that night, and indeed there was no cause for his stay,—she could not have a tenderer or more watchful eye over her than Mr. Page, and it was touching to see

how the little girl clung to him, and seemed to look forward to his visit. Yes, dear May, everything that man could do for you to keep you here was done; all who knew us felt how precious your dear life was, it had a fourfold value now your four dear sisters were taken,—and truly I may say that prayer was made for you and for us daily, by hundreds all over the kingdom. So clearly do we see in all this the finger of God—He made it so clear to us that He would not grant this precious boon,—that we can contemplate more calmly, perhaps, the fortnight of your suffering than any other part of our bitter trial.

The next week was one of hope more than fear; she was removed each day from one nursery to the other. She often sat for about half an hour on Mrs. Peach's knee. She could take as much food as was necessary for her; the mind did not wander; she was calm and quiet, very patient and very obedient. Miss Godding and Mrs. Peach, assisted at times and in turns by the others in attendance, were wonderful in their unwearied and devoted nursing. Miss Godding kept up a brightness and cheerfulness about that sick-bed I can never forget. And Mrs. Peach —what a task was hers, for those dear children whose lives she had watched over, and who were entwined round her heart almost as much as if they had been her own! The Dean and I were constantly with her, but we did not do much in the way of nursing; almost everything seemed at stake for us in that bed of suffering. The abscess formed rapidly, and discharged to

a fearful extent ; still not more than Mr. Page thought she could bear. 'The only thing,' he said, 'I do not like is, that the pulse still keeps up as high as ever, and I fear lest it should be caused by some internal mischief; also, no moisture ever seems to come upon the skin ; the little hands are dry and hard always.'

She was very good and calm, constant in her prayers, and asking frequently for a little prayer from both of us. She did not refer to her darlings taken from her, except once, when she awoke up and said, 'I thought we were all together again ;' and sometimes in the slight delirium which preceded sleep, she would say, 'I want to go to them, I want to go to them.' She did not know that her Catty was taken, and would frequently ask about her; everything she fancied herself she begged that half might be kept for Catty. When Miss Godding came to her first, she asked if she would nurse her or Catty. When delirious, Craufurd was the one she always called for and talked about. She liked to be read to, and would often try to read to herself, for at times she was quite deaf. The early hours of the night, when I always remained with her, though not alone, have left a strong impression upon my mind. She had taken a quieting powder, and used to sleep at that time, perhaps ten minutes or half an hour together. One night, I remember well, Miss Godding lay on the floor beside her; she slept nearly an hour. It was the longest sleep I remember, and I knelt at my prayers on the other side; the greatness of eternity

in comparison to time came fully over me. I could even rejoice in the certainty of that blessedness into which my darlings had entered, and calmly could I leave in the hands of my Saviour the future of this sweet sufferer. Also, I could accept for ourselves the present cup of suffering, feeling sure that the feelings of intense happiness given us in these dear children, now broken for this world, would be taken up and perfected in that world which is to come. Sunday came again, but we did not feel so hopeful as we had some days before. I was sitting by the dear girl with my Bible open. She asked me to read, and I read to her a portion of the first chapter of the Acts. She then said, 'Will you read to me the twenty-fifth of St. Matthew?' It was a very favourite chapter with her, and she listened eagerly to it. She was moved that day to a water-bed, which we hoped might ease the suffering in her back, which often made her give a cry of extreme pain; when placed upon it she seemed more easy. On Saturday, Craufurd had sent her two eggs, an orange, and a little note. She was highly delighted at receiving them from him; she said she would have one egg herself, and Miss Godding should take the other to Catty, also half the orange; as for the note, it must be placed in her own hand, and when any one came into the room, she called them, and said, 'I have had a note from Criff; is it not nicely written? Will you read it to me?' And then she would say, 'How kind he was to send it to me!'

On Sunday evening her Father was again very poorly, and we had great anxiety about May, as Mr. Page could not tell us the pulse had yielded, and now many days had gone on. I stayed with her till twelve, and then, being anxious about the Dean, went to try to make him sleep. That morning I went early to her room, hearing that in the night she had thrown up a little blood. Mr. Page came, and looked much distressed when he heard and saw this. Alas! it told its own tale. What he had feared was true: internal mischief was going on. He went with me to the Dean, who had awakened very poorly, and then he said to us, 'May is worse.' It was a very dark morning to me, for I was anxious about both my husband and May. I went with a heavy heart and a slow step from the one to the other, and to poor little baby, who I felt would soon be our only daughter upon earth, though I felt I could not give up hope about May. Between eleven and twelve o'clock she asked to be moved in her bed. Miss Godding and Mrs. Peach raised her. Such a change came over her! Death was written on her face, and her breathing was hard. I ran to call her Father, who was still in bed; he rose instantly to come to her. Returning to her room, I met Mrs. G. Dixon, who had heard she was worse, and was come to inquire about this dear little girl, for whom she felt a most keen interest, as she had been with her the last few days of health, and had been taken ill in her house. I told her how ill she was, and said, 'Would you like to see her?' She

came with us to her room. No one thought she could live five minutes. Her Father came in, and we all knelt down beside her. The feeling in my mind was, 'She has glorified Thee in her life, and we will glorify Thee in her death.'

Mr. Page came in, and thought the conflict would soon be over, when as suddenly life seemed to return. Her eyes resumed their brightness: she spoke to us, and seemed quite herself. How we began now to hope that life was indeed to be given back; that the worst was over, and the crisis past! This hope I could not give up all that day or the next, though she lay very, very ill, with a craving for food, and yet not able to keep anything on her stomach. The sickness was incessant, and the craving heartrending for us to see. At last she said, 'Everything makes me sick.' Dear little patient girl, your sufferings were soon to end! Night came; between twelve and one I was sitting by her. She looked at Miss Godding and said, 'Where's Catty?' Miss Godding did not answer at once, so she called me with a loud voice, 'Mamma, Mamma! where is Catty? where is Catty?' It was the first time she had asked me; I said, 'May dear, the Good Shepherd has come and taken your dear Catty.' She said with a voice of astonishment, 'What!' I said, 'The Lord Jesus Christ has taken your dear Catty to heaven. He has taken her to Chatty and Frances and Susan; shall you like to go to her?' She became very silent, and did not answer me, but her mind seemed satisfied—

she never asked again. A slight change of symptoms during the night gave me a little more hope; in fact, I felt that if it were possible, God would give us back this child, so many, so earnest, so frequent were the prayers for her. All the Tuesday morning I sat beside her and her Father; also Uncle James, who had been with us all this time, came in on the Monday night to see her. She knew him in a moment, and said, 'Uncle James!' Her eyes looked as bright and beautiful as when he had last parted from her in full health. It made him and us very sad, for the thoughts of all went back to the few weeks before, when all the six, in great health and spirits, had stood at the door to wish their uncles good-bye. Aunt Lizzie also saw her several times these last anxious days of her sweet life. As I was sitting by her, on Tuesday morning, she took the Bible out of my hand to read it for herself; it was open in St. Matthew's Gospel, at the twenty-fourth chapter. Miss Godding helped her to hold it, for she was too weak herself; we could trace her little eye eagerly all through the chapter. I said to her, 'May, what are you reading?' She looked at me and said, 'About the Last Day.' How calmly and with comfort came to me the thought that that day would bring no terror to my child, and again for her also I felt how little could we see what was before her, but that He was guiding her who could see and know all. In His hand I was again able to feel that it was well to leave her. I tried, but in vain, to make her ask for

her own life. When suffering from extreme thirst I said to her, 'May, do you remember how thirsty Ishmael was when under the tree, and how God gave him back life when he asked for it?' But no—she would not ask for her life. She asked frequently for hymns and prayers all through the day.

Mrs. G. Dixon sent her some jelly, which pleased her much, and a little note; she would have it put with Craufurd's two notes.

Dear, dear Craufurd, this was a day of trial for you. He had never been told of Catty's death; they feared so much that he might himself be taken ill any day. Now the longest time prescribed by the doctors had passed, and Mr. Page yielded to my desire that he should know of Catty's death, and also of May's extreme danger. We left her room to write to him. His Father and I both wrote, and put the letters through lime and water. It eased my mind that he should no longer be kept in ignorance of God's dealings with us. I felt a craving desire to see him again before he heard the bitter tidings. I used to go every day up in the closed carriage to have a peep at him, and I determined to go that day also. I felt it would ease my mind, and her Father would stay with her. I went to her and said, 'Dear May, I am going to see Craufurd.' She begged that her love might be given him, and thanks for his second note. 'Shall I ask Criff to pray for you, dear May, that if it please God you may stay with us? Should you like to stay with us?' She said, 'Yes.' Calling me back

she said, 'Will you see Mrs. Dixon, and thank her for the jelly?' I said if I could see her I would thank her. I drove up to Stanwix. Craufurd came running out, his face beaming with delight to see me; he looked very well. I said, 'I have brought you some letters, darling. Cousin Nannie will read them to you.' He looked so pleased. I said, 'They are sad letters, Craufurd,' and a cloud came over his dear face, but he picked them up and took them in when I drove away. I returned back to my sick child again. She said at once, 'Have you thanked Criff?' I said, 'Yes.' She then said, 'Have you thanked Mrs. Dixon?' I said, 'I have not been able to see her yet, darling.' She then called her Father, with great earnestness, and said, 'Bring a paper and pen and ink, I want to write to Mrs. Dixon.' She was quite impatient till they came. 'Now,' she said, 'write, "My dear Mrs. Dixon, I thank you very much for that nice jelly."' It seemed an effort to her to dictate, and I said, 'That will do, darling, for to-day.' She then said, 'I want to write to Criff.' I said, 'You must rest now, perhaps you may be stronger another time, and then you shall tell us what to say.' I then went to nurse baby. When I came back Miss Godding said, 'She has had such a smile upon her face!' I went to her, and she smiled at me, but oh, it was a smile fearful to witness, and fearful was the agony it gave me. About half-past five she said, 'I am going to say my prayers,' and closing her eyes she continued in prayer for some minutes, and then, in a

whisper which we could plainly hear, she repeated the Creed. She then called her Father and said, 'I have said my prayers and am going to sleep, will you say a little prayer with me?' We knelt down and prayed with her; she then called me to say a prayer with her, and said, 'Good-night, dear Mamma, I am going to sleep.' We then heard her say to herself, 'May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all.' These were the last words that we could hear. Up to this moment I had clung to hope, but now Mr. Page came in and told us that she could not stay with us many more hours. Nothing more could be done. God was taking from us the charge of this little one also. I said, 'Oh, Mr. Page, I should so like to keep her!' But it could not be, and I know now it is well.

Poor Mrs. Peach had just left her, after long and incessant watching, and had gone for a little rest, fearing she might at night need all her strength. I went to her, told her how it was, and again she rose to keep with us that watch of death.

Uncle James and Aunt Lizzie, hearing how it was, came also. Jane and Elizabeth and the nurse were in the room. All was quiet, and our spirits were calm as we kept a watch of prayer and faith round that little bed. The darling lay quiet and peaceful, as if she was going to take her evening sleep; her eyes, bright and very beautiful, were fixed on us; she seemed quite to know us, and sweet peace was on

her dear face. She was going home,—she was not to be separated from her beloved sisters. Mrs. Peach sat close beside her, wetting her lips, Miss Godding on the other side. Her Father and I knelt hand in hand beside her bed; Uncle James and Aunt Lizzie at the foot of the bed. Her Father prayed with her, commended her departing soul to her dear Saviour; then I said to her the Hymn which she had chosen for her own comfort:—

'Away, thou dying saint, away,
Flee to the mansions of the blest.'

I did not shrink now from saying it to her, as I had shrunk when first she asked for it. Then it had been hard indeed to say,

'No more remains for thee to do,'

but now I knew it was well, and I turned my anguish into prayer,—prayer that God would comfort us in our extreme desolation, and strengthen us to bear and suffer all His will,—prayer for my Craufurd, that God would make up to him for these sweet sisters who seemed so gently leading him in the way that he should go, and that He would Himself guide him, and comfort him, and keep him from all evil influence. Yes, Craufurd; ever remember the agony of prayer for you in this sad hour. Until eight o'clock we continued thus beside her, saying texts and verses that she loved, and which she seemed to follow; and then her summons came, and the brightness of those beautiful eyes closed for ever on this world of sin and sorrow,

and opened in heaven. Thus were we called upon to part with these five most blessed little daughters, each of whom had been received in prayer, borne in prayer, educated with prayer, and now given up, though with bitter anguish, yet with prayer and thanksgiving.

Now, constantly, with our daily prayers, we say for them this thanksgiving and commemoration :—

Lord, Thou hast let Thy little ones depart in peace.

Into Thy hands, O God, we have commended their spirits, for Thou hast redeemed them, O Lord, Thou God of truth.

Thou hast brought their souls out of prison ; and now they praise Thee.

Thou hast delivered them from the body of this death.

Thou hast said unto their souls, I am thy salvation.

Thou hast said unto them, To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise:

Now they feel the salvation of Jesus ; now they feel the anointing of Christ, even the oil of gladness wherewith Thou art anointed.

Thou hast guided them through the valley of death.

Now they see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

Thou, O Lord, hast commanded their spirits to be received up to Thee in peace.

O Lord, Thou hast bid them come unto thee.

Lord Jesus, Thou hast received their spirits, and hast opened unto them the gate of everlasting glory.

Thy loving Spirit leads them forth into the land of righteousness, into Thy holy hill, into Thy heavenly kingdom.

Thou didst send Thy angel to meet them and to carry them into Abraham's bosom.

Thou hast placed them in the habitation of light and peace, of joy and gladness.

Thou hast received them into the arms of Thy mercy, and given them an inheritance with Thy saints in light.

There they reign with Thy elect angels, Thy blessed saints departed, Thy holy prophets and glorious apostles, in all joy, glory, felicity and blessedness, for ever and ever. AMEN.

END OF MRS. TAIT'S NARRATIVE.

TWO days afterwards the little child was laid in the same grave with her eldest sister.

We have many letters and a few more details before us of those sad days, but there is only one which we shall quote; it is written by Lady Wake:—'When the disease broke out she rose from her couch,—giving her new-born infant, scarce a month old, into the hands of a young girl, who was almost afraid to touch it, having no experience of the sort,—and gave herself up to the ceaseless anxiety and toil attending the vain endeavour to check the progress of the merciless fever. From the first hour the whole time of the nurse who was Mrs. Tait's right hand in the management of the children, and who had watched over her recent confinement, had to be given entirely to the sick-room. An elder servant, on whom this work might naturally have devolved, had herself been taken ill first of all; there was no one to watch over the baby but a comparatively inexperienced nursery-maid, and it was a touching sight to see Catharine, from time to time, take it to her bosom, soothe and nurse it, and then lay it down again to return to her dying children, assured by the doctor that infection could not be carried to the infant. The records of that solemn time have been preserved, when heaven and earth were met together in those darkened chambers. Never was God more glorified than by those dying children and their

sorely tried parents. Prayers, praise, and thanksgiving accorded with each young spirit, and there was no jarring sound to break the stillness. "Thy will, not mine, O God, be done!" was all that could be heard below.

'But what followed has been particularly impressed upon my mind, as showing Catharine's wondrous power over herself. When the last sick child, the sweet little May, died, Catharine returned from the solemn service at the grave where they laid her beside her four sisters, all things being ready for the departure from Carlisle; she sat herself down in her own room, and knowing that she must be some time absent, if she ever returned, she quietly took in hand the arrangement of the affairs of the poor women whose subscriptions to the Mothers' Club were in her keeping; she went through them all, placing every one's money with each little account to the proper name, so that there might be no mistake or loss, and having done all with a calm that showed she brought her whole mind to bear upon it, she joined her husband, ready to set off with her little infant, now two months old. And it is this same power that has borne her through such various trials.

'Everything she accepted as coming straight from God, and every act, great or small, was simply, as she used to say with a smile, "part of the day's work."'

Her room, as the reader may imagine, always contained touching relics of those little ones. I spent a good while among them a few days ago. Over the

mantelpiece is Grispini's graceful crayon drawing, to which allusion has been already made (p. 122). It is a study from photographs, and the two lines from Dr. Newman's hymn run along the bottom of the oval frame. There are also two or three old photographs of the mother,—still in the first glow of her beauty, with the thick festoons of hair which were the custom of the time,—and the children grouped round her, Catty with the serious, thoughtful face which one would expect, and very like her father in feature, and Craufurd shyly trying to hide himself behind his mother's dress. There are also two oil sketches of Chatty, taken after death, and a lovely separate photograph of May. I should judge she was the prettiest of them all. Her mother also preserved this relic of May,—a copy of verses said to be written by her a fortnight before her death. I do not know whether this means that she was the author of them, or merely that she copied them.[1] They seem to me, at all events the first two stanzas, too finished and clever for a child of nine, but I give them as copied from the manuscript:—

I.

I saw the early mowers pass
Along that pleasant dell,
And rank on rank the shining grass
Around them quickly fell.

[1] An obliging anonymous correspondent has informed me that my surmise was correct, and that the Verses are from Jane Taylor's 'Poems for Infant Minds.' They had been set to very pleasing music by Dr. Curwen not long before the little girl wrote them, and probably she may have sung them with her mother.

2.

I looked; and far and wide, at noon,
The fallen flowers were spread;
And all, as rose the evening moon,
Beneath the scythe were dead.

3.

All flesh is grass, the Scriptures say,
And so we truly find;
Cut down, as in a summer's day,
Are all of human kind.

Man cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down.—JOB XIV. 25.

I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

THE bereaved father and mother returned for an hour to the Deanery after the funeral, as Lady Wake has already described, then fled from what must have been to them as a city of destruction. 'They are in the safe keeping of God and His good angels,' she wrote; 'and now know the joy of His people in the Kingdom of His glory; and as for us, we know to whom we have committed them, and are sure that He is able to keep them for us.' The words of her friend and parish priest at Rugby, John Moultrie, in which he speaks first of two little ones who play about him and gladden his eyes daily, and then of a third son, were very dear to her, as they are to thousands of others:—

'I have a son—a third sweet son—his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where he is gone to dwell;
To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given,
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.

I cannot tell what form is his—what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.
The thoughts which fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,
Are numbered with the secret things which God will not reveal.
But I know—for God hath told me this—that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast.
I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe—his mother dear and I—
Where God for aye doth wipe away all tears from every eye.'

From that day forwards parents and children specially prayed together daily that the links which bound them to the world unseen might never be broken, that Christ at His coming might bring with Him those who were gone, so that all again might be united with the Lord. The lesson upon the son was deep and lasting. The realised conviction that his little play-fellows were gone to be with Christ, and that there was a place prepared for him with them, became, as he once told the writer of these lines, the very education of the boy's life, and developed into a faithful and gracious manhood.

A cross stands over the grave in Stanwix Churchyard, with an octagonal base, on five of the sloping sides of which are the names of the five little ones, with dates of birth and death. On the three remaining sides are the following inscriptions:—

HERE LIE THE MORTAL BODIES OF
FIVE LITTLE SISTERS
THE MUCH-LOVED CHILDREN OF A. C. TAIT
DEAN OF CARLISLE
AND CATHARINE HIS WIFE
WHO WERE ALL CUT OFF WITHIN FIVE WEEKS.

Redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and to the Lamb.—REV. XIV. 4.

He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in His bosom.—ISA. XL. 2.

On reaching Moffat, whither they had fled for rest, Mrs. Tait wrote the following letter to a very dear friend, who had helped them much at Carlisle in those dark days:—

'MY DEAR MRS. WORDSWORTH,—I have much, very much, to say, more than I now have strength for. Thank you very much for your letter, and for all your tender offices of love to my darlings. May God bless you and yours for your kindness to them! Our days of nursing are over, and theirs of pain, and we can think of each of them as at rest. As yet we hardly realise their exceeding blessedness; our agony is too deep for that, and consequently deadens our faith; but in His own good time God will strengthen us if we wait upon Him, as we will strive to do. If we both live, and have opportunity, you shall know all the particulars of those most sweet

deaths. It will touch you very deeply to hear about them, yet I know you will like it. They were Christian lives and Christian deaths, and our poor hearts ask, what more could we desire? But we feel the loss, the void, and cannot answer. May's death was calmly beautiful; she did not suffer at the last as my sweet Catty did, and none of them suffer now. Our dear Craufurd is near us, looking well; he is counting the days and hours till he may nestle in our arms again, which he hopes he may do on Monday. What a trial it will be to him and to us when that outpouring comes! Pray for him that he may meet us without danger, for the fear of infection makes us very anxious. I feel my faith more tried for our darling boy than for ourselves; but God knows what is best for him, and can supply his deep need. For his sake I did crave and think May's life would be granted; but it could not be.

'The Dean sends his most kind love; he is better for the change. At present I do not feel so strong, but hope soon to be stronger, and able to continue nursing my baby, which I have much at heart.

'If you do not know Miss ——, will you kindly call upon her in Victoria Place? She only returned two days before my confinement, so I did not see her; but she most kindly wanted to come and nurse poor little May when she heard of her illness; and one day when, with a sad heart, I was looking out to see the people going into the Chapter-House for service, I saw her looking at our poor Deanery with streaming

eyes. She is a stranger at Carlisle, and, I imagine, very desolate.

'I am so thankful to hear your darlings are well. May God keep and preserve them to you! I did for some time feel very anxious about them.—Yours most affectionately and sadly,

CATHARINE TAIT.

'. . . I longed earnestly to have been with you last Sunday, for I feel the Sundays here more than I can tell you; but this also is a part of my present trial, which I must bear; and God grant that He may work all He means this deep sorrow to do within us.'

From Moffat they moved to Halstead, a residence on Ullswater lent to them by a friend, and here they remained during the summer, except that the Dean often went over on the Sunday. A few relatives also came and went, the Dean's brother and sister (Lady Wake), and the Dean of Wells and Mrs. Johnson.

To a Cousin.—'Their lives were dearer to us than our own; first our darling nursery lambs went away, and then those two who were our help in everything, the great joy and comfort of our lives. But God's will be done. We can and will praise Him. We expect to be in this lovely place, which Mr. W. Marshall has lent us, all the summer. It is such a comfort—so beautiful and quiet; and we roam about on two of his ponies. . . . Often at night, when I had hung over each little bed, I used to feel this is too much for earth; but as then I could bring my gladness to my

Saviour's feet, so now I can lay my deep sorrow.'—May 9.

May 10th, she writes:—'I want to tell you we are nicely settled here, and I think we shall enjoy it as much as we can do anything in this now sad world to us. The quiet and beauty of this country is a great boon to our wounded spirits. I begin now to long for more occupation than this beautiful place gives.'

'This is your little E.'s birthday. May every blessing be with her! and if it please God, may you see her grow year by year in health and strength, and may she be all you can desire. How well it is for us to know that a better, wiser Hand than ours guides and guards our darlings towards the life everlasting! It is only when we enter there that we are to know the fulness of joy they can give us, when every tie which has been broken and wrecked here will be united and perfected.'

We have already seen how they dreaded the sight of the Deanery again. So deep was this feeling that they gratefully accepted the kind request of a friend to exchange houses with them during the ensuing winter. However, they were not called upon to consider what they would do as to residing there next year, for in September came the appointment

of Dean Tait to the See of London. The next day she writes, in answer to a near relative who had asked to be allowed to read her narrative, 'Yes, you shall see it. I hope it will tell you much of God's dealings with us, and picture to you that little company of angels, first as they brightened our home on earth, and then as they left us one by one for their home in heaven. Think of them as their father ever pictures them,—as a bright chain to draw our spirits up to heaven. Yes, and by that agony has God no doubt been making ready His servant to do much work for Him on earth. You will, I am sure, feel a holy awe with us at the new life which God's providence seems likely to open up to us. I hope this letter may be in time to convey to your dear father news which I am anxious he should not learn first from the papers. My dear husband received yesterday a letter from Lord Palmerston, saying that he had Her Majesty's commands to offer him the See of London when vacant on the 30th. This he has accepted, and being much occupied has asked me to convey the tidings for him to your dear father. He and I feel sure you will give us the help of your prayers. We do indeed need them.'

Five days later she writes: 'We hope to go to Carlisle, or rather to Rickerby, next Tuesday (the Dean will rest quite quiet next Sunday), and remain till the following Monday, so that Sunday, October the 5th, will be our last Carlisle Sunday, and we shall receive the Holy Communion once more in

our own Cathedral. We hope to go to Fulham to see the Bishop the second week in October, and then, as far as we can see, our destination will be Brighton.'

IN LONDON.

1856-1868.

AT his first coming to London the Bishop took a residence in Lowndes Square. The following letter was written from that residence. It contains an interesting little memorial of humble faithfulness, and is therefore given :—

'6 *L. S.*, *Feb.* 4, 1857.— . . . The little account which you send is true, with this exception—the Bishop's mother did not die till he was two years old. The old nurse lived till he was leaving College. He returned home in time to spend the last few days of her life with her. She died with his hand clasped in hers. The affection between them was very great. Two Marys entered the service of the family about the same time; one still lives near them in Edinburgh, the other died two years ago, after nearly fifty years' service, and left a little portion[1] to my husband and each member of his family. She was quite a character, and used to receive us with open arms

[1] I have learned what the 'portion' was. The Bishop and his sister, being apprehensive that she was in straitened circumstances, used each to send her a £10 note every year. She did not need it, but with fine delicacy would not hurt their feelings by sending it back. She put it all away, and left it to them in her will.—EDITOR.

every time we went to Scotland. He was with her also on her deathbed.

'We are just on the move to London House. I took Craufurd last night to the House of Lords to see his father take his seat there. He was led up by the Archbishop and the Bishop of Winchester.'[1]

They moved into London House in the first days of March 1857. Probably the need of active exertion helped to relieve the sorrowful recollections of the time, for it was the first anniversary of their loss.

'*London House, March* 10, 1857.—I knew your kind heart would feel for us as this bitter time came round. Still, it is well. One is guiding us who can guide us in sorrow and in joy, who appoints our lot as He knows best. On the whole we are able to feel content and calm; the years of life will soon be over, and then we shall know how well it is. I read the account I had written to my dear husband last Sunday when we were quite alone; we had been to Islington in the morning, and he preached; in the afternoon he seemed able to hear it, and though it was full of agony to us both, it seemed a comfort. I have not strength to write to you more to-day upon this subject. I love to think that you and your darlings watch over their sleeping-place. How sweet to think that when the wakening comes we shall be again all together! We are having a little memorial window in our chapel; it will be in soon, and the chapel ready.

[1] The brothers Sumner.

'LONDON HOUSE, *April* 3.

'MY DEAREST MRS. * * *,—In answer to your kind letter, I would say that Mr. Purday[1] told the Bishop he thought medallions would be suitable for the style of the Cathedral. If this is found correct, we should very much like the same subjects as are chosen for our own little chapel. The Blessing the little Children, and the Good Shepherd and the Lambs—both from Overbeck's pictures. Another, Christ laying His hand upon a little child, holding an open book in His hand. A very pretty window with this subject was put into the Chapel at Rugby during our stay there, and it was a great favourite of our Catty and May; they always had a picture of it in their own room. The fourth we have chosen is of our Saviour's Home in Childhood in the Carpenter's Shop,—what my Chatty always used to call the Cottage Home. We should also like any way in which that verse could be introduced, "Yea, though I walk through the valley," etc., and lilies in some way, as she used always to say, "Yea, though I walk through the lily of the valley, I will fear no evil," etc. We feel sure that Mr. Harcourt would make the best choice of the artist. We shall not receive our window until a week, or possibly a fortnight, after Easter. Then I shall long for you to see it. Meantime we just begin to use the chapel, and find it a great comfort. All the house looks very nice. My

[1] The assistant of Mr. Christian, the architect of the Cathedral restoration.

own room and dressing-room would interest you, full of sweet memorials, among which we hope to live till we meet our darlings again. A year is over now of the time of our separation, and soon will come the time for a glorious and blessed reunion.'

This is after a hasty visit to Carlisle on the way to the Highlands:—

'*Oct.* 10*th*, 1857.—Thank you for the beautiful flowers we found on the one only sweet spot we can call our own. We feel sure you placed them there. . . . When we return south we are to take possession of our new home at Fulham.[1] It will be a great boon to us not to live in London. So beautiful a home would at one time have brought us much joy, but that is over.'

A parishioner of Fulham, who saw her for the first time when they came to Fulham, wrote:—'Mrs. Tait, the new Bishop's wife, was at church this morning. She is a very handsome woman, and had her son with her, a pale and sad-faced little boy, dressed in a black tunic.'

'*Dec.* 23*d*, 1857.—I am indeed deeply grieved to hear that you have been so unwell since you reached Brighton. I am thankful that you speak of yourself as better, and I earnestly trust that it may please

[1] Bishop Blomfield had died on the 5th of August.

God to give you strength and health. I feel much comfort in knowing how entirely you are in the hands of a loving Father, who will surely give you what is good for you in sorrow, sickness, and weakness, as in all bright time. I feel a great longing to see you, and trust after you have been some time longer at the sea you may be able to come to us here; the quiet beauty of this place and the song of birds even now in the early morning would do you good. I trust Mr. Wordsworth and the dear children will gain much by the change.

'I send you a book which I think you will like; it comes with my love. I send you also a paper, about the day our dear Bishop spent at Islington. It will interest you. Will you kindly send it back to me again, as I want to keep it? He is well, but ever busy. May his work be blessed! My sweet Lucy is becoming quite a little girl. If you are able to come, how my darlings will delight in having yours! The Bishop unites with me in affectionate remembrance to you both, and sympathy. He goes again to-night to preach at Bethnal Green.'

'I wish you could have been with us last night. The Bishop preached to above a thousand of the poorest of the London poor. I go with him again to-night, leaving a large young party to carry on games, which we have no heart to witness.'

In the September of 1857 her father had died, and so the connection with the Elmdon home came to an end. Her aunt Lucia O'Brien died in the following December. In that year also Colonel Tait, the Bishop's third brother, returned in broken health from India. There were a few days of extreme anxiety, occasioned by Craufurd being seized with small-pox. 'For a few hours,' she writes, 'my heart knew the agony of fear, but it did not last.'

'*Fulham Palace, June 22d*, 1858.—We came down here last night for the day, and to keep Craufurd's birthday. . . . The reality of the presence of those dear ones in heaven seems daily to strengthen, and we feel as truly one with them as with the dear ones still given to us to train on earth. . . . Early in the winter we hope another little one will be given to us. . . . Little Lucy is such a boisterous, merry child.' The baby was born on December 7th.

'On the 12th of January our sweet babe was baptized by her father at Fulham Church. She is named Edith Murdoch. Craufurd and Lucy stood close beside me as I placed her in her father's arms, and her sweet heavenly sisters who have never seen the little face on earth seemed to be near us. Her godparents are the Dean of Westminster [Dr. Trench], and Mrs. Wildman, both with us, and my dear friend Maria Jackson, not able from illness to be with us. . . . On the 21st of January we took our dear Craufurd to school to Mr. Powles of Blackheath, whom the Bishop has known for long, and with

whom we have had several nephews. It will be better for his character to be thrown with other boys than to be constantly with us. God knows how earnestly we pray that he may walk all his life in the right way, and that God will give unto him spiritual life.'

Her home-anxiety was heavily renewed in the early part of this year. Her eldest daughter was seized with brain-fever, and lay dangerously ill for three days. 'I hardly knew how to bear the anguish, but then hope came back, and now again I know what it is to feel joy when I hold my two sweet little daughters in my arms together, and ever think day by day of the five for whom we shall never know suffering or anxiety now. . . . It seems strange to have a little one they have never seen; but to my heart she brings joy.' Rather more than a year afterwards the illness returned with violence to the little girl, but again the danger passed away.

Colonel Tait died in March 1859. 'We earnestly trust,' she says, 'that through God's mercy he has joined our blessed ones in heaven. As we stood beside his bed, and felt that life was passing rapidly away, I earnestly prayed that those darlings who had loved him, and prayed for him on earth, might now be allowed to come and welcome him. It was difficult to our brother to feel that death was really come; yet he seemed able to cling to his blessed Saviour as his only hope. On Sunday the 13th I stayed with him during the morning service, part of

which we read together. He joined earnestly in it. I also read to him Trench's poem of Justin Martyr, thinking it might say to him something which I longed to say, namely, that it is only when we feel the nothingness of earth that we begin to know the joy we have as Christians. It seemed to comfort him to hear it. Then we spoke of days gone by, and dear friends gone from us. After church, the Bishop came in and said to me, "It is our dear Catty's birthday." "Yes," I said, "she is thirteen to-day;" —for until I join them again, I love to count their earthly birthdays, and realise their age. And yet I ever remember too that at the time when they passed away all time ceased for them. The dear Colonel seemed much touched when he heard it was our darling's birthday, and he said, "Well, she is only gone before you." He suffered a good deal on Sunday and Monday, but continued to be with us downstairs. On Monday night he walked up to bed, weak, suffering, and weary. His servant remained with him that night. I went in about four o'clock, and said a prayer with him, as he seemed very ill, and as soon as day broke we telegraphed for our brothers and sisters. They came that afternoon to find us most anxious, but by no means without hope. Chatty [Lady Wake] determined to remain with him that night, and this was a great comfort to him; to her he was able to express that he felt his Saviour to be to him, at this time of need, his only hope. Mrs. Peach, when with him, said, "Colonel, can you give

up the world?" "Yes," he said, "I can now give it up." On Wednesday morning he was much weaker, but better able to take food, and the doctor had hopes he would rally. Our dear Bishop had for some months gone to him in the morning to read and pray with him. He seemed quite to like his coming, and to join in the prayers, though he never said much as to his feelings. The Bishop was obliged to go that day to Hampstead to preach. Very soon after he was gone, at five o'clock, a change came on our poor brother, and at half-past six the doctor told us the end was near. He was not able to speak. We were all of us round his bed. We said prayers constantly with him, until at eight o'clock all was over. He turned round on his bed, and his spirit passed away. Little did our dear Bishop expect to find all over on his return, but so it pleased God.'

'*April* 11, 1860.—Craufurd is greatly enjoying his holidays, and is very dear and good; healthful in body and mind. God grant him a manhood of usefulness and holiness, if such shall be His will. Lucy looks well and bright again, thank God, and Edith just begins to learn the charm of walking alone, which is a great triumph to her. Tell Reggie an emu has been sent us from Australia, and is at Fulham. Next Wednesday we have our gathering of all our clergy in the garden at Fulham. There will be, probably, a thousand. I hope we shall have a bright day.'

The juxtaposition of the emu and the garden-party

reminds us of a little scene which took place some four years later. At one of these pleasant gatherings the emu was turned out into the meadow to be inspected by the guests. But the cows resented the intrusion, and gave chase to the unfortunate bird. 'Hallo!' exclaimed Dean Milman excitedly, 'there goes Colenso, and all the Bishops after him!' It was, we think, on the same day that he saw Bishops Wilberforce and Villiers into a cab together, as they drove off to attend some meeting. He approached them as they started, and with much solemnity of manner whispered, 'See that ye fall not out by the way!'

A letter of July 11, 1860, announces the birth of another little one, who is to be called Agnes. This was her last child. She was christened on July 29th, at the evening service, at the Palace Chapel, which at that time was being used for the parish church, the latter being under restoration.

'*Fulham, July* 29, 1860.—To-day we have, through God's mercy, laid our eighth daughter in the arms of the Good Shepherd, and received her back to nurse and train for Him. May she be united when her journey is over with her dear sisters in heaven! Our darling's god-parents are Sir William Page Wood, Mrs. William Cowper, and Alice Tait. They were all with us.'

'*April* 7, 1861.—To-morrow closes the fifth year since our little Mary entered into her rest, and joined her sisters in the kingdom of her Father. I feel that our sorrow has been turned into joy,—joy that these

darlings are safe; that in a busy life, which might press us down to earth, they are ever a tie to the world unseen. I never wish them back to this world of temptation; we feel that they belong to us where they are, and that we shall soon rejoice together. . . . I trust God is guiding our son, and will enable him to do some work for Him on earth. . . . Lucy is a child of very strong character, and most dear. May God give me grace to guide her in the way that is good! Her mind opens rapidly. She is a good deal with me, and as I teach her to read and write my mind goes back to years ago. I know that this training, which seems for earth, may be for heaven. When I remember, as I do daily, those weeks of anguish, how strange it seems that our nursery should again be full of joy; yet so it is.'

'*Dec.* 1861.—I am sure your heart has felt with our dear Queen in this time of awful trial. May God comfort and strengthen her! . . . Craufurd is well, and very good. As his time for going to Eton draws on, he has a tutor to help him in some points in which we want him to get on.'

Craufurd went to Eton in September 1862, with his mother's many prayers.

'*Oct.* 11, 1862.—The Bishop, after very anxious consideration, has refused the Archbishopric of York, feeling that his work really lies in London, and that it would be a trial to him to sever himself from it. I am very happy now his decision is made.'

'*Fulham Palace, Dec.* 31 [1862].—Craufurd keeps

me very busy reading with him. He is with us till the 20th. Eton tells nicely upon him; he seems to work well, and gained two of the three prizes given to his form, which is large. He is as precious to his mother as ever. May every blessing and comfort be with you all this new year!'

'*London House, Feb.* 18, 1863.—I have sent by this post a Sunday book for you to read with the boys. Craufurd read it at Eton and liked it much. I am going to send you a Sunday book for yourself, which I think you will value, Denton on the Sunday Gospels. The portion each week is always a pleasure to me. It is so deep and full, and opens up the portion of Scripture so fully. I want to know if I sent you a volume of sermons the Bishop published last year. I am reading with much interest Pusey on Daniel.'

In the following June Craufurd was seized with scarlet fever. She immediately brought him home, the little ones having been previously sent away. There are a few lines in one of her letters expressing her anxiety of spirit, which we can imagine for ourselves. On his recovery she took him for change to the house of his old nurse, Mrs. Peach, who had gone with her husband to live in Staffordshire. But the air was too strong for him, and brought on asthma; so at the end of a week she brought him back to Fulham, where he quite recovered. From that time there was no serious anxiety about his health until the end. 'If he was a dear companion

in his childhood,' she wrote on this occasion, 'he is a far dearer companion and friend now, both to his Father and myself.'

In the August and September of the year 1864 the Bishop and his family occupied Bishop Ewing's house at Lochgilphead.[1]

The following letter, addressed by the Bishop to Lady Wake, has been partially printed in the Life of Bishop Ewing. We think, however, it will bear printing at length :—

'BISHOPSTON, LOCHGILPHEAD,
September 2, 1864.

'You will probably like to know whether we are having sufficient change from the ordinary routine of Fulham and London House, and therefore I send you this account of our doings on Tuesday and Wednesday last, the two last days of August. On Tuesday, at ten A.M., by special invitation of the Lieutenant commanding H.M. Steamship on this station, we went with a large party to Arran ; a good day; its mountains and lake showing well, and all things most agreeable. Luncheon on deck ; Brodick Bay and the Duke of Hamilton's castle and garden looking their best.

'A little delay at Arran for two of the party made us later than we expected. Still all was prosperous. Tea on deck—dancing—sailor's hornpipe—reels—quadrilles—songs—guitar ; and then, as it got dark,

[1] During this time Craufurd and his mother sat to Sant for the portraits which hang in the dining-room at Addington.

and set in unfortunately for a rainy night, we all sat together talking pleasantly under canvas, and scarcely noticed how dark and very wet it had become. All was very pleasant and snug, when the clock struck (or the bell rang) eight. In a moment a cry, "Breakers ahead"—"Stop her"—"Back her"—then three tremendous bumps under our feet—a horrid scraping noise; the vessel was fast on the rocks, and to all appearance, if she ever got off them, would either swing over or would go down, from the hole which we could not doubt was drilled in her bottom. "All hands astern"—a frightful rushing of seamen and marines, some of them half-dressed, turned out of the berths into which they had just turned in. The darkness intense, but breakers and land within a hundred yards dimly visible.

'Every one behaved beautifully. The ladies as composed as possible. Craufurd and Max took Catharine under their care; Craufurd only beseeching Catharine—"Dear mamma, promise me that you will lay hold of a table or anything that can float, and cling by it." They then had a little prayer together; but in two minutes the captain had made up his mind:—"Lower the boat; ladies and passengers on shore." One lady, who was very delicate, fainted, and the doctor determined for her and her husband that it was best to stay on board. Two journeys of the boat took all the passengers and some six sailors ashore, but the landing was not very easy. The sea was now running very high; the

boat could not come within some yards of the rocky beach. A middle-sized sailor, who was incautious enough to insist on taking Catharine on his back, came down like a shot in the water, and she waded from the boat. The same fate befell young Auchindarroch, who insisted on carrying me—not from the same cause, but because he stumbled into a hole. But providentially, some time before half-past eight, we, that is, seven ladies of all ages, myself, Craufurd and Max, Auchindarroch and his three sons, and three other gentlemen, found ourselves on what we supposed to be dry land—or at least land—without any accident.

'The ladies, led by the gentlemen, stumbled up the rocks, which were not steep, and the tide rising rapidly kept following them with a tremendous roaring. Ten minutes later, no boat could have lived in the surf; and, when we bethought ourselves that some covering would be desirable if it could be got, Archy Auchindarroch swam to the ship and had a tarpaulin thrown to him, which proved in the event a godsend. And now Auchindarroch and another gentleman began to reconnoitre the land.

'They soon returned, declaring it to be an island, and a very small one—whether covered by the sea at high-water or no, it was at first impossible to say—but after a little exploring they found a grassy spot at the top, which looked as if the sea never reached it, and there a shed or large tent was erected with the tarpaulin, and another smaller tent. This, of

course, took some time. Meanwhile, I stayed with one sailor looking after the boat. The steamer was looming over our heads, apparently brought nearer and nearer to the shore by the tide, or seeming to get nearer, from the wind blowing away the screen of the darkness, and making the sight of the vessel easier. It seemed to me as if it was on the point of falling over as it rose in the darkness high above the sea. And now our own boat, hauled up on the rocky beach, was overtaken by the surge, and filled with water, while it was tossed from side to side, and was like to be shivered to atoms—the one sailor and I vainly tugging at the cable to draw it up the shore. The outcry we made soon summoned the other sailors who were ashore; and I shall never forget their wild chorus as they tugged at the cable, shouting a song very unsuited for such circumstances, and keeping time by the chorus. At last their tugging hauled the boat up, and it seemed to be safe from the advancing tide.

'Soon afterwards the steamboat moved, the captain (lieutenant) having, as we afterwards learned, sent out an anchor in the other boat, and dropped it at some distance, and then hauled the vessel off by it. We heard their cheering as they got off the rocks, and saw no more of them that night, though from time to time our lookers-out reported that lights were to be seen, which they supposed belonged to the vessel.

'And now we all gathered under the tarpaulin,

every one wet to the skin excepting me. For my own part, the Colonel's excellent felt cloak, which I had fortunately brought with me, was a wonderful source of damp heat. It was obvious that, whatever was to become of us in the morning, we must stay where we were for seven hours till daybreak. All agreed there was no house on the island. Some maintained they had seen two sheep in the darkness; but the existence of any living being but ourselves on its inhospitable shore was stoutly denied by others. Some thought we were on the Skate Rock, but a gentleman (Mr. M'Kinnon) who had shot over the Skate (famous for otters) declared he was certain that it was not the said Skate. Some thought we were about Ardlamont Point; others that we were far higher up Lochfyne. Meanwhile, the pelting rain and utter darkness prevented any useful observations.

'The foresight of the doctor or some other kind genius, had sent in the boat a bottle of sherry and two bottles of rum; and we kept all as close together as we could—a strange group, as, lighted by the boat's lantern, we crouched under the canvas, lying on the damp boggy ground, or leaning against the rock. We had scarcely crawled into this place and begun to realise our position—some of us verging on in life, and most of us accustomed to all "the comforts of the Salt Market," and therefore somewhat depressed—when a sailor proposed to keep up our spirits by singing a song. It was well enough in its way, and certainly better than the other which

they had sung in hauling up the boat, but not very suitable for people who, through God's great mercy, had just escaped from imminent peril of death. I therefore proposed some hymns instead. We sang the evening hymn, both Keble's and the other, Jerusalem the Golden, and others used in the chapel here, in which most of the party had been worshippers last Sunday. Then we had a short prayer commending ourselves to God's good keeping; and prepared to keep each other awake as best we could, for the seven hours before us, as it was voted dangerous for any to fall asleep in our soaking state. I pulled out of my pocket John Shairp's poem "Kilmahoe," and read aloud "The Sacramental Sabbath." The Presbyterian minister of Lochgilphead (who was one of the party) read the next canto when I was tired. However, it seemed that something livelier was needed to keep the party awake, and the wonderful spirits of Archy Auchindarroch (just come home from India with the 72d Highlanders, as fine a specimen of a spirited young soldier as I ever saw, who had really done wonders for us on our leaving the vessel), were far more effectual than the grave attempts of the minister and myself. Auchindarroch too was a host in himself, keeping everybody's spirits up, and letting nobody fall asleep. His youngest son, ten years old, was the only one who could not be kept awake.

'And thus passed the seven hours. There were endless speculations where we might be—anxious

questionings as to the ship—much thankfulness that we had not all gone to the bottom, and somewhat fearful forebodings as to what might be the effect on elderly ladies and gentlemen, to say nothing of young ones, from so unexpected a conclusion of our pleasure trip.

'About three, some streaks of day were descried, and at last our scouts announced that the vessel was at anchor at no great distance. It was resolved that the indomitable Archy Auchindarroch, with two sailors and another gentleman, should row to the ship and ascertain how matters stood. About four, certain tidings were brought to us that the vessel was safe—that when she cleared the rocks, to the captain's surprise and great relief, he found that, as she had struck on the keel, no hole had been made in her iron bottom—at least she had not let in any more water—though at first she was reported to be letting it in, though slowly.

'This intelligence put a happy end to our speculations as to the fate of our friends; and also solved for ourselves the question what we were to do. Before, opinions had been evenly balanced between landing on the Ardlamont shore, close to which we thought ourselves, where there is no road, and beating our way across country to the nearest point, where we might be taken up by the "Iona" from Glasgow (this was one plan): and as the other alternative, rowing across to the Tarbert side of the loch and storming Stonefield House for breakfast. The easier course remained,—to row back to the steam-

boat. Very thankful were we all when the captain welcomed us back; and the doctor gave us mulled port to warm us. We all agreed that the captain was right in sending us at once ashore in the great uncertainty,—and though those, no doubt, fared best who remained by the ship, still, for my own part, I confess I was glad to have escaped the great anxiety of hauling the vessel off the rocks, when the chances were that she might have sunk at once like a kettle with a hole in it, and none escaped but those who could swim. All seem to agree that iron-bottomed vessels are more difficult to deal with than wooden in such circumstances.

'Soon we were making progress for Ardrishaig. Before six A.M. on Wednesday we landed at the pier, thanking God; and for ourselves, were in bed at Bishopston before the little girls had even found out that we had not come home at eight the night before, as we expected.

'Certainly you will agree that this is even more unlike a quiet Fulham evening than the night of which, with John and Lady Menzies, we spent six hours, two years ago, amongst the bogs of Rannoch and Loch Erichtside. But all is well that ends well. No one seems to have suffered; and it is not bad for any of us to be taught practically how near we may be to the greatest danger when we are least thinking of it.—Ever affectionately, A. C. LONDON.'[1]

[1] We have heard a somewhat amusing sequel to this very exciting adventure. The Presbyterian minister made the best of his way home,

In the latter part of 1865 Mrs. Tait's letters display a good deal of anxiety respecting the Bishop's health, and on the 20th of March 1866 her fears were confirmed, for he was seized with dangerous illness, after preaching at St. Paul's.[1] He recovered, however, in April sufficiently to be taken to Fairlight, near Hastings, and six weeks' residence there restored him so far that he was able to return to Fulham and resume his work.[2] 'I am much enjoying, and with deep thankfulness, my husband's quiet recovery,' she wrote. In July the Cholera broke out in London, and it was then that she began that special work with

let himself in, and went to bed. Next morning, his housekeeper, who had been frightened out of her life, questioned him about his late hours. 'Was I late, Ailie?' said he, with a look of innocent surprise; 'weel, perhaps I was, rayther.' 'Late, sir!' said Ailie; 'deed an' ye may say that; why, it was braid daylicht.' 'Really, Ailie, now ye speak on't, I misdoubt me it was vera little else.' Ailie pressed her questions, but her canny master could only be brought to acknowledge that he just thought he might have been 'a wee later than usual.'

Another trifle connected with the same expedition:—The passengers urged upon the captain the desirableness of telegraphing at once to the Admiralty, and so putting himself right there. He did so with some trepidation. The First Lord at that time was the Duke of Somerset, who likes his joke, as the House of Lords appears to know. He immediately telegraphed back the inquiry whether the Bishop of London was steering! And the captain, rightly taking this as an indication that the accident was not regarded with much gravity at headquarters, was immediately at peace.

[1] It was the Day of Humiliation for the Cattle-Plague.

[2] The family were constantly in the habit at all times of reading together aloud in the evenings, sometimes Shakespeare, sometimes Dickens, sometimes Macaulay or Green or Carlyle. At this time they were reading Miss Austen's 'Emma' together, and the Bishop appropriated to himself the name of 'Mr. Woodhouse.' On these occasions the children always made clothes for the poor, and many a flannel garment did Mrs. Tait herself make at these hours.

which her name will be always associated. Her husband has already told how she carried off the orphan children to Fulham, and how this step was the beginning of that movement which resulted in the Orphanage in the Isle of Thanet. Ten years afterwards she wrote thus of it:—'Whatever work I have been allowed to do for that Home has been connected in my mind with the sweet band of my children in heaven.' Some account of the progress of this work has appeared in the Archbishop's narrative. Other particulars will meet us in their due place.

In the month of September, when the epidemic was over, they visited Elmdon once more, in order to show their two eldest children the quiet scenes of her childhood, and then started for Scotland. On the day following their arrival at North Berwick, the Bishop attended, at Garscube, the funeral of a near relative, the young owner of the place, stayed there a day or two, then returned to North Berwick. They were days full of sadness to him. He preached there on the following Sunday, had a long walk on the sands with his brothers, and returned to evening service. On the Monday he walked with Lord Stanhope on the sands again, and was to start for Edinburgh in the afternoon. Suddenly, soon after midday, a sudden and violent paroxysm of pain came on, and in a few hours it was plain that a very serious illness was again upon him. This lasted for eight weeks, and he was in great danger. As soon as he

could be moved he was driven to Edinburgh. A few days there gave him strength to undertake the journey, first to London, then to Brighton, where they spent Christmas with their children. Then they returned to Fulham.

Our narrative so far has been a compilation almost entirely from Mrs. Tait's own letters, and it needs hardly to be said that we see here a personal life of deep devotion, a life full of joyousness and hope, fed from an inexhaustible Well of life, the natural fruit of which was a continuous round of practical goodness. It was not a life of dreamy piety, nor one of fuss and show. There was always a yearning for practical usefulness. For instance, in the first months of her residence in London, she became a lady visitor at Queen's College, Harley Street, and attended the theological lectures. But she soon found it impracticable to continue this, the tax upon her time being too severe, and therefore she resigned the duty altogether. But it was not thus with the homes of the poor. 'At Fulham,' says one whose home was among them, 'she was untiring in her visits to the poor. She took a personal interest in their families. At least once a week she spent some time in reading to the old people in the Fulham and Hammersmith Workhouse and in the Fulham Refuge. The almshouses were an especial care, and she fostered in her children thus early a reverence and loving care for the aged, by teaching them to sing hymns and read to the old ladies. One after-

noon a week, it was understood, was given by the children to this duty.' From the same pen we have some very pleasing illustrations of her considerate kindness for those about her. We find it difficult to quote all these, but one we will venture to transcribe. The lady who writes was living with her aunts at Fulham and acting as daily governess to her children. 'At the Christmas gatherings and garden-parties she always asked my sisters and aged aunts to come with me, thus giving pleasure to all of us, and at the same time brushing aside what so often makes the life of a governess in a large household very lonely. When the American Bishops were in Conference at Lambeth in 1867, and there were large parties at Fulham, she asked my eldest sister and myself to each one of them.'

Let us turn to another of her practical works. The Archbishop has himself told us how she awoke him one night to propound to him her scheme of the Ladies' Diocesan Association. To his narrative we are enabled to add a few particulars. It was in the year 1864. The Rev. T. J. Rowsell, then Vicar of St. Margaret's, Lothbury, in preaching at St. Paul's, spoke of so many coming to London for the season, doing no good, and getting none, but rather leaving London the worse, and the further from Christ. Mrs. Tait heard this sermon, and on the following day sent for Mr. Rowsell, told him how often she had felt what he had expressed, and added, 'We must *do* something;' and then she propounded

her scheme. Invitations were sent to a number of ladies to meet at London House, and bring any friends with them. Three objects were propounded to them as to be sought after:—

1. The spiritual benefit of the workers, by giving some definite work to those anxious to strengthen their own inner life by consecrated service.

2. The comfort and edification of the sick, suffering, and lonely.

3. The encouragement of co-operation in good works and almsgiving.

The chaplains of hospitals, penitentiaries, houses of charity, and clerks of Boards of Guardians, were communicated with, and asked if ladies would be allowed to visit their respective institutions. The movement was at once successful. Many ladies of rank and influence became members, and devoted systematically each week a portion of their time from the occupations of the London season to visiting their suffering or fallen fellow-creatures. The East End of London, Bethnal Green, Stepney, etc., were all arranged for, and funds were collected from the West End to be distributed in the poor districts. The ladies met for a religious service once a week at London House. Mrs. Tait visited each centre of labour in turn. With a view to training her daughters to work with her in such deeds, she caused the Ophthalmic Hospital and St. Martin's Workhouse to be assigned to them, to be regularly visited with a grown-up friend.

The first chaplain was Mr. Rowsell; afterwards the office was held, in the present Bishop of London's time, by the Revs. W. D. Maclagan (now Bishop of Lichfield), T. F. Stooks, and George S. Ram. The latter gentleman still holds the office. From him and from the lady who first acted as secretary, the above particulars are derived. The following paper just issued by the Association will tell its present condition under Bishop Jackson's care :—

LADIES' DIOCESAN ASSOCIATION.

1. The primary object of the Ladies' Diocesan Association is to afford to Ladies residing or sojourning for a season in London an opportunity of employing some of their time in Christian duties and works of charity and kindness.

2. That Ladies, who from any cause are unable to take part in active work, may yet promote the objects of the Association, and retain their Membership with it, by giving or collecting Alms, which may be brought to Miss Jackson at any of the meetings, or offered at Holy Communion on the Anniversary Day at Fulham, when, if their object be not specified by the donor, they will be distributed under the direction of the Bishop.

3. That those who desire to do so may thus work under the sanction and direction of the Bishop of the Diocese.

4. Meetings are held during Lent and afterwards, at London House, that information may be given respecting any new openings for work in Hospitals, Workhouses, etc., and for uniting in prayer for God's blessing on the work of the Association.

5. Members are invited to introduce to Miss Jackson any friends who are willing to become associated in this work.

Before quitting this subject we cannot forbear quoting a few lines from a letter of condolence addressed to Miss. Tait on her mother's death. For though it was written without a thought of publication,

it furnishes such a touching commentary on one of the objects originally sought, that we are sure the writer will not object to our making this use of it:—

'Years ago, when I was a Londoner, and joined her band of workers, of which she was the soul and spirit, sorrow came upon me, and I went down to Fulham to say farewell and ask advice. Mrs. Tait took me up to her room, and poured out her soul in intercessory prayer for my case; and often since, when mercies have surrounded me in my home here, I have thought that that prayer brought my blessings.'[1]

[1] It is remarkable that another lady writes the following account of a very similar interview, resulting in a like consolation, which took place last summer, just after Craufurd's death. It is addressed to her niece:—

'The short correspondence which you so kindly conducted with me for her this summer, led to an interview at Lambeth which I can never forget. I went to her under great distress of mind, and her wonderful kindness in listening to me, a complete stranger, her practical and experienced view of my difficulties, are all present to me at this moment. I can well imagine the grief at the two Homes, for I always found that her name acted as a charm; and that the feeling towards her was a very high and living influence with even the roughest of the little girls.

'I had hoped, in ordering a supply of knitted stockings from Scotland as a Christmas gift to the Orphanage, that she would have been conscious of my constant remembrance of her kindness; those who will receive the gift in her place know nothing of the hidden feelings with which my visit there was bound up. But I hope that you will forgive my sending it *to you* with those feelings, and with gratitude towards her; for her kind words fell upon a very sad heart.

'Our great and growing consolation is ever the knowledge that these dear spirits who spent their lives here in proclaiming the Christmas message of "good-will" towards their generation, are now realising it in a fulness of peace and joy in the presence of the Master Himself—of which we have only a faint idea in this world of broken purpose.'

In the November of 1867 they came to the North Foreland Lodge, and while they were there the owner of the adjoining residence, Stonehouse, died, and the Bishop bought the estate. In October 1868 they took up their abode at Stonehouse again, and here the vacant Primacy was offered to and accepted by the Bishop.

LIFE AT LAMBETH AND ADDINGTON.

1868–1878.

IMMEDIATELY after the enthronisation the Archbishop and his family went to Lambeth, and at once Mrs. Tait set to work amongst the poor. It was a very different place from either St. James's or Fulham, for it contained scarcely any but poor people. Among these she and her children visited every week. They always visited also on Sundays at the Lambeth Workhouse. 'I can never think of the 12th of Hebrews without the voice of Mrs. Tait coming back to me reading it so solemnly by my bedside in hospital years ago. I can never forget it,' wrote a poor working man after her death. But the Orphanage was not forgotten. At her first visit to Addington she consulted the Vicar as to the possibility of finding a suitable site for a building there. None presented itself, and before long it was decided to build on the Archbishop's private estate at Stonehouse. They went to Addington for a few days at Easter, and rejoiced the villagers by visiting every cottage, when every case of distress was taken note of.

It is a beautiful spot, but there was much scope to be found there for Christian labour. There had been no resident pastor within the memory of the oldest inhabitant until 1868, when, through the endeavours of Archbishop Longley, provision was made for one, and a vicarage was built. The place indeed had been long carefully and tenderly watched by the incumbent of the adjoining parish, who had held Addington with Shirley, and who had erected a large and beautiful church at Shirley which was capable of being of use to both parishes. Archbishop Howley had restored the little church at Addington, and had built a school, but there was no certificated teacher until the new incumbent remedied this, and, with the aid of the Archbishop and the other landowners, built a girls' schoolroom. The church, too, had only two pews allotted to the poor; and a hamlet of some forty cottages, about a mile and a half off, had no provision. There was therefore much to be done. The Vicar got leave to use a cottage in this hamlet which had been shut up as unfit for habitation; his wife fitted it up, and he held a service on Sunday evenings; but his successor was enabled, by the help of his neighbours, to make a large addition to the church, and to build a pretty mission-room instead of the tumble-down cottage. The hamlet surrounding it became a favourite resort of the three girls, who came to know every man, woman, and child in it; it would be hard to find a happier spot in England.

The profusion of heather and wild-flowers all over

the Park was something quite new for them, and as delightful as new. The gardens and conservatories, too, are very beautiful, and accordingly attention was at once given to them. 'She was an extraordinary lady for business,' writes the head-gardener; 'in fact, few could compete with her in the general knowledge of a garden and farm. She keenly liked to see a well-cropped kitchen garden, and never was so pleased as when sending away hampers to those who needed. She had a wonderful system of making the most of everything, and when she was about, there was very little vegetables wheeled to the pigs. Everything was made the best use of, and she took particular care that all should get as nearly as possible alike, and would ask who got hampers last. Then she would go to work, and arrange that the large hampers of useful vegetables should go to the people with large families, and the choice things to the sick. It was pretty hard sometimes to make ends meet, but nobody could help finding pleasure in doing it. . . . Well, then, with the flowers. There was scarcely ever a hamper of vegetables ordered, but flowers were mentioned with it. She would give the school-children a few pence to go and get primroses, and violets, and wild hyacinths, sometimes for church decoration at home, and in the London churches, sometimes for the London and Croydon hospitals. . . . She was always looking out too to have a number of poor people in the Park to gather up the fallen sticks for firewood, which, as she said,

was cleaning up the Park as much as a charity. If she saw a fire of rubbish and brushwood, she would stop to ask if there was nothing burned that would do for firewood for the poor people.[1] In the Home Farm, too, she quite knew what she was about. And although many people would make suggestions, she generally used her own practical judgment. She knew how many pounds of butter ought to be made out of a given quantity of milk, and would always have a punctual account. For many years she managed her poultry arrangements without the aid of any agent but the person in charge. Any profits at the end of the year were divided between the manager and her charities. The young ladies were encouraged to buy and feed a pig each, and when it was sold, the profits were part of their contribution to the Orphanage. . . . When anything went wrong, as things sometimes will in the best establishments, she would not employ anybody to put things right, but did it herself with that beautiful firmness and authority that nobody could feel displeased. When

[1] She told the Vicar one day that he was to be sure and see that she did not act the part of Harry Gill to the poor's Goody Blake. It is hardly necessary to repeat here, what is well known to all who are connected with Lambeth, that the grounds of the Palace are utilised to the best advantage to the poor neighbours.

The great park-like meadow is divided into five plots, which are apportioned in such a way that some thirty-five cricket clubs get each a turn or two in it per week, and rifle corps, athletic sports, school treats, tennis-players, all are considered. The invalid poor are allowed to walk in the grounds also on producing a recommendation from the minister in the neighbourhood.—ED.

the storm was over, it was understood that an offence must not be repeated, but it was never brought up again. She made her own bullets, and fired them herself, and allowed no one to interfere between her and her subordinates.'

'In the simple and natural piety of her household,' says a former chaplain, 'it was modelled on the pattern of a country parsonage; in its large hospitality, it was an Archbishop's palace.' The following thoughtful words are from the pen of a layman who visited her from time to time:—'Nothing was more characteristic of her than her way of spending Sunday. When you met her in the early morning, her very face seemed to tell you it was her day of days. Hers was not a merely negative observance of the day, in the spirit of the Jewish Sabbath—"Not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words." Rather it was the natural outcome and complement of her week-day life—the under-current of her daily life welling to a higher level and allowed freer course by hindrances being put aside for a time. There was full measure of outward observance, of services and sacraments and "Church-blest things;" but it was all according to the "perfect law of liberty," and without a particle of strictness. She honestly tried to give up the day, whole and entire, to God and His special service, or to the service of His poor and suffering creatures, in some form or other, but without giving place either to superstition or scrupulosity,

and without judging others, or expecting them to do what she thought right to do. None but those who have been privileged to share one of those Sundays can realise the atmosphere of home affection and divine love that pervaded them. For the secret charm of her life and character was her perfect simplicity and straightforwardness in just trying with God's help from moment to moment "to do her duty in that state of life to which He had called her." Her nature was not to be striking or original. Evenness and thorough Christian simplicity were its characteristics. Each new duty, each new position, she undertook, with diffidence and misgiving indeed, but with a sure reliance on help which never failed her. This simple, straightforward, self-regardless way of taking things as she found them might have caused, perhaps, in lapse of time, some degree of apathy or hardness in her disposition, had it not been for her natural overflow of sympathy, deepened by the grace of God. In her brightest, merriest moments, the slightest hint or indication of another's sorrow or suffering would instantly change her look, and voice, and manner, and bring to bear the succour of a most "subtle-paced counsel in distress, winning its way with extreme gentleness."

Several letters which are before us dwell upon this happy observance of Sunday. That old practice of hers, begun at Rugby, or rather at Elmdon, of instructing her household on the Lord's Day, was continued down to the end. Always after dinner,

too, the daughters, standing by her or her husband's side, repeated some hymn or piece of sacred poetry. How this was continued until the very last day of her life, we have already seen.

The early life at Addington was a very bright and happy period. The three daughters were growing up, and Craufurd was in the full swing of his studies at Oxford, and his letters of this period, which lie in a great heap before us, are delightful to read. They are full of the keenest enjoyment of life,—of his cricket, and skating, and riding; full too of his studies and Oxford politics. And all through runs a full stream of genuine, unaffected, but deep piety. You never miss it. Though it is never obtruded, you find every topic which is broached, brought to be weighed in the balances of the sanctuary. He tells his mother the special subjects of his prayers, remembers his father's Ordinations at the Ember seasons, looks forward to his own Ordination with trembling hope.

Their happiness, as has been noted above, was again broken in upon in November 1869, when, two days after going to Stonehouse, the Archbishop was suddenly seized with dangerous illness, and for many days lay at death's door. Craufurd came immediately, and though he managed to bear up bravely before his sisters, he gave way in the evening to his overpowering grief. For the next two days all was ready for Holy Communion when the last summons should come. 'On the third day,' says one who was there, 'I went into the dining-room, where Mrs. Tait

had just come down to breakfast alone. It was the only time I ever saw her give way to despair. I was going to write some letters for early post for some of their friends, and I asked what report I should give. "It does not matter, dear, what you say," she replied, with a gush of tears, "for before the letters get there all must be over." The next day, Sunday, there was a ray of hope, and her spirits immediately rose. The girls went in to see the patient, and each, according to their wont, repeated her hymn; the youngest was wonderfully brave, though she quite broke down as soon as she got out of the room.' Sister Nora from St. Peter's, Kilburn, came to nurse him, and did it most efficiently. The following Sunday was the first in Advent, and the Archbishop was so far better that all the family assembled at nine o'clock in his bedroom for the celebration of the Holy Communion.

On the 21st of December—his fifty-eighth birthday—he was able to be dressed for the first time, and on that day Mrs. Tait laid the foundation-stone of the Orphanage. It is one of the most characteristic features of her life that we come just at this moment upon a very touching record, which, however, circumstances preclude us from giving in detail, of her ministering to one who was sick and weary, and sorely in need of sympathy and help. The account is written with the sufferer's own hand.

The year 1870 was a year of slow recovery. In November they went to San Remo. We need not, probably, say that during the journeys family prayer

was never omitted, nor was the daily religious lesson. Thence they went successively to Mentone and to Cannes. They returned home, as the Archbishop has already said, on the eve of Ascension Day. One letter we have here from a lady, who, at that time, was acting as governess to the children. The following passage is characteristic, as exhibiting the unity of the whole life. It might describe the life of the young mistress of Rugby over again. 'I had caught a violent cold at San Remo. When I arrived at Mentone the Archbishop and Mrs. Tait had not returned from their afternoon drive. Craufurd and Mr. —— helped me up-stairs, and I must have fainted after this, for when I opened my eyes again Mrs. Tait was sitting by the sofa on which I was lying, the tears running down her cheeks. How could I ever forget those long days of sickness which followed, —the tender motherly care, the three or four visits a day, the prayer by my bedside, the short Scripture reading? Craufurd used too to come of an evening to our sitting-room, where my pupils were tending me, and spend many an hour in reading to me all the home news. Of course I knew that my illness was an added burden, and a very heavy one, but I was never allowed to feel this.'

On the return to England in 1871 the Orphanage became one of Mrs. Tait's first cares. There is nothing to add to the Archbishop's own narrative, but this is a convenient place to say a few words about the working of the Orphanage by the St. Peter's Sisters.

It forms no part of the editor's duty to attempt any abstract discussion about Sisterhoods. But I venture to say this,—I have lived for some years almost within sight of the Orphanage, and have seen something both of the work of the Sisters and of its results. The girls who have left the Orphanage have turned out well; if there have been exceptions, they have been very rare. The children came, be it remembered, from the very poorest classes in the east of London. They left to take situations as domestic servants, and they have approved themselves well trained. It is a very pleasant sight from time to time to see one and another of them come back on a visit, as a young wife, bringing her baby with her.

Of course it was inevitable that differences of opinion on some points would arise between Mrs. Tait and the Sisterhood. But there was nothing at any time which put any strain upon Christian love and unanimity of sentiment, for both were engaged in an altogether unselfish work. It was her custom always, and in every department, to uphold authority, and to break off any connexions rather than give half-confidence; and all the time that the Sisterhood worked the Orphanage they could always trust both her and the Archbishop to support them in any difficulty that might arise, and so all worked well. But the feeling arose amongst the Sisters themselves that another system might better meet the wants of the Institution, and they retired in 1878, carrying with them the respect and love of the Archbishop's

family, when the present excellent superintendent, Miss Gould, entered upon her work.

I shall venture now to introduce a paper of considerable interest. It comprises the reminiscences of the Mother Superior of the St. Peter's Sisterhood; and so she can speak for herself:—

'Our intercourse with our dear friend Mrs. Tait began in 1861, when she (Mrs. Lancaster) who has also passed away from among us, the foundress of our Order, went with me to see the Bishop of London at Fulham, to ask his sanction and blessing on the work which was then to be begun by us in his diocese.

'I remember her kindly and keen interest in our scheme, and the promise of cordial sympathy when our Home should be opened.

'During its first years she often visited us, and brought her friends to see it, joining in our anniversary festivals, and occasionally coming to our services at other times, and to hear sermons and meditations in our dear little chapel at Brompton, which she greatly admired and appreciated.

'In 1866 the cholera broke out, and we sent a band of Sisters and other workers to help in the great distress which it occasioned in the district of Ratcliffe.

'There dear Mrs. Tait's sympathy followed us, and she was deeply interested in the Sisters' work, and in their courage in facing the terrible scenes around them.

'She drove down there one day with the Bishop,

to encourage and comfort, by their presence among them, the sore-stricken hearts of those whose homes —if such they could be called—were left desolate by this awful visitation.

'They came to our rooms—which were over a shop in one of the narrowest streets in this densely-peopled district—to express their interest in our work; and she won all hearts there by her gentleness and sweetness.

'Their carriage, standing at our door, was surrounded by a crowd of the very poorest of the people and the dirtiest of the children, but, as well as her over-full heart would let her, she said kind words to all, and her eyes brimmed over with tears at the sight of the wan and suffering faces.

'A few months afterwards, Mrs. Tait drove one day to our Home at Brompton to beg that one of our Sisters would come and take the charge of the little house which, as the result of that day's visit to the east, had been opened by her for the so-called "Cholera Orphans."

'It was not, strictly speaking, a work for our Order, but we could not refuse the Bishop's call or her very earnest pleading, and so a Sister was found willing to go back with her; and thus began our charge of a work which, small and unknown as it was then, has since become a very important one among the charities of the day. We worked for five years at Fulham, ever cheered in the many difficulties we had to encounter by her kindness and advice. She was

ever patient, ever pitying, and the tears would come to her motherly eyes at the sight of the little helpless creatures who crowded round her on her visits to the Home. It would be impossible to recount in detail the acts and interests of our work with those orphans. For twelve years we watched, and prayed, and worked for them side by side. During these years the little house at Fulham was abandoned, and the large and costly buildings at Broadstairs built and taken possession of. In the move to so large a place many difficulties had to be met, especially during the first three or four years, when the expenses of building and supporting so large a work were so much greater than she had at all intended or desired. But her unfailing courage and hopefulness were a marvel to us.

'Her personal interest in the children was most remarkable. They were never to her an "Orphanage;" they were a group of little individuals, craving her care, her love, and her interest. She never forgot a child; and as her various claims and duties caused often long absences from any personal intercourse, this was the more surprising. Nor was this all. She not only knew each child, and recollected generally all we felt about them—their character in the Home, their place in school, their general standing and condition,—but she remembered who they were, what friends or relations they had—the little home-story which to each little one was dear. She would soften a rough girl, who had been giving trouble to school-

mistress and to Sisters, by asking, with a tone of tender sympathy, after the aged grandmother or the little cripple brother—a happy tact bringing these soft spots to her mind as soon as she saw the child. Her exceeding hopefulness was very beautiful to see. She never despaired of any one; never would give any one up, however bad they were.

'She had a firm belief that all evil in them (be it in child, or worker, or servant) was a passing stage, a temporary cloud, which we must wait for, must, to use her frequent expression, "tide over," and all would be well.

'Another great beauty in her was her reliableness. She was always the same to us. Did we meet her in the crowded gatherings at Lambeth Palace, in the busy school or workroom of the Orphanage, or in the solitude of the sweet garden and shrubbery at Stonehouse, where she would tempt a tired Sister for a refreshing stroll with her, her gentleness, her affection, her courtesy, and trustful hopefulness were always sure.

'In matters especially concerning the Sisters' life at the Orphanage her thoughtful tact tided us over many difficulties. It could not but be that in a place so conspicuous and open to the public as a Home founded and built by the Archbishop must be, we were in a somewhat difficult position; and more than once we were subjected to not very pleasant criticisms by those who felt themselves justified in censuring us and our lives, as they appeared to their casual external observation. Mrs. Tait gave us all the sympathy

and freedom she could herself, and it was painful to her to see that others were less liberal than herself.

'Her own large, wide heart could embrace all; she had room for all,—kind words and good wishes for all who were trying to do God's work in the Church,—and these narrower and less generous critics were distressing to her.

'And so with the children: she upheld the Sisters to them, supported the authority of servants or workers appointed by us, with unvarying consideration and force; and this even when, as has in the course of twelve years sometimes been the case, the persons employed or the orders given were not to her taste or quite in accordance with her judgment. There is not one who has worked with her that does not retain a grateful and affectionate remembrance of her in our mutual intercourse.

'It would be impossible, in the limits of this little sketch, to give any adequate idea of Mrs. Tait in her daily life, even as it was seen by us. Her excellent judgment, her habits of business, and accuracy in accounts, and in the details of business connected with the building and arranging these large works, were very remarkable. But far beyond them yet shone out her perfect exemplification of the law of charity—in word, in thought, in deed; ever putting kindly interpretation on things. She literally "suffered all, and was kind, was not easily provoked, thought no evil, bore all things, believed all things, hoped all things, endured all things."

'We owe much to her example, much to her loving intercourse. In her departure from among us we feel that we have lost a true friend, a faithful associate, a cordial and generous co-worker; but the remembrance of her beautiful life will never fade from our memories; and there are many among our band who, while they shed tears for the loss of her bright presence, will always thank God for having known and worked with her.'

Some expressions in the above letter induce us to linger upon one aspect of her life on which little has hitherto been said. The influence of her early Evangelical training and of the Tractarian movement upon her early years have been dwelt upon. But there was a third factor in the formation of her thoughts and opinions; her husband's changed position brought her into contact with so many men, laity as well as clergy, of high culture and of every shade of opinion. Probably the result was to deepen, if that were needed, her consciousness that she had her own province of earnest and useful labour. Certainly, whilst she clung more and more as years went on to every conviction and principle which had grown dear to her, she seemed also able to realise that other persons had convictions too, and reasons for them. One day, Craufurd, when a boy, said to her, 'Mother, I don't think you and father think always alike.' Both parents laughed. 'Have you found that out, my boy?' said she. Nothing but good followed from such diversity. She knew her own

sphere, and found full scope for her energies within it. She could not have taken the same views as the Archbishop about the *Essays and Reviews* case, or Natal, or some of the Ritual questions, but she felt that these matters were out of her province. 'During the many years that I was Chaplain or Commissary,' said the Bishop of Gibraltar, 'I never knew her interfere.' And the Superior of one of the Sisterhoods writes these weighty words, which it is but fair to quote at length:—

'She passed through all the different phases of her life perfectly true to her own convictions, yet loyal and dutiful to her husband. She could appreciate and understand his way of viewing things, even when it differed from her own, and I have seen her indignation roused to the utmost at some unfair criticism, or imputation of motives to him, which she knew to be perfectly untrue to his whole being. I know few things in which her example is more worthy of note than the way in which she could apprehend the truth and beauty of another's mind, while seeing the same truths herself from a different point of view.'

AND now as the great sorrow—I feel that I might more truly call it the crowning victory—of her life in this world begins to loom in sight, though as yet in the distance, we have to go back and gather up the materials which we have for the life of Craufurd. We will begin with Eton days, and continue the narrative unbroken to the end.

'At Eton,' says one of his school-fellows, 'he was a thoroughly manly boy, full of life and spirits, entering heart and soul into all fun and games. He was not very brilliant at cricket, but quite the best football-player for his size. He was one of the school eleven, and a first-rate fives-player, as he showed by being second for the school fives, beating much older and stronger competitors.

'As is always the case, his great spirits were a temptation to him, and at one time he began to fall into that hasty thoughtlessness in word and deed which may lead to sad evil in a high-spirited boy; and I often think there must have been a time when his parents saw signs of this, and committed their boy to God with more earnest prayer than ever.'[1]

He was very popular at Eton, as afterwards at Oxford. His love of fun and his unflagging good spirits would account for this in part, but he was always characterised—no man ever more so—by a remarkable absence of self-consciousness. He was the most modest of men, simple of character, and wonderfully unselfish. He would sometimes tell amusing stories of his passionateness as a child, and

[1] His sister told me he had once shown her, with much dismay, a very sharp letter from his father about his thoughtlessness. Perhaps it is not to be wondered at that I have not met with it. He told me himself that he only got into one serious scrape at Eton. I believe it was for playing a practical joke, which unfortunately took effect by accident on one of the masters. He was able to plead 'first fault,' and thereby escaped penal consequences.—ED.

those who knew him best saw in him always a temper naturally headstrong and impulsive. He knew it himself, and fought against it, and overcame it. The writer of these pages, however, never saw him lose his temper. His eagerness took a legitimate turn when it led him to throw himself with all his heart into whatever he undertook. His popularity at Eton was attested by the exceptionally large number of leaving-books he got from his friends, and yet once more by the large number of school-fellows who stood beside his grave.

He was confirmed by his father at St. James's, Piccadilly, on Maundy-Thursday 1865, and on Easter Day received, at the Chapel-Royal, his first Communion. There is a very earnest letter which he wrote to one of his cousins on the event, and among his papers is a letter from one of his godfathers, Dean Goulburn, written at the same time, and containing two valuable suggestions. He exhorts him first to try to form the habit of *thinking* (meditating) on the short passages of Holy Scripture he reads daily, following the method which the Dean has attempted to explain and illustrate. Secondly, he urges him to enter upon a serious examination of his whole past life since he can remember anything. He encloses a pastoral letter (written for the school-boys at Rugby) which he thinks may help him in this self-examination. 'It is meant to be used, as you will see, very slowly and deliberately, not to be read through at a sitting.'

The Dean writes to his mother: 'He is a very dear boy, and I have no difficulty in understanding how much you and the Bishop must treasure him. I will see him again, if all be well, and we both live, when he comes home for the Easter holidays, and, as you suggest, give him some directions for prayer.'

Such as he was at Eton, such he was at Oxford: sociable, genial, welcomed everywhere, yet not ensnared by his popularity. All his intimate friends were chosen by himself from men like-minded. He was an exemplary correspondent. Heaps of his weekly letters to his mother are before us, and they exhibit this steady light,—that of a young man fond of boating, and riding, and cricket, fond too of company and fun, but at all times practising moderation and self-restraint, doing his appointed work, and forgetting himself and his own merits. The letters of congratulation too which came pouring in on his taking his degree—there are between two and three hundred—all exhibit a kindred spirit of earnestness and respect for what is good. He must have developed in every way at Oxford, in character and mental power. He did respectably at Eton, as far as passing the required examinations was concerned. But he had no special taste or aptitude for scholarship. In no sense was he a precocious boy. His letters are much fuller of boating and riding than of books. But higher things than either are never lost sight of. His father's Ordinations, the University sermon, events passing in the Church and the world

—he takes an interest in all, and then he comes to little matters of detail, none the less important to the parties concerned because they are little; thus:—

'The Bishop of Winchester preached the University sermon to-day. He gave us a very striking sermon on the text, *Truly Thou art a God that hidest Thyself, O Thou Saviour of Israel.* The Archbishop of Syra and Tenos was there, and his two Archimandrites. They gave him a D.D. yesterday. . . . Mr. ——'s school children are going to Addington to-morrow for their school feast. Will you please see that Ferguson goes to put up their swings for them, or they will most likely kill themselves by fixing them on rotten boughs?'

This quiet settled thoughtfulness steadily increased as he grew older, and he took an ardent interest in his studies. But his extreme diffidence of character was such that he always declared he should never do anything in the schools. When he passed in 'Moderations' his father wrote him the following letter. How he treasured it was shown in the fact that he stowed it away in an inner recess of his writing-desk, where it was found after his death:—

'LAMBETH PALACE, *3d June* 1869.

'MY DEAREST CRAUFURD,—I am very glad you have your Testamur. You deserved it for your work, and now I hope you will rest convinced that you really can do in a quiet way everything you

work for, and not disparage the good abilities God has given you.

'You have passed everything you have wished as early as you could. And now you have full time for History and Divinity. God bless you. . . .—Affectionately yours, 'A. C. CANTUAR.'

He was, no doubt, greatly encouraged and comforted by this letter, though he certainly was never able to think highly of himself. He determined to take up Law and History for his special subject, but his work was greatly interrupted by his father's illness in 1869. He used to rush backwards and forwards to Addington as much as he could, but he worked hard, though he sometimes declared that 'his head was like a sieve.' He was also away in the October term of 1870 and the spring of 1871. But he had learned from his mother to save all the odd minutes. And so it was that while engaged in dressing or in any pursuit that would not allow of his handling a book, one of his sisters was pressed into service to read to him. He never wasted any time.

The final examination drew on, and his letters are full of trepidation.[1] He certainly did not expect to

[1] '*May* 26.—I had a most agreeable day yesterday, looking on at a cricket match, doing nothing and trying to think of nothing; but there is a horrible feeling within me of having quite forgotten dates, and the facts are fast following them into the land of oblivion. I begin to-morrow morning at 9 A.M., and go on till Saturday afternoon. . . . I dare not think of what may happen in the schools, or how I shall ever be able to get down the little I do know. I have

fail, for he knew how hard he had worked. However, he went into the schools and did his best,[1] and then immediately rushed away to give some help to the studies of a cousin who needed it. The list came out at last, and to the delight of his family, his name, as we have seen, was in the first class. Here is his letter to his father in reference to the congratulations from home:—

'Many thanks to all for their kind letters. No one could be more surprised than I was, except my coach and my examiners, at my success. I will talk over things when I get home on Saturday evening. . . . I know I ought to answer all the letters separately, but as I have only half an hour before putting on my gown, I must ask you to thank everybody for me, especially Mr. Sandford for his very kind letter.'

A few months later (October 1872) he tried for a fellowship of All Souls, but did not succeed. 'I find a large and most distinguished field entered,' he writes,—'six Christ Church men, four Balliol men; all but two of them first-class men, and some of them old veterans: —— took his degree in '68, and —— in '69. And only one place!'

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never yet been able to write an answer in less than an hour and a half, and they give us twelve questions for three hours, of which one ought to do eight. I wish it was over, and I had got a fourth. Excuse this ebullition of bad feeling. The thing will soon settle itself, and I cannot do better than I can. . . . Any cheering letters during this week will be gratefully received.'

[1] 'I was very glad to find, to my surprise, that when I appeared before the examiners I lost all my nervousness.'—*Letter to his Mother.*

Though he failed, the following letter from one of the electors must have been extremely gratifying to his parents:—

'ALL SOULS, *Nov.* 5, 1872.

'The Archbishop and Mrs. Tait will be sorry to hear that their son has not been elected Fellow here. But I think they will be gratified to learn, and I think I shall not be trespassing upon our rule of secrecy, in making known that the unanimity and enthusiasm with which young Tait was spoken of for his personal qualities surpassed the praises of all other candidates within my experience of more than thirty elections.'

All was open now for the special preparation for his Ordination. And as a most important part of that preparation, as well as to refresh and recruit him after his Oxford labours, his father wished him to visit the scenes of the Sacred History. Accordingly he went Eastwards for nine months, leaving England, November 19th, 1872, in company with his future brother-in-law, Randall Davidson, and being joined at Alexandria by three other College friends, G. J. Courthope, G. W. Horner, and C. Hankey.

It has been already noted that he was a model correspondent, and his Eastern letters to his parents and sisters are all marked with one desire, to show those at home, so far as he can, all that he is seeing himself. Every place that they stay at is carefully noted, so that they can find it on the map, and if it

is not so marked he gives data by which they can fix it. In one place, after a description of their journey through the Sinaitic Peninsula, and a minute discussion on the identification of the Biblical localities, he writes, 'I am afraid that all this about the Exodus will not be very interesting to you without a big map to explain it, but it is the subject which engrosses our thoughts here, and as I wish to let you know what we are doing, I must mention it. When we all, please God, meet again, I will explain more fully.' They show too that the thought of his coming Ordination was never absent from his mind, that this tour was intended by him to be part of his training. He illustrates everywhere from the Histories he has with him. The unrestrained enjoyment of his young friends' society is never in the way of serious duty, and in fact it is clear that the solemn issues of life were not forgotten by any of them in this pleasant tour. A few characteristic extracts will be given from the voluminous manuscripts. The Eastern letters consist of one hundred and twelve very closely-written quarto pages of forty-eight lines each.

First, here are a few lines from a letter to his father on reaching Alexandria :—

'I was very much delighted to find that we went close to the shores of Greece yesterday morning. The sunrise was glorious over the Morea, and all day long we coasted the shore till four o'clock. We passed Navarino quite close, and saw Cape Matapan distinctly, although it was further off. I was very

much surprised at the inhospitable appearance of the coast (which, I suppose, accounts for Grecian history lying almost entirely on the east coast), and also by the great number and variety of the little mountain chains, which rise one behind the other, and give a splendid variety of light and shade. The Italian coast was not nearly so interesting. I recognised, on board, young Buckland by his likeness to his brother, who was at Eton with me. There is an American, Mr. ——, who says he was flogged out of his father's house at sixteen without a dollar, and now he has 5,000,000.' On the 1st of December, they landed at Alexandria. 'We had lovely calm weather for our last day and night, but my faith in my sailing power is gone. Specimens of all races and nations, from jet black to pale yellow, and in every variety of costume, swarmed up the sides of the vessel, and attacked us on all sides with shouts and gestures. They seemed to have picked up a few words of every language in Europe. In the middle of our troubles on landing we saw Courthope's manly form towering over a crowd of Arabs who were carrying the things from the "Candia" on shore. He had arrived with Hankey and Horner the night before, and was quite at home, ordering the natives about in English, and when necessary carrying them out of the way. We saw "Pompous Pillow," as the guide called it, and Cleopatra's Needle. The gardens here are lovely, quite unlike anything at home; the dates and flowers especially are delightful, but there

is no attempt at order. Colonel Staunton insisted on getting up a game of cricket for us on their asphalt ground, so we went and played. They have a very good Arab professional, and all the fielding is done by Arab boys, whose dress and colour is very pretty. We went to the first station on the Cairo Railway for some snipe-shooting, but only succeeded in bagging five snipe, which we plucked, cooked, and ate for lunch. The country was all flat, and up to our knees in mud, and the walking was heavy, but the lights were beautiful and the Arab towns most interesting. . . . We had the luck to catch a luggage-train back, and travelled on sacks of cotton seeds. The guards exchanged compliments with us, giving us sugar-cane to suck while we gave them cigars.

'*Cairo.*—We had service in the church, which is very nice—built, I am glad to say, in Eastern style. There was a very good congregation, and many communicants. No sermon. I thought so much of you all at church at St. Peter's, and rather wished I was with you; but the service and music were very good. Davidson and I went to deliver one of Sir Moses Montefiore's letters. The head of the Jewish rabbis lived in a small room up-stairs, in the back part of a house in a small street, situated in the worst part of the town. But when we got to his room there was a divan, and signs of Hebrew lore in the shape of books. His appearance was venerable, though somewhat dusty, and he could read, though he took a long time getting through the letter. After some

conversation, a sort of sweetmeat was brought in, compounded of honey and vegetable marrow, with spoons and water. I did not at all understand how to eat it, but luckily selected the proper method, namely, took a large spoonful and then drank some water.

'Called on Lord Harrowby, who was most kind, but he compared the howling dervishes to a bad Cathedral choir, much to Hankey's disgust. We saw the Mosque of Mehemet Ali, a fine modern building, imposing from its size and proportions, but spoilt by the cloudy look of the alabaster of which it is built, and by the lamp, which spoilt the effect of the dome. The multitude of small birds that live in the chandeliers seemed strange to us, but make a pleasant sound. The mosques seem left to go to ruin. The pulpits are curious in shape, consisting of a gate, a stair running at an angle of 45° up to the wall, and the place to preach from at the top covered with a small sounding-board. They are generally exquisitely carved. It is so strange to see the state of semi-decay into which they allow the mosques to fall; the woodwork all fallen down, and the roof off. I suppose the reason is there are so many of them that they think that when one is too bad they can go to another; and in this climate a roof is no object except to keep off the sun, and they can always find shade in some corner. I have never seen more than three or four persons at prayer at one time, and strangely enough the people who come are just those

who stay away from church in England, and *vice versâ*. For two-thirds of the worshippers have been private soldiers, and I have only seen one woman.

'*Dec.* 5.—I have been poorly for two or three days, and to-day was regularly laid up, and lay and groaned while the others went to the Pyramids.'

The letters are full of minute descriptions for the benefit of his sisters, and frolicsome stories of the party's bargainings. They go up the Nile very slowly, for their crew seem to have been a lazy lot. Four miles an hour with a favourable wind was good travelling. But they had plenty to occupy them, even when there was no shooting to be had. 'I have been perfectly happy ever since I started; our party is most harmonious, and we are fortunate in our books. I have read Eothen, and am reading Rawlinson's Herodotus, Champollion's Letters, Lane's Egyptians, and Stanley's Sinai and Palestine. This is our first Sunday on board, and I miss the church very much, although we have had two services among ourselves, at 11 A.M. and 9 P.M. I read a chapter of Goulburn's Personal Religion and one of Stanley's Sermons in the East.

'*Dec. 17th.*—At Bibbeh, a small town on the east of the river. The place itself is not remarkable in any way; but in it there is a Coptic Church dedicated to our English St. George. By some pious fraud the Christians succeeded in convincing the Moslems, who would otherwise have destroyed the church, that St. George was a valiant and successful Moslem warrior;

and so even the Mahometan population go and pay their respects to his shrine. We were very much interested by our visit to this church, as we managed to exchange a few ideas with the priests in Greek. They treated us most cordially, even going so far as to give us coffee in the church. The building was of the lowest order, and in the very worst repair. The priests did not seem at all ashamed of it, but I never saw so dirty a church, and we carried away many unpleasant companions. There was a small school just outside the church; the children looked happy, and seemed to be writing with care; but it was very empty. . . . One of our crew has a bad leg, and I am doctoring him with cold-water bandages, for which he seems most grateful.'

The following passage is amusing enough :—

'*Dec.* 18*th.*—Wind steady from south; so, in spite of our efforts to compel our Rais to go on, we only made three miles, reaching Magacha. We have however been quite repaid for our delay by our evening with the Pasha. Elias having failed to get us donkeys to go to Benimessay, a place eight miles from here, where we are going to shoot, advised us to apply to the Pasha. So four of us went, and had a formal interview with that dignitary. He was a bigger swell than we had expected, being Pasha of Mineh, and head of this part of the country. His name was Sheheem Pasha, and he had been all over Europe for the Viceroy, having just returned from England, where he had been buying Armstrong guns

for the Government here. He was most polite to us, offering to take us in his private train to Benimessay, and to telegraph to a Mr. Cather (whom we said we knew, having an introduction to him from a friend of ours who was up the Nile last year) to tell him to expect four friends to dine and sleep. This would have been a little strong to a perfect stranger, so we declined with thanks, and said that we regretted that the Pasha had to set off by train, as we had hoped to see him at dinner on board the Luxor. This piece of politeness on our part was too much for him; so first he asked us to dine with him in his Arab style, but afterwards said he would keep his train waiting and bring his "toasted sheep" on board, and dine with us. This rather took us aback; but Elias, who was really the person most interested (as by our contract he pays for any occasional guests that we like to ask), was not the least put out. He hurried back to the boat, told our cook to get dinner at once, an hour before the time, and all was ready before his Excellency arrived, with washed hands. We had a most excellent dinner; the toasted sheep and Arab pudding were both very good, and on our side, Gaetano (our cook) surpassed himself.

'The Pasha was a most interesting man, as a specimen of a man in authority here. He could not speak any foreign language, so all the conversation had to pass through Elias's mouth, which was very awkward, but we soon got used to it, and got on very well.

'The Pasha offered—

'1. To lend any of our friends a private Dahabeah that he has at Cairo.

'2. To have us tugged by a Government steamer, or put on a train for us.

'3. To write letters for us to several people on the river higher up.

'4. To send at once for a certain Mr. Black, whom G. J. C. had *heard* of, and mentioned in the course of conversation.

'5. To receive us with open arms at Mineh, his headquarters.

'During dinner some servants arrived with a present of oranges, and after he had gone away, another came laden with lettuce, etc. *N.B.*—Both of these presents came out of the garden of the Pasha of the place, whose duty Sheheem P. had taken for a few days.

'We talked about various subjects, amongst others Napoleon III., whom he disliked because he had helped on the Suez Canal, which he tried to prove was a very bad thing both for Egypt and England. To the former, because the price of cotton had fallen (I failed to see the connexion); to the latter because it made India more available from Europe. He even went so far, in talking of Napoleon III., as to say that God had punished him because he had a bad heart.

'The Thames Tunnel seemed to have impressed him more than anything else in London; and when I asked him if he had seen the British Museum, he

said he had, and then gave an accurate description of Madame Tussaud's Waxworks, which he had mistaken for it.'

Every temple is most carefully described, and his sisters are told where they may find all about it, and about the hieroglyphics. The party was unable to go beyond Philæ, as the Viceroy had pronounced Nubia to be visited with cholera. This appears to have been merely a pretext in order to prevent the English from learning what he was doing on the Upper Nile. There was no help for it, and they returned to Cairo. Here are two extracts from the return diary:—

'The life on board our Dahabeah has been as happy as is possible. The climate has never varied to either extreme, and there is just a right proportion of exercise and rest; so that one would get attached to the life, even if there was nothing to see. The only drawbacks have been (1) our ignorance of Arabic, which rather shuts us off from the modern Egyptians; (2) our inability to read the hieroglyphics, which takes off much of the interest of the ancient records; (3) the quarantine at Philæ, which prevented our seeing Nubia. However, this was not an unmixed evil, for we have been able to come down more quietly, and we have not, I believe, missed any object of interest. We had four days at Thebes, and saw everything again except the tombs of the kings, besides much that we missed going up. I do not think we should have been able to make out much more

without any knowledge of hieroglyphics, if we had stayed longer. For we knew all the architectural effects, and made out the historical sculptures in the week that we were there, going up and coming down. It is very hard at first to realise the extreme antiquity of the buildings and tombs, and the grandeur of the empires of Rameses II., etc., but one gets gradually accustomed to it. The tombs tell so much of the private every-day life of the people, and the temples of their religion, and the conquests of their kings, that their history becomes clearer than if we read it in modern books.

'We turned up by How, where Sheik Saleem, "the holiest man on all the Nile" (as the dragoman called him) lives. The crew thought that our disappointments about the quarantine, etc., were owing to the curses he launched after us on our up journey, and were very anxious to be allowed to give him the presents they had brought from Cairo for him, so we gave them leave, and went ourselves to see him. I never saw such a disgusting old creature. He is a mad old fanatic, who has sat on one bit of carpet near the river for thirty years (as far as I could make out), without ever putting any clothes on, washing, or brushing his hair. His body was all covered with sore places, and thousands of flies were crawling all over him. He wanted us to give him an amber mouth-piece for his pipe, and take his bone one in exchange, but as this would have been giving him £1 for 2s., we declined with thanks. Our captain, who is a very

devout Moslem, quite believes in this old fellow. This idiot-worship is the most painful part of the Moslem creed, and made us very thankful that the days of St. Simon Stylites are passed. I suppose, however, that it is not fair to compare the two, as the Saint did fast and mortify himself as much as possible, while the Sheikh seems to be excused prayer, and to live much better than he would if he was a common peasant. There was another horrible-looking old man waiting to take the Sheikh's place when he dies. This man had no eyes, and was so thin as to look like a living skeleton.

'The principal religious festivals that we have seen have been: 1. Moslem—The howling dervishes. 2. Coptic—A baptism. 3. Mixed—Exorcising the devil by Moslem women in a Coptic convent, by virtue of the power supposed to exist in the bones of a Coptic saint, Theodore. I will describe the last first. We were looking through windows high above the people, and could see everything. The whole floor was covered with women, Copts and Moslems, of all ranks. The Viceroy's harem come here if they feel the possession within them. There were only four men, as the disease is not common among men. They were all talking and laughing to each other, and apparently quite well until the Moslem exorcists (two young women) began to play on their tambourines. But then in a moment the most extraordinary scene commenced. The possessed, who were mostly young women between the ages of

fifteen and twenty-two, some of them with babies in their arms, threw themselves about in the most dreadful way. Some bowed backwards and forwards, beating their breasts, throwing off their outer garments, and tearing their hair; others stood up, bowed their bodies, danced wildly about, and dashed their heads against the walls.

'Their friends did what they could to quiet them, placing pillows for them to beat upon, and holding them when they could; but they kept on until the music stopped, and then sank down exhausted. As soon as the music began again, they started off. This ceremony takes place every Wednesday, and patients come on four consecutive Wednesdays; if they can in that time get the better of their fits they are cured. (This was as near as I could make out from our Coptic guide, who spoke a little English.) About half of the congregation threw themselves about; some of the others were only friends, but some were patients who were able to control themselves. The most curious thing was that the babies did not seem to be a bit frightened. Of course some friend held them while their mothers were in the fit. All this was so like the possession described in the Bible, that I cannot help thinking that it is the same disease. I should say it was a nervous illness, allowed to run to these extremes by people unaccustomed to control their passions. How far they are cured by the vent afforded by these ceremonies I cannot pretend to say.

'Last Sunday morning we went to several Coptic churches to try and make out their services. We saw different bits of the Mass at several churches, and so far as we could make out it consisted of the Psalms, Gospel, and prayers. We were not present at the actual Celebration, as we had to hurry back for the English service. They have two languages for their service, Coptic and Arabic. All the more sacred portions are in Coptic, viz., the actual Celebration (which is in Coptic alone), the Psalms, Gospel, and some prayers (which are all translated afterwards by a deacon for the benefit of the people, who know little or no Coptic), while the "Memories" of the Saints (*i.e.* histories of various non-biblical Coptic or early Christian Saints), and the exhortations, are in Arabic only. The congregations were nowhere large —generally about twelve persons,—but there are far more churches than are needed. Within a suburban walk of old Cairo there are five Coptic, two Greek churches, one Roman Catholic church, and one Jewish synagogue.

'The baptism was a curious ceremony, entirely conducted by the priest, who stopped to talk to us in the middle of the service, without meaning to be the least irreverent. The child was dipped bodily into the font, and then anointed all over by the priest, who used similar words to those used in our service. The baptism went on at the same time as the Mass, but in a side chapel, and was chiefly attended by women and children. After the Mass is over, if the

parents wish it, a further ceremony is gone through. The priests and deacons go in procession round the church with banners and rude music of cymbals and triangles. The priest then stands before the door of the Iconostasis in front of the altar, and the child is held before him while he repeats several prayers over it, and makes the sign of the Cross on its face with a small taper-holder and three tapers that have been burning in his hand during the procession, and are just put out. We have seen a great many Coptic churches, but their interest depends entirely upon their age, as they have no architectural merit, and the pictures are simply absurd. The monks seem determined not to let them want the glory of antiquity, as one was said to have been standing when Joseph and Mary took refuge in Egypt: and we were shown the spots where they sat, in a crypt below the church. This is the second church in the B.C. date that we have met in Egypt. They do not seem to see the absurdity.

'We went on Friday, 4th, to several mosques that are more strictly closed against infidels than the general run, and had to take a soldier with us. Only one was of general interest, the others were old and poor, but this one, El-Azar, is the great theological college of Egypt. It was a curious sight; hundreds of students were scattered, or rather packed, all over the floor of the courtyard and covered chamber of the mosques,—some sleeping, others eating, others swaying their bodies backwards and

forwards while they read their books, or learned from their slates, and in the vestibule were several barbers shaving or greasing the heads of students. All this was going on within the sacred walls, where no one may enter with shoes on his feet. I must say the one advantage that the mosques here seem to possess over our churches is, that they are truly the houses of the poor. They are always open for people to say their prayers in, and they afford a refuge for the night to the houseless poor.

'I have still to describe the performance of the howling dervishes. The one we saw took place in a small mosque outside the walls of Cairo, towards Old Cairo, on Friday at three. It lasted about an hour, and was the most extraordinary scene I have ever witnessed. When we went in, about twenty-five or thirty men, of whom ten, perhaps, belonged to the college, and the others were volunteers (dressed in their ordinary clothes, not in the white clothes and peaked caps of the order), were seated on the ground in a circle, bowing their heads and repeating the words "Allah, ill' Allah." They continued to do this, interrupted by occasional shouts and changing the word to "Allah," "Ho," and others that I could not distinguish, for about fifteen minutes. They then stood up and took off their heavy garments, shouting and bowing all the time. Very soon after this change of position they began to work themselves into a state of frenzy. Words were exchanged for a sort of sigh, which made a great noise, while it enabled them to take

breath for their violent exercise. One dashed into the middle of the ring, and twisted round sixty times a minute, with a kind of waltzing step, while one of the older men also came forward, and threw his body backwards and forwards, to keep time for the ring of tossing bodies. They touched the ground every bend with their long hair, and increased the rapidity of their movements to keep time with the music of a tambourine, a pipe, a horn, and some drums, played by boys and old men, but never for a moment did they cease from their howls. The whole scene was more like the sport of a set of raving demons than a religious ceremony. My ideas of the dance of the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel fell far short of what I actually saw here. What made it more revolting was, that men of all ages performed in it, from old grey-haired patriarchs to boys of eleven (though these last were employed in playing the instruments). One old man had shaved half his head, while from the other half his grey hair streamed out as long as Lucy's.

'While they were throwing themselves about in this way, black and grey hair mingling in a sort of wave, and almost all were worked up to a state of frenzy, some even foaming at the mouth, G. J. C. unwittingly passed before the niche pointing to Mecca, towards which the semicircle (for it was not a complete ring) of faces was turned. In a moment, one of the dervishes rushed from his place to punish him; but, luckily, he was so dizzy that he dashed himself against the wall and fell down in a fit.

'The Sheikh, who had not joined in the howling himself, but had directed the others, was very angry at what G. J. C. had done; but as he saw it was a mistake he took no more notice. Another dervish soon fell down in a fit, and then they stopped about half an hour in all. Many did not become conscious for some seconds. They took great care of the men in fits,—one old man folding their arms over their chests, while others held them from hurting themselves. The whole scene was most distressing, when we considered that it was a religious ceremony, in honour of the true God. It was difficult in any way to realise the idea which is said to underlie the whole, viz., that by these means their souls are drawn up out of their bodies, and allowed to hold communion with God.'

The party went carefully through the desert, with the Bible, as we may say, always in their hands, visiting Sinai, Akabah, and Petra,[1] and entered Palestine. Here is another bit from the account of their quitting the desert:—

'About one mile from Akabah, we turned off east from the Arabah, which runs straight up from the Gulf to the Dead Sea, into Wady Ith'm, up which in all probability the Israelites journeyed from Ezion-Geber "to compass Edom." Here we saw traces of the Roman road from Petra to Elath, that is, forts; and here and there portions of the road or aqueduct,

[1] He seems especially to have been fascinated with Mr. Palmer's 'Desert of the Exodus.'

built most likely to turn the floods away from the road. In our second day's march the Wady opened out into a plain called in the maps Kaweiweh, where we camped near Mohammed Guds' encampment. On the third day we left this plain (it is quite uncultivated, though covered with grass and rich flowers) and went into the mountains, and on the fourth day (Sunday, March 25th) reached the hill above Petra on the east. We had seen many signs of ancient cultivation, terraces for vines and olives or water-citrons; but all is deserted now, except the slopes immediately above Petra, which yield a poor crop of barley to the Fellaheen. We were obliged to travel, both through this Sunday, and the heat, to get out of the dangerous country. We had one whole day in Petra itself; certainly it repaid us for all the bother and expense of getting there. The Sik, a narrow passage like a ravine, through the most gorgeously coloured sandstone rocks, was itself the most curious place I had ever seen; but the valley of Petra is even more strange, for there the curious formation of the rocks is rendered ten times more wonderful by the rock-hewn tombs and habitations, while the whole scene is rendered beautiful by the colour of the cut stone, contrasted with the luxuriant vegetation which flourishes in every corner of the valley. The only thing that we regretted was, that the oleanders were not in flower, as the whole valley is covered with them, and must be perfectly lovely as a garden when they are out.

'The actual architecture was disappointing, being all of a very debased Roman period; so that even the best façades owed their beauty entirely to their position and colour. Leaving the valley early in the morning of the 25th, we passed by the foot of Mount Hor, which we did not ascend, because the view would have been quite spoilt by the haze, which was brought on by a Khamasseen wind, and the Moslems would not allow us to enter Aaron's Tomb, which they hold very sacred. From here we descended quickly by Mount Taizebah into the Arabah, and reached Ain Weibeh (Robinson's Kadesh) early on 27th. After this we soon left the Arabah, ascending the Mount on the east by a steep pass called Lufah. The country now began to get gradually fertile. At first we crossed a large plain thickly studded with flocks, then we came to patches of corn in the valley, and finally a few houses, and south of Hebron to regular mountain cultivation, with occasional olive groves. We had now left the desert, and on March 30th reached Hebron in a heavy shower, the first we had had since we left Ayun Musa thirty-eight days before. This morning we had passed Maon, Carmel, and Ziph, and were now in the Holy Land. We left Hebron on Tuesday, April 1st, and reached Jerusalem that evening, passing the reputed site of Abraham's tent under the oak at Mamre, Solomon's Pools, and the valley where, perhaps, he planted his gardens of rare trees mentioned in Canticles. An aqueduct used to convey the water from the pools into the

Mosque of El Aksa, on the site of the Temple. A few years ago this aqueduct was repaired by the Turkish Governor, but was again broken through by the Fellaheen in 1868. A Jew told me that Sir Moses Montefiore intends to repair it again and carry the water into the Jewish quarter of the city.'

At Bethlehem they witnessed a violent quarrel between the Greek and Latin monks, and, what was pleasanter, they visited by night the traditional site of the angelic appearance to the shepherds. Most of the cities of Southern Palestine were visited, and in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre they saw the 'miracle' of the Sacred Fire. One of the most interesting passages is the account of the Passover. He had with him a long account, copied from Lightfoot's 'Horæ Hebraicæ,' which he kept in his hand during the ceremony, and has carefully annotated in the margin, marking fresh details and deviations. They also went into Philistia, but were disappointed with this region. Here is an interesting note on Ascalon:—

'Ascalon stood on a very strong position between a semicircular mound of rock and the sea, and must have been a very important town. After I had seen it I quite understood how great a mistake the Crusaders in the first Crusade made in letting it slip from their hands as they did, because of the quarrels between Raymond and Godfrey, as it naturally became the base of operations for the Egyptians, who sent troops there every year. The outer wall still stands in places, and by keeping out the sand has allowed

the inside to be cultivated as a regular garden, which makes a pleasing contrast with the sandy district all round. The modern Jaffa (Joppa) stands in a good position, a hill running a little into the sea. It greatly reminded me of the old town of Mentone. There are no authentic ruins, although we were shown the "House of Simon the tanner," now a small mosque, and standing in a likely position, but not old. The oranges, lemons, pomegranates, etc., in the gardens are scarcely more luxuriant than on the Riviera.'

Returning by Beyrout, Smyrna, Athens, Rustuk, and Vienna, he reached England in the early spring, and was ordained on the second Sunday in Lent 1874. He was deeply impressed by the Ordination sermon, which was preached by Mr. Capel Cure from Colossians iv. 17, for he speaks of it very strongly and affectionately in his letters.[1]

His father has told how earnestly he threw himself into his work at Saltwood. He set about it, according to his wont, quietly and modestly, forgetting himself, but zealous for Christ and his Church. Saltwood itself is a quiet, pretty village, not offering great difficulties; but he also accepted the charge of a poor

[1] Since writing the above, another letter has come into my hands, from which I extract a few words :—'Thank you for your thoughts and prayers. The service was all that I could have wished, except for my father's absence. Mr. Capel Cure gave us such a good, hearty, straightforward sermon, saying just what I longed to hear, straight from his heart, using his own remembrances and later experience, warning, cheering, and comforting us. He is going to publish it, and I hope you will get a copy. I need not ask you to continue to pray for me that I may be able to "stir up the grace that I have received."'

district in the neighbouring town of Hythe, containing 900 persons. 'Not nine of them, I suppose, had ever been to church,' he wrote, 'so I shall have lots to do. I hope, by having mission services among them, to get hold of them gradually. . . . Mrs. Morris is everything that a landlady ought to be, seems very fond of me, and is devoted to my dog Nigger.'

'*March 29th*, 1874.—The cold winds have rather touched me up, and given me a slight attack of asthma, but not enough to interfere with my duty; and last night, after a smoke, I slept fairly. . . . We shall be very busy this week with services; but I only preach one written sermon, that is, on Good Friday morning, in the church. To-night, Wednesday, and on Easter Day, I give extempore addresses in the Pedlinge Mission Room. I have visited all my immediate parishioners, *i.e.* the Pedlinge side of the parish. They are very nice, quiet country people, tolerably well off, almost every cottage having land attached to it, while the Saltwood people have allotments.

'There is little illness among my parishioners. One poor girl is going up to the Consumptive Hospital in a few days. Her name is Robins—such a nice girl. I wish Lucy would ask after her there. One other Philpot, has very bad asthma, and the doctor wants to send her up to Brompton too; but she does not like to leave home. I am afraid she is consumptive rather than asthmatic. I have only two other cases of illness, one man who is recovering from congestion,

and a woman who is not seriously ill. Most of those who were ill when I came here are better. . . . The Rector works very hard, has been at five services to-day.' A day or two afterwards :—'My little chapel at Pedlinge was a blaze of flowers on Easter Day; all brought by the people. We have seventy people every service, in a room built for fifty, and must enlarge it.'

'SALTWOOD, *April 30th.*

[His two younger sisters are with him.] They are very happy and comfortable here, and are a very great source of enjoyment to me. The house holds us all beautifully. Our day begins with breakfast at 7.30, and ends with tea and supper at 7.30—so there is lots of time. We dine at one. . . . I am busy in Hythe now, trying to stir up the people to come to my mission services, which will commence on Sunday. But I find, as I feared, that most of the good people go to chapel, and I am left chiefly the bad ones to work upon. Get Lucy to write to me soon.'

There is a letter, dated the same day, from the elder of the two sisters, giving a full account of her brother's work day by day,—of his visits, services, and subject of his sermons.

TO HIS RECTOR.

'*May 18th.* . . . We had a very pleasant Sunday. Edith took my class, and Agnes read in the afternoon. There was a fair congregation in the morning,

and twenty communicants, including —— and ——, who have been ill, which was cheering. I was obliged to take summary proceedings against young ——, who was disturbing the whole of the chancel by carrying on some sort of barter with young ——. I went and brought him down to sit in front of me just before I began the Litany. I think it had a good effect on the general conduct of the boys. . . . In the afternoon there was a very good congregation, both from Saltwood and Hythe, as the day was lovely. In the evening I had about ninety people at Hythe; a few more red-shawled mothers and babies-in-arms, and no dissenting ministers that I knew of, which is an improvement. At present I don't get any young men, and fear I shall not do much among them till mackerel-fishing is over. . . . F—— is, I think, really better, though very weak. I have seen him every day until yesterday. He seems to listen to what one says, and to join in prayer, but cannot talk much. I took your advice about my two sermons on Thursday and Sunday, preaching the same extempore in the evening, and think it was good practice. . . . I shall expound a Psalm, and so not let it interfere with my reading. I had a nice cheerful letter from my father this morning.—Your affectionate son and curate, 'CRAUFURD TAIT.'

'SALTWOOD, *May 22d*, 1874.

'Lucy and I are very happy together, doing a sort of amateur man and wife. This morning, as I had

no sermon to prepare, we read F. Godet's Commentary on St. John's Gospel, recommended by Dr. Lightfoot to me; I find her help invaluable, as I am not good at out-of-the-way French words. After early dinner we walked down to Hythe together. She practised the harmonium for my mission services, while I visited my district. Then our horses met us at Hall's, and we had a delightful ride to Lyminge, and back by Pedlinge, visiting my only country patient. Supper at eight, and Lucy taught my boy.'

'SALTWOOD, *July 13th.*

'I am enjoying my Monday morning after rather a hard Sunday. Canon Jenkins lost his sister on Friday, so I went over to Lyminge again yesterday morning, and took his services, and a funeral in the afternoon in the parish church, and in the evening had my service in Hythe. I am glad to say the congregation is improving. We had over one hundred. I took both the Wednesday and Thursday evening services last week, so that in eight days I preached seven times,—three written, four extempore. Unfortunately for me, some of my Hythe people have taken to coming to Saltwood Church in the afternoon, and then going on to Hythe in the evening, so I have had to give up my practice of delivering the same sermon extempore in the evening which I read in the afternoon.'

'SALTWOOD, *Aug. 25th*, 1874.

[He is going to drive from Saltwood to Addington.] 'I want to leave here on Saturday week, September 5th, so as to give the mare a Sunday's rest on the way. I shall leave her with John somewhere for the two nights, and come back myself for the Sunday duty. . . . Can you let me have Lucy for the drive? I would make other arrangements to suit her. Let me hear soon. It will make all the difference in the world to the pleasure of the three days.'

'SALTWOOD, *March 6th*, 1875.

'My thoughts and prayers are with you at this sad time of the year [anniversary of Chatty's death]. I am glad to have the little book you gave me, with the days of my dear sisters' departure marked. Tell my father that I do distinctly remember his coming into the school-room at Carlisle to tell me of dear Chatty's death. It is one of the few incidents of that sad time that remain in clear memory. I have just finished my watch over the closing days of a poor woman in Hythe, in whom I was much interested; the girls will know about her,—her name was Mrs. Dray. Certainly a clergyman's life brings the reality of the other world very clearly to one's mind, and takes much out of the sadness of sorrow and bereavement. Now that it has come so near the time that I must leave Saltwood and my work here, it seems to have double attraction for me, and I shall

be very, very sorry when I have to go. . . . At my first celebration of the Holy Communion, last Sunday at eight, there were only three communicants. But I am glad to say —— was one of them. The poor attendance at church in the country is a great trial.'

After his death his successor at Hythe wrote to a friend of the Editor, and in the course of the letter, after speaking of the great sorrow to his parents, he adds, 'I was wonderfully struck with the results of his ministry when I succeeded to his work at Hythe. You have heard, I daresay, how indefatigable he was in visiting the poorer ones, and how intimately he knew them. I don't think many of them knew he was the Archbishop's son, but he was everywhere loved for his own sake.'

On leaving Saltwood he became one of Mr. Maclagan's curates for a few months at Newington, his object being to see something of London work under a good worker. Then he returned home to act as domestic chaplain to his father. A Bishop on this occasion jocosely wrote: 'In addition to rooms at Lambeth and Addington, I should suggest a travelling-van with a green door and brass knocker, also a chimney. So may the Capellanus of the period make personal acquaintance with the diocese. In the Weald I think you would want two horses and a Σειραῖος ἵππος, or a leader, for the "Backbone of Kent," up Hollingbourne or Boxley Hills.'

May one pause for a minute here, and correct what

is probably a widely-spread notion as to the nature of a chaplain's work? Many, I think, imagine that a chaplain is a sort of tame cat, proud of his connexion with the Bishop,[1] and with nothing particular to do except to make himself agreeable; that, in fact, he has to play the part of 'young Levite,' which, according to Macaulay, was played in the Stuart days by the chaplain to the country squire, only, instead of nailing up the apricots in summer and playing shovelboard with the squire on wet days, he has to play lawn-tennis with the ladies, or balance the farm accounts. What is the reality? I have many a time seen letters enough arrive by a single post to fill a large basket. They have as soon as possible to be read and arranged, and directions are given for the answers. Many are of course routine letters, but each requires, none the less, an acknowledgment or reply, perhaps a long one. And the same post may bring a closely written budget from some Colonial Church, involving long and intricate inquiries; communications respecting a proposed Bill in Parliament; a packet of printed matter submitted by the author for approval or criticism; a scheme for the establishment of a new Bishopric; or the detailed account of a squabble between a rector and his curate or his choir. All these, and a hundred such cases, has the chaplain to deal with, under the direction of his chief, not only

[1] Craufurd himself describes in one of his letters how, when travelling, he met a clergyman, 'brother-in-law and chaplain to Bishop A——, a warning to me, for he talked of nothing but the Bishop.'

in letters—for half the parties concerned insist on an interview, wherein they propound their views, not only on the subject before them, but on Church matters in general. Besides all this there are the daily communications and business transactions with the various Church Societies, or with Government officials; material has to be prepared and facts collected for public meetings; search to be made in the files of bygone correspondence, and sometimes new 'subjects' to be mastered and questions set to aid the examiners in the periodical examinations of candidates for Holy Orders. Time must also be found for the composition of sermons, both for the Palace Chapel and for churches in the neighbourhood. So goes on the day's work till the post-hour. It is now dark, when at length the weary man turns out for some fresh air,—'prowling like a beast of prey,' as the sister of one said to me, and coming in little refreshed. There is not a harder-worked clergyman in the diocese than the Archbishop's chaplain.

But to return: Craufurd, though he had much such a life as this, sought, as I have said, for any opportunity of ministerial work.

He was not very successful, in the Editor's judgment, in the lectures which he occasionally gave to his people on his travels or other experiences. It was his old fault, diffidence, which stood so much in his way. He seemed afraid of launching out into any flight of imagination or originality of opinions, and always anxious only to express in the simplest

terms exactly what he had seen. His preaching, however, was thoroughly successful. His delivery was somewhat monotonous, and he had a peculiar intonation, but it was perfectly natural, and just as he invariably spoke,—a clear, soft tenor.

The matter was always worth listening to, for it was original, thoughtful, very earnest and solemn, and therefore very telling. Young preachers might have learned from him one secret of ministerial success, namely,—Take care that you believe what you say. In a discussion which has lately been going on respecting sermons, one writer has uttered a golden thought,—'Do not trouble yourself about the words, but see that you have something to say. If the thoughts be good, appropriate words in which to clothe them will come without difficulty.' Craufurd Tait's sermons illustrated this principle; they were suggestive, full of thought, attractive, just because he had something to say. If one were asked—To what school of thought did he belong? the question might be difficult to answer. Perhaps one might say that he was a Churchman of Mr. Maclagan's type. But in truth Craufurd Tait wanted to belong to no school at all. He aspired to be a learner, not a party leader; not to strive nor cry, nor to let his voice be heard in the streets. A man may avoid controversy to spare himself trouble. It was not so here. He did it because he was humble of heart, respectful to those older than himself, anxious to receive of God's Spirit from any whom he found able to teach him. He

could gather children around him, and win them by his loving ways, and as a good steward of the manifold grace of God, could distribute that which he had received, and thereby deepen his own knowledge of God. It was this 'more excellent way' which enkindled in all those who knew him such bright hopes of his future, which made them feel that he was so wise, so promising, so likely to be an ornament, a pillar of the Church which he loved. He had had some personal anxieties in the early part of 1877, which induced his father to recommend to him another foreign tour, and he determined to go to America. The journey was accomplished, and for more reasons than one his journals have a special and most touching interest and value. First, they give the history of his last weeks of health. But, and this is the deepest and best consolation to those who loved him so dearly, it is good to read how he used these weeks, how eager he was that the opportunity thus afforded him should not be lost, but should be turned to account for future usefulness in his labours for God. To this end he was always alive to any peculiarities of national and ecclesiastical life amidst which he was thrown. A multitude of letters have been received from his American friends since his death, which show how greatly they were attracted by his character. And this attractiveness arose from the fact that while in his refinement, and manliness, and openness, and love of sport he was like other young Englishmen of his own class in society, there was something in his

ecclesiastical training and the deep undercurrent of thoughtful religious earnestness, to which they were not accustomed in the ordinary specimens of his young countrymen who hurry through America every year. And they must have been attracted by this also:—It was no unusual thing for them to see young English clergymen, full of zeal and goodness, whilst bearing the outward marks of belonging to this ecclesiastical party or to that; but here was a young man whose chief characteristics were those of a manly Christian gentleman of genial manners and widely-extended sympathies, of whom it was impossible to doubt that his deepest yearnings were to be a faithful minister of Christ.

The party sailed from Liverpool in the middle of July in the Cunard S.S. 'Bothnia,' Capt. Macmillan.

'*July* 31, 50 *miles east of New York.*—We have several intelligent Americans on board, who have been most kind to us. Dr. Adams, who preached after our service on Sunday, is a very superior Presbyterian of the Norman Macleod school. He is on the Revision Committee of the New Testament, and head of a Theological College in New York. Mr. Chandler is a most interesting New-Yorker of great intelligence. We have had a good many discussions on the American Constitution, our information mostly taken from De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America." . . . The ocean is grand in its desolation. We have seen nothing but two whales, two ships, and a few porpoises and Mother Carey's chickens.'

'Our fellow-passengers are from every part of America, and are very interesting to talk to. One Californian, who was wrecked three years ago off Nova Scotia, and was saved with some 300 people, after eight or ten hours, while 800 were drowned, has cheered us very much with a harrowing account of his adventures.'

They landed at New York on the 1st of August, and immediately on landing attended service at Trinity Church ('a poor church with a fine reredos'). He was received with great kindness by the 'incumbent, Dr. Morgan Dix, and his charming wife.' 'Drive through Central Park, a very lovely piece of artificial gardening.' '—— Hotel vast, but empty and expensive.' Of one kind friend with whom he dined he playfully says, 'He talked from the Rocky Mountains to Lady Hester Stanhope in Lebanon, from the primeval beasts of New Jersey to the Adam Street Cellars in the Adelphi. I almost felt as if I had to sit out Biggar and Parnell, although the dinner was excellent, and the conversation very amusing.'

'*August* 3.—Hotel bill 70 dollars!!' 'Called on Mr. Rutherfurd, and was much interested in his photographs of the moon, spectroscope, and other astronomical machines. He is a nice-looking and intelligent old gentleman. Called also on Bishop Smith. He is eighty-four, and Mrs. Smith eighty. Had some talk about the Reformed Episcopal Church, started by Bishop Cummins, late Assistant Bishop of Kentucky. Bishop Smith says they have

money, a college in Chicago, and a cathedral in Philadelphia. . . . Had a lovely sail upon the Hudson river; the wooded hills on the banks are very beautiful, and grander than the Rhine. Saw the Parade, with the Military College, and sat out watching the perfect lights on hills and river till dark. The boats are capitally adapted to this purpose, having two decks, drawing only five feet of water, and making twenty miles an hour. Next morning, after being obliged to refuse many invitations, we went on the boat again, and had a splendid run up to Catskill. The river is less shut in after leaving the high lands, but the banks are very beautiful, and thickly dotted with houses. After Poughkeepsie, the Catskill Mountains came in sight, and form a beautiful feature in the scene. We reached the landing place at four P.M., and commenced a long jolt in the "Stage," of fifteen miles up to *Mountain House*. At the foot of the mountains we got out and walked the last four miles, reaching at 8.50. The stage took till 9.40. The scenery is thickly wooded, with small clearings and farms. There is a wonderful variety of trees and plants. It must be very cold and lonely in winter at those farms. . . . The air was bright and cool as we looked out next morning, and the view from the hotel delicious. We can see sixty miles of the course of the Hudson. At eleven [it was Sunday] we had service in the drawing-room, conducted by a Dr. Hanley, who preached a very good practical sermon on every-day religion. Afterwards we four

had the Holy Communion in our room. We had great difficulty in getting any wine, as none is allowed out of the bar at odd times. In the afternoon we walked with Mr. Harding to Newman Ledge (called after Newman Hall), above Sleepy Hollow. The views are very pretty, though the wood has rather a gaunt look from having been burnt. The rock runs in ledges, over one of the higher of which a glacier has scraped in ages past. Saw several new plants. In the evening Archie read the Service and the Lessons. I went to bed early, as I was feeling seedy, but awoke better in the morning, and joined a party in a picnic to Haine's Waterfall.

'*Aug. 7th.*—Woke after a ten hours' sleep, feeling refreshed and better than I had been; but unfortunately my nose bled for about an hour, which made me feel rather weak. . . . A lovely drive down to Catskill, just missing a heavy shower; on to Albany by boat; thence by train to Saratoga. . . . Walked through the great hotels, the *Grand Union* and *United States*, each able to hold 1500 persons; *Congress Hall* about 1000. The gregarious habits of the Americans are very amusing. The gorgeous parlours, fitted with satin, are filled with Westerners dressed to the n^{th}, who spend their time in displaying themselves, listening to music, dancing, and drinking the waters. These hotels are fitted with shops, ball-rooms, billiard-rooms, baths, and each has its own private band. Archie is really a delightful companion, and everybody we meet is ready to welcome

us, and do all they can for us. New York is nominally empty, but the majority of citizens are in town living in their "empty" houses. I have found also several old Eton and Oxford friends settled as business men in New York. . . .'

'*Aug.* 8*th.*—Off at 9 A.M. to Ticonderoga by train, dined on board the Lake Champlain steamer; train to Baldwin; steamer down Lake George to Caldwell; stage to Glenn's Falls; train back to Saratoga. It was a trip well worth doing. The lake is skirted with mountains running up to 3000 feet, clothed with wood to the water's edge, and there are numerous little wooded islands scattered all over it. It is a favourite way of spending the summer holiday to live on one of these tiny islands, either in a log cottage or a tent, and fish. The road from the lake to Glenn's Falls is made of planks, and runs between newly-enclosed land. In many parts of the clearings stumps of the trees are still in the ground, and the fences are made either of grubbed roots, or else of planks roughly put together. In the towns the trains run right down the streets, regardless of children and drunken men (if there are any of the latter, for as yet I have seen none), and as they do not go fast in the streets, I have seen people get off at their own doors.'

The diary is full of entries of introductions to kind friends and hospitable receptions. The manager of the railway handsomely franked the party on at least one long journey.

'On the way to Niagara, August 9, we fell in with a very cocky American boy of thirteen, who talked about Bishop Alexander's Bampton Lectures. . . . Governor Robinson told me that the excitement about wages was rife in New York State, as well as elsewhere, and if they had not had 20,000 men under arms there would have been rioting as in Pennsylvania.

'*Aug.* 10*th.*—We reached Niagara about ten A.M. Walked over to Clifton House, and got a grand view of the Falls from the Suspension Bridge, then back to the American side; and we all explored Goat Island, where the view of both the Falls is splendid. We stayed long on the island, and tried to realise them, and revelled in the sound of many waters. From the Sister Island we got a very fine view of the Rapids. As we stand far out in the stream, the river looks like a sea, it is so broad and troubled; and when you think that in a few seconds all this mighty mass will be hurled down a sheer hundred and sixty feet, you cannot take it in for ever so long. All except —— undressed and went under the American Falls, into the Cave of the Winds, and had a glorious shower-bath. The effect of the water dashing over one from the rocks above into the whirlpool beneath is stunning. At first one hardly dares to look up, but as the eye becomes accustomed to the spray, the colours come out, and the rainbow effects are wonderful.

'[*Sunday*] *Aug.* 12*th.*—Chippewa Church. A plain

service, by a Mr. Macklem, with a special sermon in honour of the new organ (this day opened) by a dear old gentleman whose name I forget. We returned to Mr. Sutherland Macklem's, who sent us back to the Clifton House. Macklem was at Toronto College, and afterwards an unattached at Oxford, ending as a gentleman commoner of St. Mary Hall. He is about my age, and has a very attractive little wife with a nice baby. In the evening we went to Clifton Church, lower down the river on the Canadian side.'

After a last look at the Falls, they started on August 13th for Chicago. 'Called on Dr. Adams and Mr. Crerar, to whom I had a letter from Tom Pelham. They were most kind, and took us up to the top of their stores to show us the extent of the fire. The Doctor had lost four houses, and Crerar all that he had. A friend of his had, he said, saved his wife, seven daughters, and a pocket-handkerchief. The fire desolated four miles of city. Now all has sprung up again, and the new business city is more striking than any that we have yet seen. The buildings are so substantial, and the architecture so good.

'Lake Michigan is here quite like a sea, sixty-eight miles by some hundred. . . . In the evening we went by train to call on the Bishop, Dr. M'Laren. He told us that Chicago was the native heath of the Reformed Episcopal Church,—a Mr. Cheney having been here ejected from the American Episcopal Church for mutilation of the Baptismal Service, and

having gone over with his congregation. The Bishop says they have seen their best days; that he doubts if the College will ever be built, as it is merely a speculation.

'Our hotel is full of mechanics come from Omaha for a political meeting. It is very curious to find one's-self in a magnificent dining-room, sitting at table with people like our gardeners and lodge-keepers at home; but they are certainly quite as well behaved as we are in their own way. I like the republican independence of the people in America. No one ever expects to be tipped, but renders any services of courtesy as between equals. This is better both for the class of tippers and tipped than our system.

'*Aug.* 15*th.*—We were taken to see the stock-yards, —a somewhat unpleasant, yet most interesting sight. We were fortunate in arriving just after they had finished the actual slaughter of pigs for the day, so that we saw the porkers go through all the stages after they had been killed. The arrangements by which they are rolled from hand to hand, and then transported from room to room, hanging from tram-ways in the roof, are such as would only have occurred to an American mind. One room is at a temperature of 70°, the next at 40°. As they pass from hand to hand they assume different forms, and the different portions are set apart for different uses, until at last they issue from the packing-house, part to feed the soldiers in the West, part to go to every portion of the world. They say that they have packed as many

as 5000 pigs in one day at that one house. The skilled labour is chiefly in the carving of the different joints after the fashion of the different countries. For instance, they produce both "Cumberland hams" and "North Staffordshire bacon." I was surprised to see children from eight to eleven years old working here. . . . The cattle-market is the largest in the world. In the afternoon we visited a large fashionable Church, of no architectural merit. The Rector is said to have an income of £3000 a year from seat-rents, but with no curate. These Episcopal churches are on the congregational system, and have no definite parishes.

'We went on to see a "grain elevator," one of the characteristic things of Chicago. The grain is spaded out of trucks, raised to the height of 80 or 100 feet, weighed, run down into vast bins, weighed again, and run into the ships at the rate of 400 bushels a minute; all done by machinery. Chicago is the largest collecting centre in the world for farm-produce.'

On August 16 they came to Cleveland, which is described as a very beautiful town, and deserving its name of the 'City of Forests.' Next day they went to Buffalo, thence to Toronto. Here he nearly broke down, and had to give up some of his planned excursions. 'I was feeling unwell, with sharp pains now constantly present for three days.' Next day he writes, 'Still fit for nothing, so kept quiet.' And the next day again, 'Pains as bad as ever; lay in bed till one. Joined in morning and evening service

from my bedroom. Archie preached in the morning at the Cathedral, and in the evening met a Ritualist confessor at Howlands Church.' He now consulted a doctor, who declared the pains to be rheumatism, and gave him some lotion which relieved the pain.

On August 20 they started by boat for Montreal. 'Lake Ontario is not very interesting, but we had a lovely sunset, almost like the Nile sunset. At two A.M., as I could not sleep, I dressed and went on deck. Then I felt tired and went to sleep again. The sail through the 1000 islands is pretty, but no more. The river widens and contracts in a wonderful way. At one point it reaches eight miles. . . . In the afternoon we passed down the rapids, the first of which, *Le Sault*, is rather fine, and the last *La Chine*, decidedly exciting, as the rock appears above the water. We were steered down this by an Indian pilot. The St. Lawrence has disappointed me much, not in the grandeur of its stream, but in the tameness of its bank-scenery, though in one place you get a distant view of the Adirondack Mountains. As we approached Montreal the Roman Catholic Churches, with their gilded spires, became a feature in the scene. We passed under the Tubular Bridge, a great but ugly work, at seven, and went to the —— Hotel (ugh! ugh!) for the night. I was soon awoke by an invasion of Norfolk Howards, of whom I slew thirty.'

At Montreal they spent a short time pleasantly with Bishop Oxenden's family, and duly saw the sights. Then he went to Ottawa to marry a cousin,

and gives a bright, cheerful account of it all. Then they passed on to Quebec by the boat,—'boats good every way, clean, good table, cheery waiters, pleasant captain, ditto scenery,' reaching it at 6 A.M. on Sunday morning, August 26. His cousin preached at St. Matthew's Church in the morning, 'very pleasant service, cheerful and bright,' and himself at the Cathedral in the evening. 'A very dull service,' he writes, 'black gown, etc. A fine set of silver plate, presented by George III. to the church. He also gave one-seventh of the Crown land to endow the Protestant clergy in Canada, but the Presbyterians, at the commencement of the century, disputed the right with the Episcopalians, and so both lost it.'

Thence through Newport, 'a much more picturesque country, broken with woods, and hills, and rivers—the people looking very clean, contented, and happy,' they came to *Mount Deception.* The others climbed it, but he was too unwell himself, and further, 'I was afraid of getting my only coat and boots wet. Last night I had to come down in Turkish slippers, to the discomfiture of the accurately-dressed inhabitants. Next day (Aug. 30) we started by rail for the summit of Mount Washington; the ascent occupies three hours and a quarter. The first part of the railroad runs through a thickly-wooded plain, sloping to the foot of the mountain. There we changed into the cogged cars, and went sheer up the face of the mountain, rising an average of 1 in 15, and at one place 1 in 3. The railroad is a wonderful triumph of

engineering science and skill. I travelled on the iron bar in front and saw everything. The evening was lovely, and the sunset views beautiful. You can see right away to the Green Mountains and to the sea-coast of Maine.[1] The evening air was very cold, but the hotel was well heated throughout with warm water. We saw the moon rise, and then went to bed about ten to get up at 4.30 for the sunrise. I am now deep in "Alton Locke," which is full of thrilling interest to me, and explains the fierceness of some of our Radical friends.'

'*August* 31.—A glorious sunrise, quite clear and beautiful in its calm orange tints. We had a lovely drive down too. The road zigzags down the rough bare rock, with splendid views of the whole range of mountains; then it is buried in trees, the under-wood of which has a very striking effect in varying the colour, while the wood does not altogether conceal glimpses of the surrounding mountains which shut in the glen. There were fourteen of us packed into a New England wagon with four good horses.'

On the 2d of September they were at *Boston*, and he 'officiated at Trinity Church,—westward position.' Here he made the acquaintance of Dr. Schereschewsky, Bishop-elect of China. In the evening he went to Christ Church, 'empty, though in the midst of the poor. Met Mr Newton, incumbent of St. Paul's Church, a Broad Churchman, who gave me "New Tracts for New times."'

[1] Keith Johnston gives the height as 6620 feet.—ED.

They saw Bunker's Hill from the Cemetery, and in the course of the next two days many relics of Washington, and much else,—schools, historical curiosities, Young Men's Christian Institute, etc. 'From the Public Library any Bostoner can get any book he wants. Thousands of books are lent every day. . . . We went to see a base-ball match, St. Louis *v.* Boston. There is not so much science in the game as in cricket, but the fielding is very quick and good.' They went to Cambridge, lunched with Mr. Longfellow and his daughter, smoked and drank iced soda with him. 'He is a most agreeable old man, made us feel quite at home in a few minutes, and talked upon all sorts of subjects. He had been at Lambeth in Archbishop Longley's time, and described the conferring of his degree at Oxford and Cambridge. He knew Aubrey de Vere, and incidentally said a good deal about poetry. His ancestors had come from near Leeds, and he was interested in talking about Yorkshire to Wilson. He showed us over the buildings at Cambridge,—very pleasant, round shady quads.'

On September 9 they were at Newport, and attended 'Trinity Church, the oldest church in America.' In the morning, 'the American chaplain at Rome preached a very good sermon;' in the evening 'a coloured clergyman preached a very curious sermon, chiefly quotations.' Next day there was a Polo-match, at which 'the Bishop of Rhode Island was present,' and a fancy ball, 'which I did not attend.'

They returned to New York on the 15th of September. Next day they attended Trinity Church; 'a very good choral service, with a good sermon by Dr. Dix, only I thought he forced too much Churchism out of the Psalms of David. We intended to go to Grace Church in the evening, but found all the churches had afternoon, not evening, services, so we went to St. Mark's, where we heard a very clear, sensible sermon from Dr. Rylance, on "Jael's Bloody Deed." He partly adopted Mozley's explanation, partly my father's; denounced the Speaker's Commentary, and recommended Dr. Adam Clarke. . . . During this Ember Week those at home have been much in my thoughts and prayers.'

Several pleasant days were spent sight-seeing at New York and in the neighbourhood, where Bishop Potter and Mr. Hamersley were very kind to him.

They were going into the anthracite coal region, which he wanted to visit, because he was told that he would learn much about the Labour controversy which was raging; but his friend was not well, and they had to give it up. 'The New York school-buildings are not so good as at Boston, and the range of subjects is not so large; still the schools are very good. The boys' school had a thousand boys in it. We heard them examined in history, and I had to make a speech to them after Professor Ward had spoken. In the girls' school the drill was even better than in the boys', and the singing and recitation very good. Archie spoke to them. Several of the

higher class girls seemed very much over-worked. We went to the Boys' College, under General Webb, and had some interesting talk with the Professors. This College is supplied by the best boys from the Grammar-schools, and corresponds to the Normal College for girls, which we could not see. In the evening we saw Sothern act in *The Crushed Tragedian*, a poor piece, well acted, but with a low moral tone.

'*Sept. 20th.*—Called on the Mayor, and saw the Telephone. In the afternoon went with Mr. Cyrus Field to Irvington, a lovely place on the Hudson. Met two clergymen at dinner. Next day one of them drove me to Sunnyside, Washington Irving's quiet little home. Mr. Field's boys took me on the lake, and Mr. Field drove me to see Washington Irving's grave. All the family have been wonderfully kind.'

On September 23d he preached in the morning at the Church of the Holy Comforter, Poughkeepsie, and in the evening heard a 'very striking and thoughtful sermon from a Dr. Cady.'

'*Sept. 26th.*—To New York Convention; a very learned sermon by Dr. Glass, on the modern view of the evidences of Christianity.' The next day he went again. 'The Bishop introduced me to the Convention, who all rose and bowed, to my infinite discomfort. A discussion on shortened services.

'*Sept. 29th.*—Dined with Dr. and Mrs. Morgan Dix. Met the Bishop and Miss Potter. An oyster dinner in my honour. Dr. D. is very delightful when

you know him. Met General M'Clellan and the Bishop of Georgia.

'*Sept.* 30*th.*—At 7 A.M. tried to go to the Church of the Holy Communion; but it was not open. Turned into the R. C. Church, which was crowded for mass. The people were very devout. At nine went to the Sunday-school. At 10.30 attended an ordination of one priest at the Church of the Transfiguration, of which Dr. Houghton is rector; Dr. Seymour preached on the Ministerial office. In the evening preached for Dr. Wildes, secretary of American Church Congress. After service, Mr. Carter, the organist, played some beautiful sacred music in the pretty little church, which has some very good glass by Heaton and Butler.'

On the 2d of October as they went to Boston, 'found ourselves the guests of the Hospitality Committee. At ten attended the opening service of the Convention in Trinity Church. Some forty-eight Bishops were seated in the apse, and it was a very impressive service. I read the Lessons. Bishop Williams of Connecticut preached an able sermon, bringing in the questions of Labour and Capital and the Church. . . . . I met several old friends among the Bishops,—Pittsburg, Indiana, Kentucky, New York, Ohio, Tennessee,—and made many more friends, notably Bishop Williams of Connecticut, whose handsome figure may be seen at most times in the smoking-room, either lobbying or telling good stories. He seems to have more influence than any

other. Bishop, having taught many of them at Yale. It is impossible to keep count of all the clergymen to whom I am introduced.

'*Oct. 4th.*—A bad night—late in the morning. To the House of Clerical and Lay Delegates in Immanuel Church; Dr. Burgess, the President, made me come and sit by him. Each set of delegates, four clerical and four lay, sit together in two pews; their places are marked by little flags. . . . Sat on from 10 to 1.30. . . . Met Bishop Huntington, an interesting, handsome man, about sixty, who had once been a Unitarian Professor at Harvard. At 7.30 an opening missionary service, with sermon by Dr. Schenck. The secretary asked me to come robed. In the smoking-room several clergymen told stories of negro life, "Elder Clarkson and the Apostate rite of Conformation," etc. etc.

'*Oct. 5th.*—Prayers in Immanuel Church at 9.30. Afterwards I went to the House of Bishops, where after a short time I was met by Bishops Williams and Bedell, and introduced formally into the House. Bishop Smith welcomed me, and I delivered a message of affectionate remembrance to the individual members from my father, and of sympathy and prayerful hope from the Church at home to the Convention. In the evening Dr. Potter brought me an answer from the House of Bishops to carry to my father. In the evening, after dining with Bishop Bedell and Mr. Jones of Cleveland, and talking to Bishop Williams in the smoking-room, I went to the

Missionary Meeting and heard Dr. Twing report on Domestic Missions.

'At 10.15 I was presented to the House of Deputies by Dr. Schenck, and had to make a short speech. A long speech on the facilitating the formation of missionary dioceses. As for the money difficulty, he said he "never heard of any difficulty about money among the Apostles, unless it were that Judas got hold of it." It is interesting to watch the forms of the House, and to see how prominent a part the laity take. There are judges, generals, leading politicians, and literary men, among the lay deputies. . . .

'At 4.45 went to Brookline, met Bishops Whipple, Clark, Williams, Wilmer of New Orleans, Lee, Chief-Justice Waite, Judge Taylor and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Potter, Mr. Secretary Fish and Mrs. Fish, Dr. Vinton, and Mr. Morgan, a London banker. The dinner was a most interesting one, and after smoking had begun, Bishop Whipple told a story about the man who, when in danger of drowning, "dipped" to bale the ship, instead of "snivelling about his own soul." Certainly under such circumstances, *Laborare est orare.* Bishop Quintard told us of an old woman who stole a goose. The minister meeting her on her way to Holy Communion, exhorted her to repentance for this evil deed. The old lady (who was no disciple of Zaccheus, for she had the goose at that moment safe in her cupboard) impressively replied, "Do you think that I am going to let that goose stand be-

tween me and my Saviour?" Bishops Williams and Wilmer also were very amusing.'[1]

'*Oct. 7th.*—Morning and evening service at Mr. Storr's Church. Bishop Kip and I assisted. Bishop Williams preached in the morning on the manliness of Christianity—(1) providing for body, mind, and soul, (2) exercising reason and faith, (3) guiding by great principles, not by minute regulations.

'In the afternoon Bishop Williams gave a missionary address on Red Indians, Haytian Negroes, Mexicans—full of interest and power.

'*Oct. 8th.*—Drove into Boston, called on Mr. Phillips Brooks, had most interesting talk with him. Said good-bye to Bishop Smith, asking him to send my father's letter of invitation to Bishop Holly (the Haytian Bishop). Bishop Whipple sent loving messages to my father; Dr. Leeds of Maryland also. Bishop Kerfoot sent a copy of Longfellow's Poems to my sisters. Bishop Wilmer of Louisiana gave me the kiss of peace. Train to Hartford through some very prettily wooded country, bright with the Fall colours. Spent from three to seven at Hartford with Professor Hart and President Pynchon,

[1] The American Bishops seem rather fond of stories which reflect on the Antinomianism of some of the sects, *e.g.* one Bishop in his visitation comes to a great convict establishment and offers his services to officiate. 'No need of you here, sir,' says the head jailer; 'we have eight preachers safely locked up, who are brought out each Sabbath to minister to their fellow-prisoners.' 'Take away my depravity,' said an old member of a congregation to his minister,—'Take away my depravity, and you rob me of all my hope.'

who wants to get copies of the special services and prayers for Founders' Day at Oxford.'

They visited Yale College, of which he formed a moderately good impression, and Girard College at Philadelphia,—'a splendid white marble Grecian building, which holds some 1000 orphans, and educates them from five to sixteen years. They are taught French, Spanish, etc. No clergyman or minister to be admitted within the walls by Girard's deed of trust. No religious exercises are allowed except the reading of the text of the Bible. They have evidently more money than they know what to do with. Within the enclosure wall they have built several other Grecian buildings, and are now putting up a chapel in which they may not have service.'

'*Oct.* 14*th* (Washington).—To church both morning and evening at Epiphany Church. A nice service with a good quartett choir, which, however, I cannot approve of, for they make the singing quite Petherish[1] and uncongregational. The sermon was on the Sermon on the Mount. In the evening the choir was amateur, and the singing more congregational, but it was spoilt by an attempt to sing Spohr's "As pants the hart." Both service and sermon were too bold, I thought. The latter was extempore, on the relations of Christianity to Metaphysics.'

[1] Pether was a butcher in his father's first parish, who constituted the sole choir, and sang the hymns in solo in front of the gallery every Sunday. His name has consequently become a synonym in the family for any elaborate music somewhat out of place.

Thence at length they went to Georgetown, passing through a district chiefly inhabited by blacks, 'It was a new and strange sight to me to see black ladies stooping down to pick up their trains, black ministers, black schoolmasters, black pupils.'

At Washington they were present at the opening of the Supreme Court, and were struck with the decorum thereof. 'Very different from Baltimore, where every member of the court, judge, jury, counsel, and witness, all were chewing tobacco.'

They visited also the House of Representatives; were driven by the Chief Justice to the Soldiers' Home, which he describes as 'a lovely spot,' and were also courteously received by the President and Mrs. Hayes. 'He is a very pleasant man, and she most agreeable. . . . Mr. Roosevelt told me that Hayes wishes (1) to heal the remaining soreness in the South, (2) to introduce a standard of money, (3) to reform the Civil Service, and that he will succeed.'[1] Hence they returned to New York, were once more hospitably received at Grace Church Rectory, and 'spent a very merry evening' there, the night before leaving. On the 17th they sailed for England in the 'Bothnia.'

[1] The state of things which the Northern Central Government inflicted on the South at the close of the war, and which President Hayes set himself to remedy, rankled in the heart of some of the Southern Bishops. One told how the black recorder or judge of a town in his diocese, appointed by the Central Government, wrote the name of his office as that of Jug,— 'the spelling,' said the Bishop, 'being symptomatic of the habits of the functionary.'

On one occasion this same Bishop landed from the steamer, and seeing a black man lounging about the pier, gave him his portmanteau

We desire here to introduce two letters from across the Atlantic. The first is from Dr. H. C. Potter, nephew of the venerable Bishop of New York.

'MY DEAR SIR,—The Rev. Craufurd Tait came to Newport (which has been for some years my summer home) during the month of September 1877. On board the steamer which brought him and his travelling companions to this country he had made the acquaintance of the family of a friend and neighbour, at whose table I first met him. His name opened to him a great many American homes and hearts, and we should have been eager to welcome him for his father's sake if not for his own. But it was impossible to know him, though ever so slightly, without being attracted by his hearty and unaffected enthusiasm, and still more by his pure and ingenuous character. His interest in everything distinctively American was at once keen and kindly, and where it would have been natural for him to find some fault in our unfamiliar ways, he seemed to discover only a fresh occasion for a friendly and intelligent curiosity.

'Except to meet him at brief intervals at a friend's house, I saw little of Mr. Tait after he left Newport,

to carry, and a few cents for his trouble, which he gladly took. 'Do you know who that was to whom you gave your portmanteau?' said a friend. 'It is the new Mayor of the town appointed by the Central Government.' The Bishop was indignant, and when next he saw the Governor of the State, he remonstrated on such appointments. 'My good friend,' was the reply, 'you may be very glad that it was not the man whom I was urged to appoint Mayor; for if he had got your portmanteau, he would not only have carried it, but opened it to see what he could take out.'

until the meeting of our General Convention in Boston in October. On that occasion he brought the greetings of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the American House of Bishops, and as secretary of that body, it was my office to arrange for his reception. Those who witnessed the scene will not soon forget it. The House had been engaged in a discussion of exceptional gravity, and one could feel that it turned its attention with something of an effort from the business before it. It is doubtful if, in all its history, it had ever been addressed by one so young. Indeed, the contrast between the venerable presiding Bishop, bent with the weight of more than fourscore years, and the youth who stood before him, was strangely impressive. With singular modesty, but with the most entire self-possession, Mr. Tait discharged the duty which had been assigned to him, and delivered the greeting with which he had been charged. His words were brief, but they were spoken with such rare aptness and simplicity, that when he had ended every one who heard him was alike won and charmed. At the conclusion of the more formal proceedings, the Bishops gathered around him, and the greetings with which they welcomed him indicated the happy impression which he had made.

'On the same day, I think, he was introduced to the House of Deputies and addressed them, and on the following Saturday I found him the guest of a friend (the Hon. Robert Winthrop), with whom I spent a week during the sitting of the General Convention.

In connection with this visit we were much together, and his evident enjoyment in out-door life led to our spending many hours in walks through the neighbourhood of Brooklyn. It was October, and the charm of an American autumn was something which kindled in Mr. Tait a constant enthusiasm. It led him to talk of his own country, of his work, of the ministry, and of the present and future of the English Church. In regard to this last, his views were singularly mature for one so young; and in all that he said there was a strain of mingled gentleness, hopefulness, and courage, which had a peculiar charm. In his intercourse with the household whose guest he was, he made the same marked impression, and when he took his departure there was a common feeling that no small measure of sunshine had gone with him.

'This was the last occasion on which I saw him. But he was the guest of my family in New York immediately before he sailed for Liverpool, and on my return, a week after he had gone, it seemed almost as though he were there still. The Rectory was full of the atmosphere of his presence. My little son talked of no one else, and for a long time the traditions of what Mr. Tait did and said were among the staples of our household words.

'There must have been something very rare in a nature which could make so strong and so gracious an impression. I was not insensible to those natural graces of disposition, first inherited, and then wisely

and tenderly nurtured, which were so considerable an element in his character; but besides these, there was the constant evidence of a life made nobler and sweeter by the grace of the Master. His bearing, when he officiated (as I heard him at St. Paul's, Brooklyn) in public, and those unconscious disclosures of himself which one makes in allusion to matters of more sacred interest,—these things betrayed a nature to which the indwelling power of the Holy Spirit was a blessed and gracious reality.

'The tidings of his death were an equal surprise and grief to all of us here who had known him. He had come and gone so swiftly, that it would not have been surprising if he had been easily forgotten. But he was not, and hearts on this side the Atlantic that had quickly learned to love him, sorrowed in a common and widespread sympathy with those to whom he was most dear. For myself, I shall always be thankful that I was privileged to know him, and the memory of his sunny presence, and his pure and manly and ingenuous character will be one of the most valued recollections of my life.'

'H. C. P.

'GRACE CHURCH RECTORY,
'NEW YORK, *St. Matthias' Day* 1879.'

The following extract too is interesting. It is from Mr. Hamersley, whom Craufurd met in America:—

'I went to Lambeth Palace to see the Lollards' Tower (to be seen, according to guide-book, three

times a week—eleven to one), but was refused entrance by the janitor. I submitted to the disappointment, and inquired after the family, giving as my reason that I knew Mr. Craufurd Tait in America. This announcement changed the demeanour of the janitor, who forthwith said that his wife would show me the Tower. On the way to the Tower we passed through the Palace, and when showing me the photograph of the Pan-Anglican Council, the janitor's wife left me to tell Miss Tait that a friend of her brother's was in the Tower. Miss Tait came to see me, and also introduced your sister-in-law. The next day, much to my surprise and gratification, I received an invitation to dinner at Lambeth, and sat by the side of Mrs. Tait, who in the providence of God has since been called to meet her son. The kindness of the Archbishop and his family will ever be cherished as one of my happiest memories.'

The Dean of Westminster, on his return from America last November, wrote the following on his way back:—

'Wherever I went I found that your dear boy's name was mentioned with the deepest affection. All the little stories about him were treasured up in the different houses where he had been received—in Boston, Newport, New York, Philadelphia. In Mr. Winthrop's room his photograph was pointed out to me as a cherished memorial. Dr. Potter of New York gave me an affecting description of his modest, engaging, ingenuous appearance in the House of

Bishops,—instantly overcoming the technical scruples and hostile prejudices with which some of them had been inclined to regard your communication to them. It is indeed a fragrant memory, which will not die in America any more than in England.'

A FEW weeks pass; and he is in his last illness. The writer of these pages saw him in November, a very few weeks after his return from America. As we left the house my wife said to me in a tone of dismay, 'How very ill Craufurd looks! he seems to me in a very bad way.' It was more likely to be noticed by one who saw him but seldom than by those who were much in his company. By Christmas, his mother, as the Archbishop's narrative has told us, was greatly alarmed, and he grew rapidly worse.

But the five months which were to elapse before the end came were so blessed and marked by the finger of God that they who survive him have no recollections more sweet and dear than of that period. Day by day his father prayed in the little chapel at Addington, 'Visit him with Thy salvation.' And day by day in the sick-chamber the prayer was abundantly answered, as was most expedient for him. The sufferer was cheerful and bright always, able to

> 'Leave all things to a Father's will,
> And taste, before Him lying still,
> E'en in affliction, peace.'

The breaking of the hopes which he had formed

concerning his work at Notting Hill was but the beginning of the cross. Like all God's children, up to the highest Example of all, he had to learn obedience by the things which he suffered, and to be weaned from the world day by day. Just once, when a relapse came after a time of steady improvement, he said to his sister, somewhat sadly, 'It seems rather hard to die, after getting so much better.'

A week before he died, whilst the arrangements were being made for his journey to Broadstairs, a fresh gleam of hope seemed to come; he talked quite cheerfully about recovery to a friend who was walking by his bath-chair. The same friend has told us how on a previous occasion, on entering his room to get a book, he found him on his knees, and apologised for disturbing him. 'It doesn't matter at all,' Craufurd replied simply; 'prayer is so much a part of one's life that a little interruption of that sort makes no difference.' His life had become a great prayer, never strained, but constantly abiding in the will of God. His natural character, as has before been said, was somewhat impetuous and headstrong; one sees signs of it in some of his letters, even up to the time of his illness. The sickness became the minister of God's grace to purge it out.

On Saturday the 25th of May he left Addington for Stonehouse.

He bore the journey well, and seemed none the worse. On Tuesday afternoon he had a violent fit of sickness, but it passed off, and he seemed better in

the evening. In the morning he was not so well. In the afternoon the symptoms grew more and more unfavourable, but he was still bright in conversation, and rallied his old nurse, who was attending him, on her early recollections of him. He talked with his youngest sister also over a passage—the 4th chapter of the Hebrews—which they had been reading together. His father had gone out, and on his return to the house shortly after five was met by Mrs. Tait, who announced that a sudden change had taken place for the worse, and that if the Holy Communion were not administered at once it would probably be too late. The holy service therefore began, all whom he loved best on earth being present. The patient followed the service all through with a bright and beautiful aspect. He was disturbed once by a fit of coughing, and his father paused. 'Go on, go on,' he said. There was no more interruption, and a solemn, thrilling hush followed the blessing. There came a paroxysm of pain, but it passed off. 'It feels just like going to sleep,' he said quietly, as his eyes lovingly looked into the faces round him. Presently he said to his father, 'Say the Commendatory Prayer,' and the last request was fulfilled. Suddenly he clasped the hand of one who was sitting by his pillow, and turned on his side. There was no sign of pain, but it was all over. The warfare was accomplished. It was six o'clock; not two hours had elapsed since the first alarm was given.

What more was needed to such a gracious life?

It was full and complete in Christ. Who will venture to say that if he had lived to threescore years and ten his influence would have been greater than it will be now? The corn of wheat has fallen into the ground and died, and we believe that the promise will be fulfilled; that it will therefore bring forth much fruit. *Felix opportunitate mortis*, for those who knew him, pondering over that deathbed in years to come, will realise more and more that his goodness, meekness, guilelessness, purity of heart, are not memories of the dead past, but living powers which remain alway, though the bodily form with which they were wont to associate them shall be seen no more. One who knew him from childhood has said to us—'There was not a school-fellow, nor a friend, nor a servant, nor a farm-labourer who knew him who did not love him, such was the charm of his character.' But he, as do all Christ's servants, leaves them a rich inheritance—not merely the memory of his good example, but the assurance that his love to them lives on, and will know no end, fed and increased as it is by that love of God which now flows forth toward him and in him, everlastingly.

His tutor wrote after his death: 'If I did not teach very much to dear Craufurd, I learned many lessons from his unfailing brightness and frank kindness. . . . My language is that of all who knew him. We mourn for him as for a son.'

On the day of his Baptism at Rugby, his godfather, the Dean of Wells, who all through his life loved him

tenderly, had given him a Bible, with this inscription, '*Ps. cxix.* 19.—*I am a stranger in the earth, O hide not thy commandments from me.*' He lived to see his wish fulfilled, to see how as his godson grew to manhood the commandments of God became his steadfast rule of life.

ON Tuesday afternoon, June the 4th, a large number of those who had loved him best—clergy of the diocese and of the Church elsewhere, relations, dependants, parishioners, and very many school and college friends—have gathered themselves in the sweet churchyard of Addington. The rustling of the breeze among the tall elms, tempering the heat of the bright sun, and the tinkling of a distant sheep-bell, are the only sounds which break the stillness, save the voice of the priest,—'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.' Glances almost involuntary are cast at the central figures in the group by the grave; but all is perfectly calm, and the Lord's Prayer sounds so earnest and heartfelt as each voice firmly takes it up. The service comes to an end, so does the hymn that follows—'Brother, thou art gone before.' No one moves, but the foremost mourner has stepped forward, a wonderful repose of sorrow stamped upon each feature, and his voice hardly falters as he pronounces the Benediction. All linger a few minutes longer; most are praying silently, and

all feel that they know what the prayer of each is. Then the crowd slowly disperses, not to leave him there, but to carry him with them in that communion and fellowship which they will hold with him until the day of restitution of all things, as often as they strive to live the life of faith in the Son of God.

The bereaved mother stood for one moment alone when the burial was over, and said in a low but intensely earnest and thrilling voice, heard only, it is believed, by one young relative, 'I believe in the resurrection of the dead.' Such an expression of faith was in unison with the whole mode of her religious life. There is little to add to her husband's account of the six months that followed. 'None but my God and I know what I have suffered,' she softly said to a trusted friend. She by no means shut herself up with her grief. She 'endured, as seeing Him who is invisible,' and went about her daily work courageously as ever. But the change which sorrow wrought upon her countenance, the furrowed cheeks and rapidly whitening hair, told what had else been almost untold. I did not see her very often after her bereavement, but two little circumstances will live in my recollection for ever. The one was on a Sunday, when she came privately with the Archbishop to hear her future son-in-law preach in Margate Church. At the Holy Communion we sang Dr. Bright's lovely Hymn,

'And now, O Father, mindful of the love.'

I could not help watching her as she sang it. She

seemed absolutely unconscious of any presence but the Divine. And as she came to the last two lines,

> 'In Thine own service make us glad and free,
> And grant us never more to part from Thee,'

her face was peace itself. The other was on St. Peter's Day, when the American Bishops came to Canterbury. That morning was Commemoration at St. Augustine's Missionary College, at which the Bishop of Western New York preached an exquisitely moving sermon. Mrs. Tait was deeply impressed with Skeats' beautiful chorale, 'The righteous souls that take their flight,' and again that sublime expression of a hope all but fulfilled was seen upon her countenance. She spoke of this chorale so strongly afterwards that my wife after her daughter's marriage copied it out that the three daughters might sing it to her as a trio. But this was never to be. In the afternoon there was an immense gathering at the Cathedral. We will quote the Bishop of Pennsylvania's account of it, from an address which he delivered to his clergy on returning home:—

'At three in the afternoon of this day the Bishops, to the number of thirty or forty, met in the Chapter-House of the Cathedral. Having robed there, they walked in procession through the cloisters and through the west door of the nave, the choristers and the Cathedral clergy chanting the Psalms appointed for this occasion. The Cathedral was filled with thousands of people, assembled to witness the impos-

ing and unwonted spectacle, for never before had so many Bishops met within its walls.

'On the centre of the altar-steps was placed the patriarchal chair of St. Augustine, a plain stone cathedra, and in it the ninetieth successor of St. Augustine in the See of Canterbury took his seat, and addressed the assembled Bishops, saying, "My brothers, representatives of the Church throughout the world, engaged in preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ wherever the sun shines, I esteem it a very high privilege to welcome you here to-day to the cradle of Anglo-Saxon Christianity. I am addressing you from St. Augustine's chair. This thought carries us back to the time when that first missionary to our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, amid much discouragement, landed on these then barbarous shores. More than twelve centuries and a half have rolled on since then. The seed he sowed has borne an abundant harvest, and this great British nation, and our sister beyond the ocean, have cause to render thanks to God for the work begun by him here." His clear and strong address was closed by the following words to the American Bishops:—

'"My brothers from across the Atlantic,—you especially from the great Republic,—to you a particular welcome is due from me. Partly for our Church's sake, partly for my sake, partly also for something you discerned in himself, you welcomed one very dear to me last autumn. The bond that unites us is not the less sacred because so many

hopes of earthly joy have withered and disappeared. God unite us all more closely in His own great family. And now let us to prayer."'

The Bishop of Louisiana, Dr. Wilmer, of whose sweet aged face many of us retain so happy a recollection, was staying at Lambeth, and was impressed in these last days of her life, as other friends had been in the days of her youth, with Mrs. Tait's unfailing desire to make religion the very essence of her daily life. 'I delight,' he said to a Church dignitary, from whom I received it, 'in my stay with these people. From the early service in the morning to the late prayers at night, life seems always in God's presence.' Another American prelate, as he watched her unflagging courtesy, as she ministered—pale and sorrow-stricken—to the multitude of guests, remarked that he could scarcely believe that such fortitude and self-constraint were possible. They were only so by an effort too great for heart and brain. Her mind was steadfastly set upon that world unseen from which her thoughts now never wandered far. Yet on the evening before he left Lambeth Bishop Wilmer sat beside Mrs. Tait at dinner. He spoke of the deep pleasure he had received by his visit, and of the improbability of his ever seeing England again. 'I hope it may be otherwise,' said Mrs. Tait, 'and that we may, if it please God, meet in ten years at this table.' 'No,' said the Bishop, 'possibly my brother here,' turning to the Bishop of Nebraska, 'but not I.' And so they parted. And on the selfsame day, she

in Edinburgh, he in America, passed away, to meet again in the sanctuary and presence above.

And now we have little more to add. What there is centres round two spots.

The first is Lambeth Chapel, the graceful building of the roystering Archbishop Boniface of Savoy. 'It is strange,' writes Mr. Green, 'to stand at a single step in the very heart of the ecclesiastical life of so many ages, within walls beneath which the men in whose hands the fortunes of English religion have been placed from the age of the Great Charter till to-day have come and gone; to see the light falling through the tall windows and their marble shafts on the spot where Wyclif fronted Sudbury, on the lowly tomb of Parker, on the stately screen-work of Laud, on the altar where the last sad communion of Sancroft originated the Nonjurors. It is strange to note the very characteristics of the building itself, marred as it is by modern restoration, and to feel how simply its stern, unadorned beauty, the beauty of Salisbury and of Lincoln, expressed the very tone of the Church that finds its centre there.'[1] The restoration here referred to is the roof which was erected by Mr. Blore during the Primacy of Archbishop Howley. Of what has been done since Mr. Green wrote, a few words have to be said.

Lambeth Chapel is a shrine specially dear to the American Church. Here Provoost and White and Madison were consecrated. Here, in 1867, the

[1] *Stray Studies*, p. 114.

American Bishops were most lovingly welcomed by Archbishop Longley; and one of their number preached the opening sermon at the first Lambeth Conference. They won all hearts at that time by their manly, unaffected simplicity, as well as vigour. 'I believe,' said the Archbishop of Dublin to the present writer, 'that they are about the ablest body of men I ever met.' They on their part were moved with delight at the heartiness of the reception, and sent over, as a thank-offering to the Mother Church of England, the handsome alms-dish which ornaments the Lord's table at Lambeth.[1] When the next Conference met, although the shadow of death hung over the Palace, they found a welcome extended to them none the less hearty; and they again resolved on making an offering to the Chapel. The restoration of the Chapel was in progress. The windows which had been filled with stained glass by Cardinal Morton had been broken during the troubled times of the Reformation, so that Laud found them, to use his own words, 'shameful to look upon, all diversely patched like a poor beggar's coat.' He carefully restored them, but the storm of popular violence rose again until no trace of their beauty was left. For two centuries they remained, restored indeed to decency,

[1] It bears in the middle, on the front side, the following inscription: —'*Orbis Veteri Novus Occidens Orienti Filia Matri* 1871;' on the reverse side, running round the circumference, '*Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ Matri per manus Apostolicas Reverendissimi Georgii Augusti Selwyn Dei Gratia Episcopi Lichfieldiensis pacis et benevolentiæ internuncii ejusdemque auctoris hoc pietatis testimonium filii Americani dederunt.*

but with all their loveliness destroyed. In the work of restoration therefore the replacing of the stained glass was one of the first objects in view, and happily the means of doing this were accessible. It was known that the broken windows had been copied from pictures in the *Biblia Pauperum*, and to these accordingly the artists, Messrs. Clayton and Bell, betook themselves. In each case the two side-lights contain representations of types, of which the Antitype is in the centre. The centre light of one of the windows on the south side was undertaken by the American Prelates. The other window is erected by many friends to the memory of Craufurd, and underneath it is the following inscription :—

In Memory of the
REV. CRAUFURD TAIT, M.A.
ONLY SON OF
ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,
AND OF CATHARINE TAIT.

Simple, pure, manly, energetic, kindly, because in all things truly Christian, he won the hearts of young and old, rich and poor. He was loved and respected at Eton, at Christ Church, and in his Curacy at Saltwood, in his visit to the East, and to the United States of America, and here, as his father's Chaplain.

Faithful during his brief earthly ministry, he was gently summoned from his home below, with all its duties, enjoyments, and hopes, to his real home in the immediate presence of Christ. Many friends of all degrees and ranks have united in dedicating this window as a memorial of love.

Born at Rugby, spared in the fever which desolated his father's home at Carlisle in his childhood, he died at Stonehouse, Thanet, in the twenty-ninth year of his age, on the eve of the Lord's Ascension, May 29th, 1878.

As for me, I will behold Thy Presence in righteousness, and when I awake up after Thy likeness, I shall be satisfied with it.—PSALM XVII. 16.

The subjects of the two windows are—(1.) Craufurd's Memorial: in the centre, Mary Magdalene and Christ in the Garden—the incredulity of St. Thomas—the Ascension; in the one side light, Gideon—Enoch; in the other, Jacob wrestling with the Angel—Elijah. (2.) The American window: centre, the Consecration of Matthias—the Gift of Pentecost—the Last Judgment; side lights,—Solomon's Judgment—Moses receiving the Two Tables,—David and the Amalekite —Elijah's Sacrifice.

The other portions of the restoration comprise a very rich arrangement of mosaics on the East Wall, and the replacing of the rough floor by a tile pavement.

And now at Lambeth Chapel, as we may say, Mrs. Tait yielded up her work as the Primate's wife. We have read in his Memoir the account of that solemn day of Holy Communion, and the Marriage ceremony, and the quiet Evening Prayers. On the following day she left England, never with mortal eye to behold it again. The memory of that wedding day is as of the distant past. The far-off look—far as Addington and Stanwix Churchyards, far as heaven, —the pale, wistful, and almost aged face, which seemed the personation of her husband's last sermon, 'sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing;' the earnest notes uttering Keble's hymn, 'The voice that breathed o'er Eden,' now as with the strength of gladness, now faltering and breaking down,—those who were there

will long remember all that. We saw little more of her that day. When we bade her farewell for ever in this world she was just returning from seeing her child's departure. She kissed my wife affectionately, and with her usual habit of saying kind things, spoke of the help she had rendered in her bringing up, and added, 'We shall see you soon at Stonehouse; you will be there to welcome the bride home.' This was the 12th of November.

On the 7th of December—it was her newly married daughter's twentieth birthday—all of her that could die was laid to rest in Addington Churchyard, beside her boy, not now under the summer sun, but in a cold misty afternoon. The chief mourner walked up meekly to the coffin in the chancel, and gently kissed the head of it, and joined the choir in singing, 'Lead, kindly Light,' and spoke the Benediction at the grave. The Archbishop of York took part in the service, and there were present the Bishops of London, Winchester, St. Albans, Rochester, and Dover, and the Deans of Westminster, Durham, and Windsor. The latter brought four wreaths from the Queen and Royal Family, and an autograph letter of sympathy from the Queen. The funeral ended, the family, including the newly-married daughter, who with her husband had hurried back from Florence, to meet her father at Lambeth, went down, as on the 4th of June, to Stonehouse the same evening.

Letters innumerable of affectionate sympathy and respect followed them thither. Not one was more

touching than the Queen's,—simple and womanly. The other members of the Royal Family also, and the Empress Eugénie, sent kind messages. Most touching perhaps of all,—the Princess Alice wrote, coupling her expressions of sympathy with a gentle allusion to her own recent sorrow. It was the last letter she ever wrote. On the same afternoon, on her return from witnessing the departure of a friend, she was attacked with the illness which had carried off her child, went at once to her bed, and arose from it no more.

It is a difficult task to attempt to give any idea of the sympathy which was so abundantly manifested; yet in pursuance of the intention with which this book has been published, namely, the communication to others of that consolation wherewith the comforters themselves have been comforted of God, the Editor has gathered into a very brief compass a few of the loving words. And first, here are some extracts from the letters of English Bishops:—'I have little right to intrude on your Grace at such a time, but I cannot forbear expressing to you my sympathy with your great sorrow. It was impossible to know your late wife without loving her, for she was full of love herself, and showed it in every word and deed, nay, even in her very manner and countenance. I recall full many instances of her thoughtful kindness towards myself, and my experience is that of all who came within her reach. It is not too much to say that she is a loss to the whole Church, not only on

account of her great works of charity, but she bound together those who, but for her good influence, would never have acted together, or even would have been estranged from each other, and her gracious and courteous manners were the true reflection of a most sympathetic heart. I need not assure your Grace that your family and yourself are not forgotten in our prayers. In the prayer for the Church militant this day, I thought how well it applied to her bright example, and to those who mourn their unspeakable loss.' . . .

'I can never forget her touching goodness to me, during what was to me a time of heavy depression and pain, mental and bodily. Her life was, I verily believe, made up of such acts of sympathy, the more abundant when her own heart was riven, as though she was afflicted for the consolation of others. Your Grace was remembered in this house with affectionate prayers and with tears.' . . .

'I have been so much drawn within the circle of the loving influence of her who has been called away, that I cannot help giving expression to my own deep sorrow for her loss, and for your Grace's heavy trial.' . . .

'The impression left here by dear Mrs. Tait and yourself[1] is most touching, and indeed I know of no member of our Church who has awakened anywhere so deep and true an affection as she has done.' . . .
'Believe me that we all loved her whom you and we

[1] During a short visit they had made.

have "lost awhile," and that we shall the more love and honour now him and those whom she has left here to follow her hereafter.' . . .

'The whole Church mourns with and prays for you. But those who had, as we have had, the privilege of knowing and loving her who has been taken from you, join in those prayers with a deep and affectionate earnestness.' . . .

'The sad tidings came to-day with a sense of personal bereavement. We Bishops have never failed to receive at Lambeth more than hospitality, the welcome of a hearty and sympathising friendship from one who was not content to do the duties of a hostess; we recognised the influence of a kindly, Christian heart.' . . .

'She who is gone presented to my mind the perfect ideal of sympathy. I have never forgotten meeting her in St. Giles' nearly twenty years ago, when my first great grief was overshadowing me. She was so overflowing with a delicate and tender pity, full of exquisite tact, but also with expression which went far beyond mere words.' . . .

'The years which roll on will comfort you with the thought that she still lives in you, and waits for you.

'Oh, I am so sorry for you! Yet I know how the blessed Saviour is far far more sorry, and helps you to understand it, and makes you calm and quiet in the sense of His presence. You were like a sermon to us all on Saturday, only such a sermon as never

has been preached by the lips of men. God was so evidently wrapping you round in His everlasting arms, and nerving you to give us that Benediction which we shall never forget till we die. . . . The prayers and love of thousands of loyal, tender hearts are yours—a possession that makes rich. Your daughters are still at your side, and yet closer to you the holy, kind presence of One who says to you, "Fear not; for she is with Me, and I am with thee." ' . . .

'The answer of God to your own soul is so much deeper and stronger than anything which my unworthiness has ever yet been able to realise, that I am half ashamed of writing to one so revered by me in words that are truly presumptuous through their powerlessness at such a time. But we are all bound to let the sound of our afflicted sympathy with you be just heard, because *in magnis tentationibus juvat solitudo sed tamen ut in propinquo sint amici.*' . . .

'I can only fall back on the thought of Him who as upon this day[1] entered into the secret of all the sorrows and all the mysterious desolations in the hearts of the children of men. That He will not be wanting to any whom He calls to walk in His footsteps, least of all to those whom He bids walk very near to Him, this must be our comfort, and confidence, and strength.' . . . 'You know I can go back to my school-boy days, and can see you now riding off to Dunchurch on your chestnut horse, while we specu-

[1] Written on Christmas Day.

lated on the rumours afloat that Miss Spooner was likely to come to the School-house. . . . My sister and I must ever remember Mrs. Tait's great kindness to us, as we were launching forth upon our new life here, and it seems to us as if another link with the past was broken, another friend lost out of sight while we remain

"in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store."

'It will be long before her many good works will be forgotten among men. For she was a true Christian woman, and loved to serve God by serving her fellow-creatures. Your friends can do nothing to comfort you but give you their prayers, their sympathy, their loving recollections of all her goodness. May God our Father comfort you with His exceeding comfort!' 'I know that every one of the hundred to whom you endeared yourself during those most interesting weeks of July, feels the loss you have sustained as a personal grief.' . . . 'We cannot grieve for her, for in such a troublous world it is a blessed thing to think of any servant of our Master entered into rest, her work done, her conflict over, the end of her faith received.' . . . 'The loss of last May was to her (we see it now) the first warning note of her final summons—the beginning of the end to a life full of compassionate sympathy and of ungrudging Christian labour. The buoyant, hopeful spirit, which had so often upborne her safely over the waves of severe personal trial, had, too plainly,

yielded at last to the prolonged strain of hoping against hope for a life justly dear, not to parents only, nor to sisters, but to all who knew and loved your son. In Christ she has now found her rest with him, as also with those who, through long years, had been stretching out to her their childish hands across a Cumbrian grave, from the unseen land, radiant with the resurrection hope.'

From the American Bishops also came a like burst of affectionate kindness. 'Among all our Bishops whom I have seen, there has not been one who has not testified in a most touching way to his sorrow over this mournful event. One and all were struck with the beautiful courtesy and self-command which she manifested under circumstances of such recent and severe grief. The staff which has been taken from your hand was certainly "Beauty," as well as "Bands."'

Though I have not put the names of the respective writers of the above letters, I desire to do so in the case of a few other letters. I frankly avow that my object is to show how men who differ in lesser matters, but are entirely at one in loving the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, also united in words of love and comfort here.

'PALACE, SALISBURY, *5th Dec.* 1878.

'MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,—I cannot refrain—as one of your very oldest English friends—from saying to you how deeply and truly I sympathise with you in

your heavy sorrow, and how earnestly I pray that the sustaining grace of the Holy Spirit may comfort and support you under it. You have with you the true prayers of *thousands*, and none truer and more heartfelt than mine.

'I only beg that you will not reply to my note, which I am half ashamed to trouble you with. God bless and support you, my dear old friend.—Ever believe me, yours affectionately,

'GEORGE SARUM.'

'AUCKLAND CASTLE,
Dec. 4th, 1878.

'My heart bleeds for you, my dear friend,—blow upon blow—and both so terribly painful. O what a blessing and comfort that you and they whom you mourn have known Him who is the Life—and so death is to them to be with Christ—they are "not lost, but gone before," and your weary pilgrimage can be gladdened by the thought that you shall soon meet them again in your Saviour's presence.

"We expect a bright to-morrow,
All *will be* well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all *is* well."

That the same wise and loving Father's hand, which has so grievously wounded you, may pour abundantly into your heart the healing balm of peace and hope is the earnest prayer of—Yours most truly,

'C. DUNELM.'

'CLEWER RECTORY,
2d Sunday in Advent.

'MY DEAR SIR,[1]—I have been unwilling to be silent, and yet not liking to venture any direct expression of the deep sympathy which affects me and many here at the most touchingly sad bereavement of the Archbishop and his family. Mrs. Tait was a most bright and delightful visitant here from time to time, and her large and loving sympathies embraced us as it did all the Church's works. It is the greatest blank we could know beyond our own immediate circle and fellow-workers.

'We share the gloom which it has pleased God to suffer to fall so sadly everywhere, how greatly in your own home! I thought you would kindly mention my having written among the very many who have sought to express, as far as they could, their sympathy,—Believe me, dear Sir, very truly yours,

'T. T. CARTER.'

'DEANERY, CARLISLE,
Dec. 3d, 1878.

'MY DEAR AND MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP,—I cannot help telling you how much and how deeply I feel for you, and sympathise with you,—a companion in your sorrow, your brother in adversity. We offered prayers for you this morning, which went up to Heaven from this old scene of your joy and sorrows, gone by for ever.

[1] To Rev. R. T. Davidson.

'Your heavenly Father must love you much, or He would not chasten you so sorely, opening the wounds again and again. . . . It would give me most tender pleasure to be allowed to share your sorrow; but this old place would be too much for you, otherwise if you could rest a night here when you return South, my widowed daughter, who now lives with me, would take great care of you. May our blessed Lord support and cheer and comfort you! May you come up out of this fiery furnace burnished as fine gold! May the Son of Man be with you! Cheer up, my venerable friend: a few more weary steps and we shall be with our happy loved ones!—Yours humbly and affectionately,

'F. CLOSE.'

'2 GROSVENOR GARDENS, S.W.,
Dec. 5th, 1878.

'MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,—Much as I wish to do so, I should not venture to send you this letter of deep and heartfelt sympathy, if I did not remember some words in your letter to myself—a letter the kindness of which I shall never forget. You said in that letter that the sympathy and prayers of Christian people had been a great comfort to you in a time of very heavy sorrow.

'Your Grace can hardly realise how deep and widespread is this sympathy.

'I was with Canon Gregory when I heard of it, and we, by a natural impulse, knelt down together to ask

God to be with you. As I came back I met a clergyman who told me that he and some friend had just been praying earnestly for you. A third said, 'I can't get it out of my thoughts. The Archbishop will have strength from God to bear it, but oh, what a loss it will be to him.'

'When I got back to my parish I found that one of my curates had of his own accord asked the prayers at the Early Celebration.

'These are instances out of many of the deep sympathies and earnest prayers by which you and your children are encircled, and I know that God will give the strength hour by hour, my dear Lord Archbishop, and help you to realise how near she is, and to thank Him for that noble, earnest life, and in time even to be glad that she is safely guarded by her Lord Himself from all the pain and trial of this life. I dare not intrude more upon your Grace, but I could not be silent. If it does nothing else, my letter will assure you of the prayers of one whom God has called to carry a like cross.—Your faithful and grateful servant,

'GEO. H. WILKINSON.'

'LOWER HOUSE OF CONVOCATION,
JERUSALEM CHAMBER, 20*th Feb.* 1878.

'MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,— . . . I am one of those whose memory retains very vividly impressions received in the beginning of 1843, when your [illegible]'s happiness was so fresh, and when we sixth-

form boys—at least I can speak for myself—gained a most delightful experience of the exquisite kindness with which the wife of our head-master could second and support his constant efforts to befriend and help us in all ways open to him. We know how bright and winning a presence was that which presided over the School-house hospitality; and we can unite these old personal remembrances with all that we have heard, during years past, of the services rendered by her whom your Grace has lost, to various works of religion and charity. I hope that in saying thus much, I have not said anything which had better have been omitted. I have too sincere a sense of your Grace's goodness to me when I was your pupil, and often since, not to be anxious to avoid any rude touching of such a wound as your Grace has received. One feels sure that He who has willed that your Grace should receive it, will visit you the more effectually with all the influences of His own healing hand.—I am, my dear Lord Archbishop, your Grace's in all gratitude and duty,

'WILLIAM BRIGHT.'

'MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,—I do not know how to express to you my sincere grief at the affliction with which you have been visited. I have known your dear, excellent wife so long, and can trace back so many grateful memories of her kindness at my many visits to you, from Rugby days onward, that I seem to understand how precious her life must have been

to you and her children. May the good God and Father of our Lord and Saviour support you and yours in this most heavy sorrow. It will be, I am sure, the prayer of hundreds and hundreds, and your own old and personal friends will desire to offer it earnestly, constantly, and most affectionately for you. As your tribulation is great, so may your consolation too abound, and by the help of many prayers for you, and by the gifts of the nearer and dearer Presence of the Spirit of Grace and Love and tenderest compassion.

'You will feel that your dearest wife has rejoined the darling son that you both mourned together; that her many loving tokens will follow her; that she carries away to her rest and peace the gratitude of many poor and suffering ones whom she delighted to help and comfort when they were suffering.

'About the last interview which I can recall—and which I do recall very vividly—is when I went with her, when you were last in Oxford, to Miss Liddell's quiet, solitary grave. Afterwards we had a little walk in Christ Church Meadow, when she asked with great interest about the religious state of Balliol, and as I well remember, spoke brightly and hopefully about what might yet be done. Often and often have I mentioned to others how I felt a great reality in your family prayers, first impressed upon me in my visit to you at Carlisle. The hymn which, under her guidance, was sung at that gathering, morning and evening, seemed to me to bind in one, master,

mistress, servants, very strikingly; and I could not but feel how bright an example she showed of a Christian head of a household, by being a constant and steady worker herself.

'Oh! all these reminiscences must seem to you to be a very inadequate tribute to her gifts and excellencies and affection. Still you will feel, I am sure, from many of your friends' letters, how that she was appreciated and greatly esteemed, and by how many loved.

'Once more, my dear Archbishop, accept my truest and most affectionate sympathy. My poor prayers shall be offered for you and for your daughters; and, be assured, that when I am, as I trust to be, one who follow her remains to their last resting-place, I shall yield to few, outside your own family, in my true regard and grateful recollection of her, and in my earnest supplication that you may be strengthened from on high under this sorrowful trial.—Ever most sincerely yours,

'E. C. WOOLCOMBE.'

'BIRMINGHAM, *3d Dec.* 1878.

'MY LORD ARCHBISHOP,—Forgive me the presumption, of which I am conscious that I am guilty, in venturing to write to you in this moment of anguish. Since I read the announcement in this morning's paper of the sudden calamity which has fallen on your Grace, I have had ringing in my ears the words of the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews: "Whom

the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?"

'Stroke upon stroke has fallen on your Grace, and even strangers cannot hear of these constantly recurring troubles without profound emotion and sympathy. Accidental circumstances have made the last two sorrows which have fallen upon you very vivid to me. When I was at Yale (Connecticut) a year ago, my friends told me of the singularly pleasant impression produced by Mr. Tait, who had been there just before me; soon afterwards, I heard of his death. Last week when passing through the new buildings of the University of Glasgow, I happened to see your Grace with a troop of young friends about you; and now this morning appears the announcement of a fresh and overwhelming trouble.

'In the way of sorrow, apart from sin in those you love—from which worst of all troubles may God preserve your Grace,—there seems nothing left to be endured. The forms of anguish which arise from bereavement are exhausted. No new experience of grief seems possible. The cup has been drained to its dregs. In the presence of the Cross on which the sins of the world were atoned for, all theological and ecclesiastical differences by which Christian men are separated vanish and are forgotten; and there are human sorrows so great, that in their presence too everything is forgotten except that the sufferer is in

sore need of the consolation and strength of our common Father in heaven. This is my only apology for writing to your Grace at such a time as this; and I earnestly trust that your Grace will not think it necessary to acknowledge this letter.—I am, my Lord Archbishop, your Grace's obedient and humble servant,

'R. W. DALE.'

The Rev. Canon Oakeley, whose affection for the Archbishop, formed at College many years ago, has never been broken by the differences which have parted their communion of worship, telegraphed, 'You are much in my thoughts in your great affliction.'

The following, from the Dean of Durham, was written later, after the Archbishop and his family had visited Saltwood again:—

'DEANERY, DURHAM.

'I feared that the visit to Saltwood must be a great trial to you, but it must be a comfort to you now to have gone there; and if the remembrance of dear Craufurd's short and beautiful life were almost overpowering, you had yet the support of more friendship and affection than often falls to the lot of man. One cannot have seen much of life without seeing that keen sorrows and great happiness are almost needed for each other, and that it is impossible (and might be unfortunate) for men to have the highest blessings, unless they were to be taught to bear their

loss. One must look *back*, as we get old, on life; and I cannot but regard yours, where so much of domestic sorrow has been mixed with the deepest domestic happiness, as having been in reality a truly blessed one.'

Equally touching are the letters of the laity. Take this from one who has filled high office in the State:—'When my wife and I saw you and Mrs. Tait at Alloa, we little thought that we should not meet again in this world; and we shall long cherish the memory of that Communion. . . . All that we can do is to pray (as we indeed shall from the bottom of our hearts) that the needful strength and comfort may be given to you and to your children.'

This comes from an influential member of the House of Commons:—'How difficult it is for any one who has not yet been called to pass through such deep waters, to realise the kind of help which is needed. And what a blessing it is that though human sympathy may fail, there is ONE who, having borne all our sorrows, knows exactly how to heal them. I was so thankful to hear that you anticipated an early resumption of your work, and I pray that God may support you in it. I often think of Schiller's beautiful idea that *toil* and *sympathy* are the two earthly comforters given to all mourners.'

From one of the Judges:—'The old words are the best and the truest, if one only can say them heartily, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away:" the rest is difficult to say at first, perhaps even to you.

I only want to say, if you will let me, that I feel for you, and pray for you with all my heart.'

From a zealous church-worker:—'It is no figure of speech to say that the world is indeed the poorer by her loss. It can ill afford to spare one of that band (which is after all such a little one) endowed with sympathies so deep and wide-spreading as hers, and gifted with the power of giving them practical effect, filled with zeal, energy, and resolution so indomitable, and yet armed with that prudence and discretion which avoids all the pitfalls besetting the path of good-will.'

The following comes from a relation in Australia:—'Her influence for good has been widespread,—even here, in this far-off land, men who were boys at Rugby speak with affectionate remembrance of "dear Mrs. Tait," and her unfailing kindness, especially shown to them in sickness. I accompanied her many times, both in London and at Fulham, on her loving missions to the sick poor in hospitals, to workhouses and to homes; and the tender pity with which she entered into their troubles and sorrows made a deep impression upon me, and seemed to touch the hearts of many, and raise them above their sad surroundings.

'One visit I vividly recall—to the House of Mercy connected with All Saints' Church, Margaret Street. On passing through the ward for incurables with the Mother, a poor woman, dying of cancer, was lying in agony, the drops of suffering pouring from her face.

Mrs. Tait turned to me, saying, "I cannot pass this poor creature by, do you go on and see the House, and join me afterwards;" and she went and sat down by the bed of the sufferer. On returning, I was surprised to see the change wrought by comforting words and warm human sympathy. The poor woman's face wore a look of peace, the peace of God, who mercifully stilled the anguish, and gave—for a time—rest.'

To these Memorials may fitly be added the following sonnet, written by a very old and loved friend. The thought is of course inspired by the fact of Dr. Newman's Hymn being sung at the grave:—

In Memoriam—C. T.

AH! 'kindly Light' that leads the mourners on,
Through mist and cloud, to yon eternal clime
Where life and growth are measured not by time,
And full-orbed Love crowns love on earth begun.
Weep not, sad hearts, for her, who now hath won
The crown of joy that fadeth not away,
Where, in the light of everlasting day,
Lost 'angel-faces' wait her near the Throne.
Weep not, but pray, for those to whom are left
The toil and burden of the lonely years,
Life's sunset sky of all its glow bereft,
And distant hopes as yet half-seen through tears;
So, living as she lived, in faith and hope,
May they, and we, yet climb the mountains' cloud-girt slope!

E. H. P.

THE blessed Easter-tide has again come round as we walk through Addington Churchyard. Loving young hands have laid camellias on the graves of which these pages have had to tell, and on other dearly cherished graves also. The beautiful park and gardens have begun to put on their spring loveliness. And memory calls back all the more sorrowfully, as the sun sets this bright Sunday, the dear faces, the old familiar faces, once by our side.

Through the churchyard, the gardens, the elm avenue, by the great 'ribbon border,' and the cedars, —every turn of the path steeped in sweet recollections —we enter the house as the sun goes down. Presently we are in the chapel; the evening prayers are coming to an end; the chief pastor's voice closes the service;—

'*O merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Resurrection and the Life, we meekly beseech Thee, O Father, to raise us from the death of sin to the life of righteousness; that when we shall depart this life we may rest in Him, as our hope is those we mourn do. . . .*'

He speaks the words of faith, and hope, and benediction, and all is hushed. And we feel in the midst of that stillness that 'the peace of God which passeth all understanding' is no figure of speech, but a deep and everlasting reality.

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